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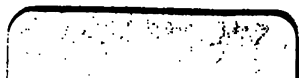
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THE ACTORS' EDITION

SHAKESPEARE

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED

VOLUME IV





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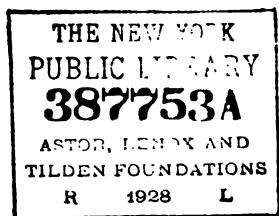
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*VOLUME FOUR*

PHILADELPHIA  
GEORGE BARRIE, PUBLISHER



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W. W. A. B.  
1894  
20 20 20

PRINTED BY  
GEORGE HARRIE, PHILADELPHIA

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•  
THE FIRST PART OF  
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Sixth.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, uncle to the King,  
and Protector.

DUKE OF BEDFORD, uncle to the King, and  
Regent of France.

THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, great-  
uncle to the King.

HENRY BEAUFORT, great-uncle to the King,  
Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards  
Cardinal.

JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl, afterwards Duke, of  
Somerset.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, son of Richard  
late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke  
of York.

EARL OF WARWICK.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrews-  
bury.

JOHN TALBOT, his son.

EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.

SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.

Mayor of London.

WOODVILE, Lieutenant of the Tower.

VERNON, of the White-Rose or York faction.

BASSET, of the Red-Rose or Lancaster  
faction.

A Lawyer. Mortimer's Keepers.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King,  
of France.

REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King  
of Naples.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

Governor of Paris.

Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.

General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.

A French Sergeant. A Porter.

An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, daughter to Reignier, afterwards  
married to King Henry.

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan  
of Arc.

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers,  
Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in  
France.*



# THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *Westminster Abbey.*

*Dead March. Enter the Funeral of KING HENRY the Fifth, attended on by the DUKE OF BEDFORD, Regent of France; the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, Protector; the DUKE OF EXETER, the EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Heralds, &c.*

*Bed.* Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,  
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,  
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars  
That have consented unto Henry's death!  
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!  
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

*Glou.* England ne'er had a king until his time.  
Virtue he had, deserving to command:  
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his  
beams: 10

His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;  
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,  
More dazzled and drove back his enemies  
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.  
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:  
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

*Exe.* We mourn in black: why mourn we not  
in blood?

Henry is dead and never shall revive:  
Upon a wooden coffin we attend,  
And death's dishonourable victory  
We with our stately presence glorify,  
Like captives bound to a triumphant car. 20



What! shall we curse the planets of mishap  
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?  
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French  
Conjurers and sorcerers, that afraid of him  
By magic verses have contrived his end?

*Win.* He was a king bless'd of the King of  
kings.

Unto the French the dreadful judgement-day  
So dreadful will not be as was his sight. 30  
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:  
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

*Glou.* The church! where is it? Had not  
churchmen pray'd,  
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:  
None do you like but an effeminate prince,  
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

*Win.* Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art  
protector

And lookest to command the prince and realm.  
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,  
More than God or religious churchmen may. 40

*Glou.* Name not religion, for thou lovest the  
flesh,  
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st  
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

*Bed.* Cease, cease these jars and rest your  
minds in peace:

Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us:  
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;  
Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.  
Posterity, await for wretched years,  
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall  
suck,

Our isle be made a nourish\* of salt tears, \*Nurse.  
And none but women left to wail the dead. 51  
Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invoke:  
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,  
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!  
A far more glorious star thy soul will make  
Than Julius Cæsar or bright—

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My honourable lords, health to you all!

Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,  
Of loss, of slaughter and discomfiture:  
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans, 60  
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

*Bed.* What say'st thou, man, before dead  
Henry's corse?

Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns  
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.

*Glou.* Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?

If Henry were recall'd to life again,  
These news would cause him once more yield  
the ghost.

*Exe.* How were they lost? what treachery  
was used?

*Mess.* No treachery; but want of men and  
money.

Amongst the soldiers this is muttered, 70

That here you maintain several factions,  
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,  
You are disputing of your generals:

One would have lingering wars with little cost;

Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;

A third thinks, without expense at all,  
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.

Awake, awake, English nobility!

Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:

Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms; 80  
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

*Exe.* Were our tears wanting to this funeral,  
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

*Bed.* Me they concern; Regent I am of  
France.

Give me my steeled coat. I'll fight for France.

Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!

Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,

To weep their intermissive miseries.

*Enter to them another Messenger.*

*Mess.* Lords, view these letters full of bad  
mischance.

France is revolted from the English quite, 90

Except some petty towns of no import:

The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;

The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;  
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;  
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

*Exe.* The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!

O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

*Glou.* We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

*Bed.* Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness? 100

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,  
Wherewith already France is overrun.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* My gracious lords, to add to your laments,  
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse.  
I must inform you of a dismal fight

Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

*Win.* What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

*Mess.* O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.  
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord, 110

Retiring from the siege of Orleans,

Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,

By three and twenty thousand of the French

Was round encompassed and set upon.

No leisure had he to enrank his men;

He wanted pikes to set before his archers;

Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges

They pitched in the ground confusedly,

To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.

More than three hours the fight continued; 120

Where valiant Talbot above human thought

Enacted wonders with his sword and lance:

Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;

Here, there, and every where, enraged he flew:

The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;

All the whole army stood agazed\* on him: \*Aghast.

His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit

A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain

And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.  
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up, 130  
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:  
He, being in the vaward,† placed behind †Van.  
With purpose to relieve and follow them,  
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.  
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;  
Enclosed were they with their enemies:  
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,  
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,  
Whom all France with their chief assembled  
strength

Durst not presume to look once in the face. 140

*Bed.* Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,  
For living idly here in pomp and ease,  
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,  
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

*Mess.* O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,  
And Lord Scales with him and Lord Hungerford:  
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

*Bed.* His ransom there is none but I shall pay:  
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne:  
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend; 150  
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.  
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;  
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,  
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:  
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,  
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

*Mess.* So you had need; for Orleans is besieged;  
The English army is grown weak and faint:  
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,  
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny, 160  
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

*Exc.* Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry  
sworn,

Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,  
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

*Bed.* I do remember it; and here take my  
leave,

To go about my preparation. [Exit.

*Glou.* I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,  
To view the artillery and munition;

And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

[*Exit.*]

*Exe.* To Eltham will I, where the young king is,  
Being ordain'd his special governor,<sup>171</sup>  
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*]

*Win.* Each hath his place and function to  
attend:

I am left out; for me nothing remains.

But long I will not be Jack out of office:

The king from Eltham I intend to steal

And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *France. Before Orleans.*

*Sound a flourish. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON,  
and REIGNIER, marching with drum and  
Soldiers.*

*Char.* Mars his true moving, even as in the  
heavens

So in the earth, to this day is not known:

Late did he shine upon the English side;

Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.

What towns of any moment but we have?

At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;

Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,  
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

*Alen.* They want their porridge and their fat  
bull-beeves:

Either they must be dieted like mules<sup>10</sup>

And have their provender tied to their mouths

Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

*Reig.* Let's raise the siege: why live we idly  
here?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:

Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;

And he may well in fretting spend his gall,

Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

*Char.* Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on  
them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French!

Him I forgive my death that killeth me<sup>20</sup>

When he sees me go back one foot or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

*Here alarum; they are beaten back by the English with great loss. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER.*

*Char.* Who ever saw the like? what men have I!

Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled,

But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

*Reig.* Salisbury is a desperate homicide;

He fighteth as one weary of his life.

The other lords, like lions wanting food,

Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

*Alen.* Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,  
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred 30

During the time Edward the Third did reign.

More truly now may this be verified;

For none but Samsons and Goliases

It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!

Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose

They had such courage and audacity?

*Char.* Let's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:

Of old I know them; rather with their teeth 39

The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege.

*Reig.* I think, by some odd gimmors\* or device

Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;

Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.

By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

*Alen.* Be it so.

\*Contrivances.

*Enter the BASTARD of Orleans.*

*Bast.* Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

*Char.* Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

*Bast.* Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer\*  
appall'd:

\*Countenance.

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand: 50

A holy maid hither with me I bring,

Which by a vision sent to her from heaven

Ordained is to raise this tedious siege

And drive the English forth the bounds of France.  
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,  
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:  
What's past and what's to come she can descry.  
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,  
For they are certain and unfallible.

*Char.* Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But  
first, to try her skill, 60

Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:  
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:  
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

*Re-enter the BASTARD of Orleans, with JOAN  
LA PUCELLE.*

*Reig.* Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

*Puc.* Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?

Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;  
I know thee well, though never seen before.  
Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me:  
In private will I talk with thee apart. 69

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

*Reig.* She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

*Puc.* Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.  
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased  
To shine on my contemptible estate:  
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,  
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,  
God's mother deigned to appear to me  
And in a vision full of majesty  
Will'd me to leave my base vocation 80  
And free my country from calamity:  
Her aid she promised and assured success:  
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;  
And, whereas I was black and swart before,  
With those clear rays which she infused on me  
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.  
Ask me what question thou canst possible,  
And I will answer unpremeditated:  
My courage try by combat, if thou darest,  
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex. 90

Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,  
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

*Char.* Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,  
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,  
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;  
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

*Puc.* I am prepared: here is my keen-edged sword,  
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;  
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's  
churchyard, 100  
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

*Char.* Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

*Puc.* And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*Here they fight, and Joan La Pucelle overcomes.*]

*Char.* Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon

And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

*Puc.* Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

*Char.* Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:

Impatiently I burn with thy desire;  
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.  
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so, 110  
Let me thy servant and not sovereign be:  
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

*Puc.* I must not yield to any rites of love,  
For my profession's sacred from above:  
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,  
Then will I think upon a recompense.

*Char.* Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

*Reig.* My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

*Alen.* Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

*Reig.* Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean? 121



*Alen.* He may mean more than we poor men  
do know:  
These women are shrewd tempters with their  
tongues.

*Reig.* My lord, where are you? what devise  
you on?

Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

*Puc.* Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!  
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

*Char.* What she says I'll confirm: we'll fight  
it out.

*Puc.* Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise: 130

Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,  
Since I have entered into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself

Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

With Henry's death the English circle ends;

Dispersed are the glories it included.

Now am I like that proud insulting ship

Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

*Char.* Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?

Thou with an eagle art inspired then. 141

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,

Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.

Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,

How may I reverently worship thee enough?

*Alen.* Leave off delays, and let us raise the  
siege.

*Reig.* Woman, do what thou canst to save our  
honours;

Drive them from Orleans and be immortalized.

*Char.* Presently we'll try: come, let's away  
about it:

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. 150

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *London. Before the Tower.*

*Enter the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, with his Serv-  
ing-men in blue coats.*

*Glou.* I am come to survey the Tower this  
day:

Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.\*  
Where be these warders, that they wait not  
here? \*Theft.

Open the gates; 'tis Gloucester that calls.

*First Warder.* [Within] Who's there that  
knocks so imperiously?

*First Serv.* It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

*Second Warder.* [Within] Whoe'er he be,  
you may not be let in.

*First Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord  
protector?

*Warder.* [Within] The Lord protect him!  
so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd. 10

*Glou.* Who willed you? or whose will stands  
but mine?

There's none protector of the realm but I.

Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize:

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[*Gloucester's men rush at the Tower Gates, and  
Woodville the Lieutenant speaks within.*]

*Woodv.* What noise is this? what traitors have  
we here?

*Glou.* Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?

Open the gates; here's Gloucester that would  
enter.

*Woodv.* Have patience, noble duke; I may  
not open;

The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him I have express commandment 20

That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

*Glou.* Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him  
'fore me?

Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,  
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could  
brook?

Thou art no friend to God or to the king:

Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

*Serving-men.* Open the gates unto the lord  
protector,

Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not  
quickly.

*Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates WINCHESTER and his men in tawny coats.*

*Win.* How now, ambitious Humphry! what means this?

*Glou.* Peel'd\* priest, dost thou command me to be shut out? \*Shaven. 30

*Win.* I do, thou most usurping proditor,\* \*Traitor. And not protector, of the king or realm.

*Glou.* Stand back, thou manifest conspirator, Thou that contrivedst to murder our dead lord; Thou that givest whores indulgences to sin: I'll canvass\* thee in thy broad cardinal's hat, \*sif. If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

*Win.* Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain, To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt. 40

*Glou.* I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:

Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing\*-cloth I'll use to carry thee out of this place. \*Christening.

*Win.* Do what thou darest; I beard thee to thy face.

*Glou.* What! am I dared and bearded to my face?

Draw, men, for all this privileged place; Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard;

I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly: Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat: In spite of pope or dignities of church, 50 Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

*Win.* Gloucester, thou wilt answer this before the pope.

*Glou.* Winchester goose, I cry, a rope! a rope! Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay? Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array. Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrite!

*Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers.*

*May.* Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

*Glou.* Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs:

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,  
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use. 61

*Win.* Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens,  
One that still motions war and never peace,  
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,  
That seeks to overthrow religion,  
Because he is protector of the realm,  
And would have armour here out of the Tower,  
To crown himself king and suppress the prince.

*Glou.* I will not answer thee with words, but  
blows. [*Here they skirmish again.*]

*May.* Nought rests for me in this tumultuous  
strife 70

But to make open proclamation:

Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst,

Cry.

*Off.* All manner of men assembled here in  
arms this day against God's peace and the king's,  
we charge and command you, in his highness'  
name, to repair to your several dwelling-places;  
and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon,  
or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

*Glou.* Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:  
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

*Win.* Gloucester, we will meet; to thy cost,  
be sure:

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

*May.* I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.  
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

*Glou.* Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what  
thou mayst.

*Win.* Abominable Gloucester, guard thy head;  
For I intend to have it ere long.

[*Exeunt, severally, Gloucester and Win-  
chester with their Serving-men.*]

*May.* See the coast clear'd, and then we will  
depart.

Good God, these nobles should such stomachs  
bear! 90

I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Orleans.*

*Enter, on the walls, a Master Gunner and his Boy.*

*M. Gun.* Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is  
besieged,  
And how the English have the suburbs won.  
*Boy.* Father, I know; and oft have shot at  
them,

Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

*M. Gun.* But now thou shalt not. Be thou  
ruled by me:

Chief master-gunner am I of this town;  
Something I must do to procure me grace.  
The prince's espials\* have informed me \*Spies.  
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,  
Wont through a secret grate of iron bars 10  
In yonder tower to overpeer the city  
And thence discover how with most advantage  
They may vex us with shot or with assault.  
To intercept this inconvenience,  
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed;  
And even these three days have I watch'd,  
If I could see them.

Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.  
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;  
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*]

*Boy.* Father, I warrant you; take you no care;  
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them. [*Exit.*]

*Enter, on the turrets, the LORDS SALISBURY and  
TALBOT, SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR  
THOMAS GARGRAVE, and others.*

*Sal.* Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!  
How wert thou handled being prisoner?  
Or by what means got'st thou to be released?  
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

*Tal.* The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner  
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;  
For him was I exchanged and ransomed.  
But with a baser man of arms by far 30  
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:  
Which I disdain'd scorn'd and craved death  
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.  
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart,  
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,  
If I now had him brought into my power.

*Sal.* Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertained.

*Tal.* With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produced they me, 40  
To be a public spectacle to all:  
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,  
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.  
Then broke I from the officers that led me,  
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,  
To hurl at the beholders of my shame:  
My grisly countenance made others fly;  
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.  
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;  
So great fear, of my name 'mongst them was spread  
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel 51  
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:  
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had  
That walked about me every minute while;  
And if I did but stir out of my bed,  
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

*Enter the Boy with a linstock.*

*Sal.* I grieve to hear what torments you endured,  
But we will be revenged sufficiently.  
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:  
Here, through this grate, I count each one 60  
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:  
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.  
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,  
Let me have your express opinions  
Where is best place to make our battery next.

*Gar.* I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

*Glan.* And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

*Tal.* For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,

Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Here they shoot. Salisbury and Gargrave fall.*]

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:

How farest thou, mirror of all martial men?

One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!

Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand

That hath contrived this woful tragedy!

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;

Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;

Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field. 81

Yet livest thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,

One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!

Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?

Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.

Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort; 90

Thou shalt not die whiles—

He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,

As who should say 'When I am dead and gone.

Remember to avenge me on the French.'

Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:

Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.*]

What stir is this? what tumult's in the heavens?

Whence cometh this alarum and the noise?

*Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have  
gather'd head: 100

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,

A holy prophetess new risen up,

Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.*

*Tal.* Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!

It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.

Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:

Pucelle or puzzel,\* dolphin or dogfish,\* virgin or drab.

Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,

And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.

Convey me Salisbury into his tent, 110

And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare. [*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same.*

*Here an alarum again: and TALBOT pursueth the DAUPHIN, and driveth him; then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them: then re-enter TALBOT.*

*Tal.* Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;

A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

*Re-enter LA PUCELLE.*

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee;

Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:

Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,

And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.

*Puc.* Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee. [*Here they fight.*

*Tal.* Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail? 9

My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage

And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,

But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

[*They fight again.*

*Puc.* Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:

I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

[*A short alarum: then enter the town with Soldiers.*



O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.  
Go, go, cheer up thy hungry-starved men;  
Help Salisbury to make his testament:

This day is ours, as many more shall be. [*Exit.*

*Tal.* My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;

I know not where I am, nor what I do: 20

A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,

- Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists:

So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench

Are from their hives and houses driven away.

They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;

Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short alarum.*

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,

Or tear the lions out of England's coat;

Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:

Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,

Or horse or oxen from the leopard, 31

As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[*Alarum. Here another skirmish.*

It will not be: retire into your trenches:

You all consented unto Salisbury's death,

For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.

Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,

In spite of us or aught that we could do.

O, would I were to die with Salisbury!

The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Exit Talbot. Alarum; retreat; flourish.*

#### SCENE VI. *The same.*

*Enter, on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and Soldiers.*

*Puc.* Advance our waving colours on the walls;

Rescued is Orleans from the English:

Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

*Char.* Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,  
How shall I honour thee for this success?

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens

That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.

France, triumph in thy glorious prophets!  
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:

More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state. 10

*Reig.* Why ring not out the bells aloud  
throughout the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires  
And feast and banquet in the open streets,  
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

*Alen.* All France will be replete with mirth  
and joy,

When they shall hear how we have play'd the  
men.

*Char.* 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is  
won;

For which I will divide my crown with her,  
And all the priests and friars in my realm  
Shall in procession sing her endless praise. 20

A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear

Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was:

In memory of her when she is dead,

Her ashes, in an urn more precious

Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,

Transported shall be at high festivals

Before the kings and queens of France.

No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,

But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.

Come in, and let us banquet royally, 30

After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *Before Orleans.*

*Enter a Sergeant of a band, with two Sentinels.*

*Serg.* Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:  
If any noise or soldier you perceive  
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign  
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

*First Sent.* Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*]  
Thus are poor servitors,  
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,  
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and forces, with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a dead march.*

*Tal.* Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,  
By whose approach the regions of Artois,  
Wallon and Picardy are friends to us, 10  
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,  
Having all day caroused and banqueted:  
Embrace we then this opportunity  
As fitting best to quittance\* their deceit \*Requite.  
Contrived by art and baleful sorcery.

*Bed.* Coward of France! how much he wrongs  
his fame,  
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,  
To join with witches and the help of hell!

*Bur.* Traitors have never other company.  
But what's that Pucelle whom they term so  
pure? 20

*Tal.* A maid, they say.

*Bed.* A maid! and be so martial!

*Bur.* Pray God she prove not masculine ere  
long,

If underneath the standard of the French  
She carry armour as she hath begun.

*Tal.* Well, let them practise and converse with  
spirits:

God is our fortress, in whose conquering name  
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

*Bed.* Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow  
thee.

*Tal.* Not all together: better far, I guess,  
That we do make our entrance several ways; 30  
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,  
The other yet may rise against their force.

*Bed.* Agreed: I'll to yond corner.

*Bur.* And I to this.

*Tal.* And here will Talbot mount, or make his  
grave.

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right  
Of English Henry, shall this night appear  
How much in duty I am bound to both.

*Sent.* Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!

[*Cry: 'St. George,' 'A Talbot.'*]

*The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the BASTARD of Orleans, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, half ready, and half unready.*

*Alen.* How now, my lords! what, all unready\* so? \*Undressed.

*Bast.* Unready! ay, and glad we 'scaped so well. 40

*Reig.* 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

*Alen.* Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,

Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise

More venturous or desperate than this.

*Bast.* I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

*Reig.* If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

*Alen.* Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.

*Bast.* Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

*Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.*

*Char.* Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame? 50

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain,

That now our loss might be ten times so much?

*Puc.* Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?

Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,

This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

*Char.* Duke of Alençon, this was your default, 60

That, being captain of the watch to-night,

Did look no better to that weighty charge.

*Alen.* Had all your quarters been as safely kept

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not been thus shamefully surprised.

*Bast.* Mine was secure.

*Reig.* And so was mine, my lord.

*Char.* And, for myself, most part of all this night,  
Within her quarter and mine own precinct  
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,  
About relieving of the sentinels: 70  
Then how or which way should they first break  
in?

*Puc.* Question, my lords, no further of the case,  
How or which way: 'tis sure they found some  
place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.  
And now there rests no other shift but this;  
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispersed,  
And lay new platforms\* to endamage them. \*Plans.

*Alarum.* Enter an English Soldier, crying 'A  
Talbot! a Talbot!' They fly, leaving their clothes  
behind.

*Sold.* I'll be so bold to take what they have  
left.  
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;  
For I have loaden me with many spoils, 80  
Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

SCENE II. Orleans. Within the town.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain,  
and others.

*Bed.* The day begins to break, and night is  
fled,  
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.  
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.]

*Tal.* Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,  
And here advance it in the market-place,  
The middle centre of this cursed town.  
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;  
For every drop of blood was drawn from him  
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.  
And that hereafter ages may behold 10  
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,  
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect

A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:  
Upon the which, that every one may read,  
Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans,  
The treacherous manner of his mournful death  
And what a terror he had been to France.  
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,  
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,  
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,  
Nor any of his false confederates. <sup>21</sup>

*Bed.* 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the  
fight began,  
Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,  
They did amongst the troops of armed men  
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

*Bur.* Myself, as far as I could well discern  
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,  
Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull,  
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,  
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves <sup>30</sup>  
That could not live asunder day or night.  
After that things are set in order here,  
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* All hail, my lords! Which of this  
princely train  
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts  
So much applauded through the realm of France?

*Tal.* Here is the Talbot: who would speak  
with him?

*Mess.* The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,  
With modesty admiring thy renown,  
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouch-  
safe <sup>40</sup>

To visit her poor castle where she lies,\* <sup>\*Dwells.</sup>  
That she may boast she hath beheld the man  
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

*Bur.* Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars  
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,  
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.  
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

*Tal.* Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of  
men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,  
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled: 50  
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,  
And in submission will attend on her.  
Will not your honours bear me company?

*Bed.* No, truly; it is more than manners will:  
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests  
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

*Tal.* Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,  
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.  
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You perceive  
my mind?

*Capt.* I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. 60  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Auvergne. The COUNTESS's castle.*

*Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter.*

*Count.* Porter, remember what I gave in  
charge;  
And when you have done so, bring the keys to  
me.

*Port.* Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

*Count.* The plot is laid: if all things fall out  
right,  
I shall as famous be by this exploit  
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.  
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,  
And his achievements of no less account:  
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears  
To give their censure\* of these rare reports. 10  
\*Judgement.

*Enter Messenger and TALBOT.*

*Mess.* Madam,  
According as your ladyship desired,  
By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.

*Count.* And he is welcome. What! is this  
the man?

*Mess.* Madam, it is.

*Count.* Is this the scourge of France?  
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad  
That with his name the mothers still their babes?  
I see report is fabulous and false:

I thought I should have seen some Hercules,  
A second Hector, for his grim aspect, 20  
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.  
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!  
It cannot be this weak and writhled\* shrimp  
Should strike such terror to his enemies.\*wrinkled.

*Tal.* Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;  
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,  
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

*Count.* What means he now? Go ask him  
whither he goes.

*Mess.* 'Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady  
craves

To know the cause of your abrupt departure. 30

*Tal.* Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,  
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

*Re-enter Porter with keys.*

*Count.* If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

*Tal.* Prisoner! to whom?

*Count.* To me, blood-thirsty lord;  
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.  
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,  
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:  
But now the substance shall endure the like,  
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,  
That hast by tyranny these many years 40  
Wasted our country, slain our citizens  
And sent our sons and husbands captive.

*Tal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Count.* Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth  
shall turn to moan.

*Tal.* I laugh to see your ladyship so fond\*  
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow  
Whereon to practise your severity. \*Foolish.

*Count.* Why, art not thou the man?

*Tal.* I am indeed.

*Count.* Then have I substance too.

*Tal.* No, no, I am but shadow of myself: 50  
You are deceived, my substance is not here;  
For what you see is but the smallest part  
And least proportion of humanity:  
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,



It is of such a spacious lofty pitch.  
Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't.

*Count.* This is a riddling merchant for the  
nonce;

He will be here, and yet he is not here:

How can these contrarities agree?

*Tal.* That will I show you presently. 60

[*Winds his horn. Drums strike up: a  
peal of ordnance. Enter Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded  
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?

These are his substance, sinews, arms and  
strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,  
Razeth your cities and subverts your towns  
And in a moment makes them desolate.

*Count.* Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:  
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited  
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.  
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath; 70  
For I am sorry that with reverence  
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

*Tal.* Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor mis-  
construe

The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake

The outward composition of his body.

What you have done hath not offended me;

Nor other satisfaction do I crave,

But only, with your patience, that we may

Taste of your wine and see what cates you have;

For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well. 80

*Count.* With all my heart, and think me  
honoured

To feast so great a warrior in my house.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *London. The Temple-garden.*

*Enter the EARLS OF SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and  
WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON,  
and another Lawyer.*

*Plan.* Great lords and gentlemen, what means  
this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

*Suf.* Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;  
The garden here is more convenient.

*Plan.* Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth;

Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

*Suf.* Faith, I have been a truant in the law,  
And never yet could frame my will to it;  
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

*Som.* Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then,  
between us.

*War.* Between two hawks, which flies the  
higher pitch;

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;  
Between two blades, which bears the better  
temper:

Between two horses, which doth bear him best;  
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;  
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgement;  
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,  
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

*Plan.* Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:  
The truth appears so naked on my side 20  
That any purblind eye may find it out.

*Som.* And on my side it is so well apparell'd,  
So clear, so shining and so evident  
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

*Plan.* Since you are tongue-tied and so loath  
to speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:  
Let him that is a true-born gentleman  
And stands upon the honour of his birth,  
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,  
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me. 30

*Som.* Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth,  
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

*War.* I love no colours, and without all colour  
Of base insinuating flattery  
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

*Suf.* I pluck this red rose with young Somerset  
And say withal I think he held the right.

*Ver.* Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,  
Till you conclude that he upon whose side 40  
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree  
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

*Som.* Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:  
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

*Plan.* And I.

*Ver.* Then for the truth and plainness of the case,  
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,  
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

*Som.* Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,  
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red 50  
And fall on my side so, against your will.

*Ver.* If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,  
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt  
And keep me on the side where still I am.

*Som.* Well, well, come on: who else?

*Law.* Unless my study and my books be false,  
The argument you held was wrong in you;

[To Somerset.]

In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

*Plan.* Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

*Som.* Here in my scabbard, meditating that  
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red. 61

*Plan.* Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit  
our roses;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing  
The truth on our side.

*Som.* No, Plantagenet,  
'Tis not for fear but anger that thy cheeks  
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,  
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

*Plan.* Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

*Som.* Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

*Plan.* Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his  
truth; 70

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

*Som.* Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding  
roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,

Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

*Plan.* Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,

I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

*Suf.* Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

*Plan.* Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

*Suf.* I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

*Som.* Away, away, good William de la Pole!

We grace the yeoman by conversing with him. 81

*War.* Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,  
Third son to the third Edward King of England:  
Spring crestless\* yeomen from so deep a root?

*Plan.* He bears him on the place's privilege,  
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

*Som.* By him that made me, I'll maintain my words

\*Low-born.

On any plot of ground in Christendom.

Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,

For treason executed in our late king's days? 91

And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,

Corrupted, and exempt\* from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood; \*Excluded.

And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

*Plan.* My father was attached, not attainted,

Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;

And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your partaker Pole and you yourself, 100

I'll note you in my book of memory,

To scourge you for this apprehension: \*Opinion.

Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.

*Som.* Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;

And know us by these colours for thy foes,

For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

*Plan.* And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,

As cognizance\* of my blood-drinking hate, \*Token

Will I for ever and my faction wear,

Until it wither with me to my grave 110  
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

*Suf.* Go forward and be choked with thy ambition!

And so farewell until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*

*Som.* Have with thee, Pole. Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*

*Plan.* How I am braved and must perforce endure it!

*War.* This blot that they object against your house

Shall be wiped out in the next parliament  
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;

And if thou be not then created York,  
I will not live to be accounted Warwick. 120

Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,  
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,  
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:

And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,  
Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,  
Shall send between the red rose and the white  
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

*Plan.* Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,

That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

*Ver.* In your behalf still will I wear the same.

*Law.* And so will I. 131

*Plan.* Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say  
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Tower of London.*

*Enter* MORTIMER, *brought in a chair, and*  
*Gaolers.*

*Mor.* Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,  
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.  
Even like a man new haled from the rack,  
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;  
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,  
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,  
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,  
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;\*      \*Death.  
Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief,  
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine      11  
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:  
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is  
numb,

Unable to support this lump of clay,  
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,  
As witting I no other comfort have.  
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

*First Gaol.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord,  
will come:

We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber;  
And answer was return'd that he will come.      20

*Mor.* Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.  
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.  
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,  
Before whose glory I was great in arms,  
This loathsome sequestration have I had;  
And even since then hath Richard been obscured,  
Deprived of honour and inheritance.  
But now the arbitrator of despairs,  
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,  
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:  
I would his troubles likewise were expired,      31  
That so he might recover what was lost.

*Enter* RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

*First Gaol.* My lord, your loving nephew now  
is come.

*Mor.* Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he  
come?

*Plan.* Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,  
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.

*Mor.* Direct mine arms I may embrace his  
neck,

And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:  
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,  
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.      40  
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great  
stock,

Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despised?

*Plan.* First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;  
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.  
This day, in argument upon a case,  
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;  
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue  
And did upbraid me with my father's death:  
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,  
Else with the like I had requited him. 50  
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,  
In honour of a true Plantagenet  
And for alliance sake, declare the cause  
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

*Mor.* That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me  
And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth  
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,  
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

*Plan.* Discover more at large what cause that was,  
For I am ignorant and cannot guess. 60

*Mor.* I will, if that my fading breath permit  
And death approach not ere my tale be done.  
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,  
Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son,  
The first-begotten and the lawful heir  
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:  
During whose reign the Percies of the north,  
Finding his usurpation most unjust,  
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:  
The reason moved these warlike lords to this 70  
Was, for that—young King Richard thus removed,  
Leaving no heir begotten of his body—  
I was the next by birth and parentage;  
For by my mother I derived am  
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son  
To King Edward the Third; whereas he  
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,  
Being but fourth of that heroic line.  
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt  
They labour'd to plant the rightful heir, 80  
I lost my liberty and they their lives.  
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,

Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,  
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived  
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,  
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,  
Again in pity of my hard distress  
Levied an army, weening\* to redeem      \*Thinking.  
And have install'd me in the diadem:  
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl      90  
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,  
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

*Plan.* Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

*Mor.* True; and thou seest that I no issue have  
And that my fainting words do warrant death:  
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:  
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

*Plan.* Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:

But yet, methinks, my father's execution  
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.      100

*Mor.* With silence, nephew, be thou politic:  
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster  
And like a mountain, not to be removed.  
But now thy uncle is removing hence;  
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd  
With long continuance in a settled place.

*Plan.* O, uncle, would some part of my young years

Might but redeem the passage of your age!

*Mor.* Thou dost then wrong me, as that  
slaughterer doth      109

Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.  
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;  
Only give order for my funeral:

And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes  
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [*Dies.*

*Plan.* And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage  
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.  
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;  
And what I do imagine let that rest.  
Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself      120



Will see his burial better than his life.

*[Exeunt Gaolers, bearing out the body of Mortimer.]*

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,  
Choked with ambition of the meaner sort:  
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,  
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,  
I doubt not but with honour to redress;  
And therefore haste I to the parliament,  
Either to be restored to my blood,  
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. *[Exit.]*

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. London. The Parliament-house.

*Flourish. Enter KING, EXETER, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOUCESTER offers to put up a bill; WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it.*

*Win.* Comest thou with deep premeditated lines,

With written pamphlets studiously devised,  
Humphrey of Gloucester? If thou canst accuse,  
Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge,  
Do it without invention, suddenly;  
As I with sudden and extemporal speech  
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

*Glou.* Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,  
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.  
Think not, although in writing I prefer'd 10  
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,  
That therefore I have forged, or am not able  
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:  
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,  
Thy lewd, pestiferous and dissentious pranks,  
As very infants prattle of thy pride.  
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,  
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;

Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems  
A man of thy profession and degree; 20  
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?  
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,  
As well at London bridge as at the Tower.  
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,  
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt  
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

*Win.* Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords,  
vouchsafe

To give me hearing what I shall reply.  
If I were covetous, ambitious or perverse,  
As he will have me, how am I so poor? 30  
Or how haps it I seek not to advance  
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?  
And for dissension, who preferreth peace  
More than I do?—except I be provoked.  
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;  
It is not that that hath incensed the duke:  
It is, because no one should sway but he;  
No one but he should be about the king;  
And that engenders thunder in his breast  
And makes him roar these accusations forth. 40  
But he shall know I am as good—

*Glou.* As good!

Thou bastard of my grandfather!

*Win.* Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,  
But one imperious in another's throne?

*Glou.* Am I not protector, saucy priest?

*Win.* And am not I a prelate of the church?

*Glou.* Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps  
And useth it to patronage his theft.

*Win.* Unreverent Gloucester!

*Glou.* Thou art reverent  
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life. 50  
*Win.* Rome shall remedy this.

*War.* Roam thither, then.

*Som.* My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

*War.* Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

*Som.* Methinks my lord should be religious  
And know the office that belongs to such.

*War.* Methinks his lordship should be humbler;  
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

*Som.* Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

*War.* State holy or unhallow'd, what of that ?  
Is not his grace protector to the king ? 60

*Plan.* [*Aside*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,

Lest it be said 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;  
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'  
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

*King.* Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester,  
The special watchmen of our English weal,  
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,  
To join your hearts in love and amity.  
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,  
That two such noble peers as ye should jar! 70  
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell  
Civil dissension is a viperous worm  
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.

[*A noise within*, 'Down with the tawny-coats!'  
What tumult's this?

*War.* An uproar, I dare warrant,  
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.  
[*A noise again*, 'Stones! stones!'

*Enter Mayor.*

*May.* O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,  
Pity the city of London, pity us!  
The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men,  
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,  
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones 80  
And banding themselves in contrary parts  
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate  
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:  
Our windows are broke down in every street  
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter Serving-men, in skirmish, with bloody pates.*

*King.* We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,  
To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace.  
Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.

*First Serv.* Nay, if we be forbidden stones,  
we'll fall to it with our teeth. 90

*Sec. Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute. [Skirmish again.]

*Glou.* You of my household, leave this peevish  
broil

And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

*Third Serv.* My lord, we know your grace  
to be a man

Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,

Inferior to none but to his majesty:

And ere that we will suffer such a prince,

So kind a father of the commonweal,

To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,\* \*Learned man.

We and our wives and children all will fight 100

And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

*First Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our  
nails

Shall pitch a field when we are dead.

[Begin again.]

*Glou.* Stay, stay, I say!

And if you love me, as you say you do,

Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

*King.* O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!

Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold

My sighs and tears and will not once relent?

Who should be pitiful, if you be not?

Or who should study to prefer a peace, 110

If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

*War.* Yield, my lord protector; yield, Win-  
chester;

Except you mean with obstinate repulse

To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.

You see what mischief and what murder too

Hath been enacted through your enmity;

Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

*Win.* He shall submit, or I will never yield.

*Glou.* Compassion on the king commands me  
stoop;

Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest 120

Should ever get that privilege of me.

*War.* Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the  
duke

Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,  
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:  
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

*Glou.* Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

*King.* Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach

That malice was a great and grievous sin;  
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,  
But prove a chief offender in the same? 130

*War.* Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly gird.

For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent!  
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

*Win.* Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to thee;

Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.

*Glou.* [*Aside*] Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—

See here, my friends and loving countrymen,  
This token serveth for a flag of truce  
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:

So help me God, as I dissemble not! 140

*Win.* [*Aside*] So help me God, as I intend it not!

*King.* O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,  
How joyful am I made by this contract!

Away, my masters! trouble us no more;

But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

*First Serv.* Content: I'll to the surgeon's.

*Sec. Serv.* And so will I.

*Third Serv.* And I will see what physic the tavern affords.

[*Exeunt Serving-men, Mayor, &c.*]

*War.* Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,

Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet 150  
We do exhibit to your majesty.

*Glou.* Well urged, my Lord of Warwick: for, sweet prince,

An if your grace mark every circumstance,  
You have great reason to do Richard right;  
Especially for those occasions

At Eltham Place I told your majesty.

*King.* And those occasions, uncle, were of force:  
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is  
That Richard be restored to his blood.

*War.* Let Richard be restored to his blood;  
So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed. 161

*Win.* As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

*King.* If Richard will be true, not that alone  
But all the whole inheritance I give  
That doth belong unto the house of York,  
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

*Plan.* Thy humble servant vows obedience  
And humble service till the point of death.

*King.* Stoop then and set your knee against  
my foot;

And, in reguerdon\* of that duty done,      \*Requit.  
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York: 171  
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,  
And rise created princely Duke of York.

*Plan.* And so thrive Richard as thy foes may  
fall!

And as my duty springs, so perish they  
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

*All.* Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke  
of York!

*Som.* [*Aside*] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke  
of York!

*Glou.* Now will it best avail your majesty  
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France:  
The presence of a king engenders love 181  
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,  
As it disanimates his enemies.

*King.* When Gloucester says the word, King  
Henry goes;  
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

*Glou.* Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Exeter.*]

*Exe.* Ay, we may march in England or in  
France,

Not seeing what is likely to ensue.  
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers  
Burns under feigned ashes of forged love 190  
And will at last break out into a flame:  
As fester'd members rot but by degree,

Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,  
 So will this base and envious discord breed.  
 And now I fear that fatal prophecy  
 Which in the time of Henry named the Fifth  
 Was in the mouth of every sucking babe;  
 That Henry born at Monmouth should win all  
 And Henry born at Windsor lose all:  
 Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish      200  
 His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *France. Before Rouen.*

*Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, with four Soldiers  
 with sacks upon their backs.*

*Puc.* These are the city gates, the gates of  
 Rouen,  
 Through which our policy must make a breach:  
 Take heed, be wary how you place your words;  
 Talk like the vulgar sort of market men  
 That come to gather money for their corn.  
 If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,  
 And that we find the slothful watch but weak,  
 I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,  
 That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

*First Sol.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack  
 the city,      10  
 And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;  
 Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*]

*Watch.* [*Within*] Qui est là?

*Puc.* Paysans, pauvres gens de France;  
 Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.

*Watch.* Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.

*Puc.* Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to  
 the ground. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD of Orleans,  
 ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and forces.*

*Char.* Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!  
 And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

*Bast.* Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants;\*  
 Now she is there, how will she specify \*Confederates.  
 Where is the best and safest passage in?      22

*Reign.* By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;  
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,  
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

*Enter LA PUCELLE on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.*

*Puc.* Behold, this is the happy wedding torch  
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,  
But burning fatal to the Talbotites! [*Exit.*

*Bast.* See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;

The burning torch in yonder turret stands. 30

*Char.* Now shine it like a comet of revenge,  
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

*Reign.* Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends:

Enter, and cry 'The Dauphin!' presently,  
And then do execution on the watch.

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

*An alarum. Enter TALBOT in an excursion.*

*Tal.* France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.

Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,  
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,  
That hardly we escaped the pride of France. 40

[*Exit.*

*An alarum: excursions. BEDFORD, brought in sick in a chair. Enter TALBOT and BURGUNDY without: within LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, on the walls.*

*Puc.* Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?

I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast

Before he'll buy again at such a rate:

'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?

*Bur.* Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless court-ezan!

I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own

And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.



*Char.* Your grace may starve perhaps before that time.

*Bed.* O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

*Puc.* What will you do, good grey-beard?  
break a lance, 50

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

*Tal.* Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,

Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age

And twit with cowardice a man half dead?

Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,

Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

*Puc.* Are ye so hot, sir? yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[*The English whisper together in council.*]

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker? 60

*Tal.* Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

*Puc.* Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,

To try if that our own be ours or no.

*Tal.* I speak not to that railing Hecate,

But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;

Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

*Alen.* Signior, no.

*Tal.* Signior, hang! base muleters of France!

Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,

And dare not take up arms like gentlemen. 70

*Puc.* Away, captains! let's get us from the walls;

For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.

God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you that we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*]

*Tal.* And there will we be too, ere it be long,

Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!

Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,

Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,

Either to get the town again or die:

And I, as sure as English Henry lives 80

And as his father here was conqueror,

As sure as in this late-betrayed town  
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,  
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

*Bur.* My vows are equal partners with thy  
vows.

*Tal.* But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,  
The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,  
We will bestow you in some better place,  
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

*Bed.* Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:  
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen 91  
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

*Bur.* Courageous Bedford, let us now per-  
suade you.

*Bed.* Not to be gone from hence; for once  
I read

That stout Pendragon in his litter sick  
Came to the field and vanquished his foes:  
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,  
Because I ever found them as myself.

*Tal.* Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!  
Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe!  
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy, 101  
But gather we our forces out of hand  
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt all but Bedford and Attendants.*]

*An alarm: excursions. Enter SIR JOHN  
FASTOLFE and a Captain.*

*Cap.* Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in  
such haste?

*Fast.* Whither away! to save myself by flight:  
We are like to have the overthrow again.

*Cap.* What! will you fly, and leave Lord  
Talbot?

*Fast.* Ay,  
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.

*Cap.* Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow  
thee! [Exit.]

*Retreat: excursions. LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON,  
and CHARLES fly.*

*Bed.* Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven  
please, 110

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.  
 What is the trust or strength of foolish man?  
 They that of late were daring with their scoffs  
 Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.  
*[Bedford dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.]*

*An alarum. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the rest.*

*Tal.* Lost, and recover'd in a day again!  
 This is a double honour, Burgundy:  
 Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

*Bur.* Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy  
 Enshrines thee in his heart and there erects  
 Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments. 120

*Tal.* Thanks, gentle duke. But where is  
 Pucelle now?

I think her old familiar is asleep:  
 Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles  
 his gleeks?\*

What, all amort?† Rouen hangs her head for  
 grief

That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,  
 Placing therein some expert officers,  
 And then depart to Paris to the king,  
 For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

*Bur.* What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Bur-  
 gundy. 130

*Tal.* But yet, before we go, let's not forget  
 The noble Duke of Bedford late deceased,  
 But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:  
 A braver soldier never couched lance,  
 A gentler heart did never sway in court;  
 But kings and mightiest potentates must die,  
 For that's the end of human misery. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *The plains near Rouen.*

*Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD of Orleans, ALEN-  
 çON, LA PUCELLE, and forces.*

*Puc.* Dismay not, princes, at this accident.  
 Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,  
For things that are not to be remedied.  
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while  
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;  
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,  
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.

*Char.* We have been guided by thee hitherto  
And of thy cunning had no diffidence: 10  
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

*Bast.* Search out thy wit for secret policies,  
And we will make thee famous through the world.

*Alen.* We'll set thy statue in some holy place,  
And have thee revered like a blessed saint:  
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

*Puc.* Then thus it must be; this doth Joan  
devise:

By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words  
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy  
To leave the Talbot and to follow us. 20

*Char.* Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do  
that,

France were no place for Henry's warriors;  
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,  
But be extirped from our provinces.

*Alen.* For ever should they be expelled\* from  
France

\*Expelled.

And not have title of an earldom here.

*Puc.* Your honours shall perceive how I will  
work

To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drum sounds afar off.*

Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive  
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward. 30

*Here sound an English march. Enter, and  
pass over at a distance, TALBOT and his  
forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,  
And all the troops of English after him.

*French march. Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY  
and forces.*

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:

Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.  
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

[*Trumpets sound a parley.*]

*Char.* A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

*Bur.* Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

*Puc.* The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

*Bur.* What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

*Char.* Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words. 40

*Puc.* Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!

Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

*Bur.* Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

*Puc.* Look on thy country, look on fertile France,

And see the cities and the towns defaced

By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.

As looks the mother on her lowly babe

When death doth close his tender dying eyes,

See, see the pining malady of France; 49

Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,

Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.

O, turn thy edged sword another way;

Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom

Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:

Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,

And wash away thy country's stained spots.

*Bur.* Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,

Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

*Puc.* Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee, 60

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.

Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation

That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France

And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,

Who then but English Henry will be lord  
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?  
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,  
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?  
And was he not in England prisoner? 70  
But when they heard he was thine enemy,  
They set him free without his ransom paid,  
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.  
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen  
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.  
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering  
lord;

Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

*Bur.* I am vanquished; these haughty words  
of hers

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,  
And made me almost yield upon my knees. 80  
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen,  
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:  
My forces and my power of men are yours:  
So farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

*Puc.* [*Aside*] Done like a Frenchman: turn, and  
turn again!

*Char.* Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship  
makes us fresh.

*Bast.* And doth beget new courage in our  
breasts.

*Alen.* Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in  
this,

And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

*Char.* Now let us on, my lords, and join our  
powers, 90

And seek how we may prejudice the foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Paris. The palace.*

*Enter the KING, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WIN-  
CHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WAR-  
WICK, EXETER: VERNON, BASSET, and others.  
To them with his Soldiers, TALBOT.*

*Tal.* My gracious prince, and honourable  
peers,  
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,

I have awhile given truce unto my wars,  
To do my duty to my sovereign:  
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd  
To your obedience fifty fortresses,  
Twelve cities and seven walled towns of strength,  
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,  
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,  
And with submissive loyalty of heart 10  
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got  
First to my God and next unto your grace.

[*Kneels.*

*King.* Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,  
That hath so long been resident in France?

*Glou.* Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

*King.* Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!

When I was young, as yet I am not old,  
I do remember how my father said  
A stouter champion never handled sword.  
Long since we were resolved of your truth, 20  
Your faithful service and your toil in war;  
Yet never have you tasted our reward,  
Or been reguerdon'd\* with so much as thanks,  
Because till now we never saw your face: \*Required.  
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,  
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;  
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset.*

*Ver.* Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,  
Disgracing of these colours that I wear  
In honour of my noble Lord of York: 30  
Darest thou maintain the former words thou spakest?

*Bas.* Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage  
The envious barking of your saucy tongue  
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

*Ver.* Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

*Bas.* Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

*Ver.* Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that. *[Strikes him.]*

*Bas.* Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such

That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,  
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood. 40

But I'll unto his majesty, and crave  
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;  
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

*Ver.* Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon  
as you;

And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

*[Exeunt.]*

#### ACT IV.

##### SCENE I. *Paris. A hall of state.*

*Enter the KING, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, TALBOT, EXETER, the Governor of Paris, and others.*

*Glou.* Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

*Win.* God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!

*Glou.* Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,  
That you elect no other king but him;  
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,  
And none your foes but such as shall pretend\*  
Malicious practices against his state: \*Design.  
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

##### *Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.*

*Fast.* My gracious sovereign, as I rode from  
Calais,  
To haste unto your coronation, 10  
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,  
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.  
*Tal.* Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and  
thee!

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,



To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,  
[*Plucking it off.*]

Which I have done, because unworthily  
Thou wast installed in that high degree.  
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:  
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,  
When but in all I was six thousand strong 20  
And that the French were almost ten to one,  
Before we met or that a stroke was given,  
Like to a trusty squire did run away:  
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;  
Myself and divers gentlemen beside  
Were there surprised and taken prisoners.  
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;  
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear  
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

*Glou.* To say the truth, this fact was infamous  
And ill beseeming any common man, 31  
Much more a knight, a captain and a leader.

*Tal.* When first this order was ordain'd, my  
lords,  
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,  
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,  
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;  
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,  
But always resolute in most extremes.  
He then that is not furnish'd in this sort  
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight, 40  
Profaning this most honourable order,  
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,  
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain  
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

*King.* Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st  
thy doom!

Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight:  
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.

[*Exit Fastolfe.*]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter  
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

*Glou.* What means his grace, that he hath  
changed his style? 50

No more but, plain and bluntly, 'To the king!'  
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription  
Pretend\* some alteration in good will? \*Portend.  
What's here? [*Reads*] 'I have, upon especial  
cause,  
Moved with compassion of my country's wreck,  
Together with the pitiful complaints  
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,  
Forsaken your pernicious faction  
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of  
France.' 60

O monstrous treachery! can this be so,  
That in alliance, amity and oaths,  
There should be found such false dissembling  
guile?

*King.* What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

*Glou.* He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

*King.* Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

*Glou.* It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

*King.* Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him

And give him chastisement for this abuse.

How say you, my lord? are you not content? 70

*Tal.* Content, my liege! yes, but that I am prevented,

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

*King.* Then gather strength and march unto him straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason

And what offence it is to flout his friends.

*Tal.* I go, my lord, in heart desiring still  
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

*Enter* VERNON and BASSET.

*Ver.* Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.

*Bas.* And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.

*York.* This is my servant: hear him, noble prince. 80

*Som.* And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him.

*King.* Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?  
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

*Ver.* With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

*Bas.* And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

*King.* What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

*Bas.* Crossing the sea from England into France,

This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,  
Upbraided me about the rose I wear; 91  
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves  
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,  
When stubbornly he did repugn\* the truth \*Resist.  
About a certain question in the law  
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him;  
With other vile and ignominious terms:  
In confutation of which rude reproach  
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,  
I crave the benefit of law of arms. 100

*Ver.* And that is my petition, noble lord:  
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit  
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,  
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him;  
And he first took exceptions at this badge,  
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower  
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

*York.* Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

*Som.* Your private grudge, my Lord of York,  
will out,  
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it. 110

*King.* Good Lord, what madness rules in  
brainsick men,

When for so slight and frivolous a cause  
Such factious emulations shall arise!  
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,  
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

*York.* Let this dissension first be tried by fight,

And then your highness shall command a peace.

*Som.* The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;  
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then. 119

*York.* There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

*Ver.* Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

*Bas.* Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

*Glou.* Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate!  
Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed  
With this immodest clamorous outrage  
To trouble and disturb the king and us?  
And you, my lords, methinks you do not well  
To bear with their perverse objections;  
Much less to take occasion from their mouths 130  
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:  
Let me persuade you take a better course.

*Exe.* It grieves his highness: good my lords,  
be friends.

*King.* Come hither, you that would be combatants:

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,  
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.

And you, my lords, remember where we are;

In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:

If they perceive dissension in our looks

And that within ourselves we disagree, 140

How will their grudging stomachs be provoked

To wilful disobedience, and rebel!

Beside, what infamy will there arise,

When foreign princes shall be certified

That for a toy, a thing of no regard,

King Henry's peers and chief nobility

Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of

France!

O, think upon the conquest of my father,

My tender years, and let us not forego

That for a trifle that was bought with blood! 150

Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.

I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[Putting on a red rose.

That any one should therefore be suspicious  
I more incline to Somerset than York:  
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:  
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,  
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.  
But your discretions better can persuade  
Than I am able to instruct or teach:  
And therefore, as we hither came in peace, 160  
So let us still continue peace and love.  
Cousin of York, we institute your grace  
To be our regent in these parts of France:  
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite  
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;  
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,  
Go cheerfully together and digest  
Your angry choler on your enemies.  
Ourself, my lord protector and the rest  
After some respite will return to Calais; 170  
From thence to England; where I hope ere long  
To be presented, by your victories,  
With Charles, Alençon and that traitorous rout.  
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but York, Warwick,  
Exeter and Vernon.*]

*War.* My Lord of York, I promise you, the  
king

Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

*York.* And so he did; but yet I like it not,  
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

*War.* Tush, that was but his fancy, blame  
him not;

I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no  
harm.

*York.* An if I wist he did,—but let it rest; 180  
Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt all but Exeter.*]

*Exe.* Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress  
thy voice;

For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,  
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there  
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,  
Than yet can be imagined or supposed.  
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees  
This jarring discord of nobility,

This shouldering of each other in the court,  
This factious bandying of their favourites, 190  
But that it doth presage some ill event.  
'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands;  
But more when envy breeds unkind division;  
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.  
[Exit.

SCENE II. *Before Bourdeaux.*

*Enter TALBOT, with trump and drum.*

*Tal.* Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter;

Summon their general unto the wall.

*Trumpet sounds. Enter General and others, aloft.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,  
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;  
And thus he would: Open your city gates;  
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,  
And do him homage as obedient subjects;  
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:  
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace, 10  
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,  
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;  
Who in a moment even with the earth  
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,  
If you forsake the offer of their love.

*Gen.* Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,  
Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!  
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.  
On us thou canst not enter but by death;  
For, I protest, we are well fortified  
And strong enough to issue out and fight: 20  
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,  
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:  
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,  
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;  
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,  
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil  
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.  
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament  
To rive\* their dangerous artillery

\*Fire.

Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot. 3c  
 Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,  
 Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!  
 This is the latest glory of thy praise  
 That I, thy enemy, due thee withal; †Endue.  
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run,  
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,  
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,  
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,  
 Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul; 40  
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, &c.*

*Tal.* He fables not; I hear the enemy:  
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.  
 O, negligent and heedless discipline!  
 How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,  
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,  
 Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!  
 If we be English deer, be then in blood;  
 Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,  
 But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags, 50  
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel  
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:  
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,  
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.  
 God and Saint George, Talbot and England's  
 right,  
 Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!  
 [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III. *Plains in Gascony.*

*Enter a Messenger that meets YORK. Enter YORK with trumpet and many Soldiers.*

*York.* Are not the speedy scouts return'd  
 again,  
 That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?  
*Mess.* They are return'd, my lord, and give it  
 out  
 That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,  
 To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along,

By your espials\* were discovered \*Spies.  
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,  
Which join'd with him and made their march for  
Bourdeaux.

*York.* A plague upon that villain Somerset,  
That thus delays my promised supply 10  
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!  
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,  
And I am lowted\* by a traitor villain \*Flouted.  
And cannot help the noble chevalier:  
God comfort him in this necessity!  
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

*Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.*

*Lucy.* Thou princely leader of our English  
strength,  
Never so needful on the earth of France,  
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,  
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron 20  
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:  
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux,  
York!  
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's  
honour.

*York.* O God, that Somerset, who in proud  
heart  
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!  
So should we save a valiant gentleman  
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.  
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,  
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

*Lucy.* O, send some succour to the distress'd  
lord! 30

*York.* He dies, we lose; I break my warlike  
word;

We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily  
get;

All long of this vile traitor Somerset.

*Lucy.* Then God take mercy on brave Tal-  
bot's soul;

And on his son young John, who two hours since  
I met in travel toward his warlike father!

This seven years did not Talbot see his son;



And now they meet where both their lives are done.

*York.* Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have  
To bid his young son welcome to his grave? 40  
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,  
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.  
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,  
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.  
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,  
'Long all of Somerset and his delay.

[*Exit, with his soldiers.*]

*Lucy.* Thus, while the vulture of sedition  
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,  
Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss  
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror, 50  
That ever living man of memory,  
Henry the Fifth: whiles they each other cross,  
Lives, honours, lands and all hurry to loss. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Other plains in Gascony.*

*Enter SOMERSET, with his army; a Captain of  
TALBOT'S with him.*

*Som.* It is too late; I cannot send them now:  
This expedition was by York and Talbot  
Too rashly plotted: all our general force  
Might with a sally of the very town  
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot  
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour  
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:  
York set him on to fight and die in shame,  
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the  
name.

*Cap.* Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me  
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid. 11

*Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.*

*Som.* How now, Sir William! whither were  
you sent?

*Lucy.* Whither, my lord? from bought and  
sold Lord Talbot;  
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,  
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,  
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:

And whiles the honourable captain there  
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,  
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,  
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's  
honour, 20

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.  
Let not your private discord keep away  
The levied succours that should lend him aid,  
While he, renowned noble gentleman,  
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:  
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,  
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,  
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

*Som.* York set him on; York should have sent  
him aid.

*Lucy.* And York as fast upon your grace ex-  
claims; 30  
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,  
Collected for this expedition.

*Som.* York lies; he might have sent and had  
the horse;

I owe him little duty, and less love;  
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

*Lucy.* The fraud of England, not the force of  
France,

Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:  
Never to England shall he bear his life;  
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

*Som.* Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen  
straight: 40

Within six hours they will be at his aid.  
*Lucy.* Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or  
slain;

For fly he could not, if he would have fled;  
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

*Som.* If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

*Lucy.* His fame lives in the world, his shame  
in you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The English camp near Bourdeaux.*

*Enter TALBOT and JOHN his son.*

*Tal.* O young John Talbot! I did send for thee

To tutor thee in stratagems of war,  
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived  
When sapless age and weak unable limbs  
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.  
But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!  
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,  
A terrible and unavoided danger:  
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;  
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape 10  
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

*John.* Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?

And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,  
Dishonour not her honourable name,  
To make a bastard and a slave of me!  
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,  
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

*Tal.* Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

*John.* He that flies so will ne'er return again.

*Tal.* If we both stay, we both are sure to die. 20

*John.* Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:

Your loss is great, so your regard should be;  
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.  
Upon my death the French can little boast;  
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.  
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;  
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:  
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;  
But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.  
There is no hope that ever I will stay, 30  
If the first hour I shrink and run away.  
Here on my knee I beg mortality,  
Rather than life preserved with infamy.

*Tal.* Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

*John.* Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

*Tal.* Upon my blessing, I command thee go.

*John.* To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

*Tal.* Part of thy father may be saved in thee.

*John.* No part of him but will be shame in me.

*Tal.* Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

*John.* Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?

*Tal.* Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

*John.* You cannot witness for me, being slain. If death be so apparent, then both fly.

*Tal.* And leave my followers here to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

*John.* And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,  
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I; 50  
For live I will not, if my father die.

*Tal.* Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die;

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A field of battle.*

*Alarum: excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.*

*Tal.* Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word

And left us to the rage of France his sword.

Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy breath;

I gave thee life and rescued thee from death.

*John.* O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!

The life thou gavest me first was lost and done,

Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,

To my determined time thou gavest new date.

*Tal.* When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire, 10

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire

Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,  
Quickened with youthful spleen and warlike rage,  
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,  
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.  
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood  
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood  
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,  
And interchanging blows I quickly shed  
Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace 20  
Bespoke him thus; 'Contaminated, base  
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,  
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of  
mine  
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave  
boy:'

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,  
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,  
Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?  
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,  
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?  
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead: 30  
The help of one stands me in little stead.  
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,  
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!  
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,  
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:  
By me they nothing gain an if I stay;  
'Tis but the shortening of my life one day:  
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,  
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's  
fame:

All these and more we hazard by thy stay; 40  
All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.

*John.* The sword of Orleans hath not made me  
smart;

These words of yours draw life-blood from my  
heart:

On that advantage, bought with such a shame,  
To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,  
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,  
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!  
And like\* me to the peasant boys of France, \*Likem.  
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!

Surely, by all the glory you have won, 50  
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:  
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;  
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

*Tal.* Then follow thou thy desperate sire of  
Crete,

Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:  
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;  
And, commendable proved, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarum: excursions. Enter old TALBOT led by  
a Servant.*

*Tal.* Where is my other life? mine own is  
gone;

O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?  
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,  
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:  
When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,  
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,  
And, like a hungry lion, did commence  
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;  
But when my angry guardant stood alone,  
Tendering my ruin and assail'd of none, 10  
Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart  
Suddenly made him from my side to start  
Into the clustering battle of the French;  
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench  
His over-mounting spirit, and there died,  
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

*Serv.* O my dear lord, lo, where your son is  
borne!

*Enter Soldiers, with the body of young TALBOT.*

*Tal.* Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here  
to scorn,  
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,  
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity, 20  
Two Talbots, winged through the lither\* sky,  
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.

\*Lazy.

O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,

Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!

Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;

Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.

Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,

Had death been French, then death had died to-day.

Come, come and lay him in his father's arms: \

My spirit can no longer bear these harms. 30

Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,

Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

[Dies.]

*Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON,\*BURGUNDY, BASTARD,  
LA PUCELLE, and forces.*

*Char.* Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,

We should have found a bloody day of this.

*Bast.* How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,\*

\*Raging-mad.

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

*Puc.* Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:

'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid.'

But, with a proud majestic high scorn,

He answer'd thus: 'Young Talbot was not born

To be the pillage of a giglot\* wench:' \*Wanton. 41

So, rushing in the bowels of the French,

He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

*Bur.* Doubtless he would have made a noble knight:

See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms

Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!

*Bast.* Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

*Char.* O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled

During the life, let us not wrong it dead. 50

*Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, attended; Herald of the French preceding.*

*Lucy.* Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,

To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

*Char.* On what submissive message art thou sent?

*Lucy.* Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;

We English warriors wot not what it means.

I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en

And to survey the bodies of the dead.

*Char.* For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st.

*Lucy.* But where's the great Alcides of the field, 60

Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,  
Created, for his rare success in arms,  
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford and Valence;  
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,  
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,  
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of  
Sheffield,

The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;  
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,  
Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece;  
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth 70  
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

*Puc.* Here is a silly stately style indeed!  
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,  
Writes not so tedious a style as this.  
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles  
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

*Lucy.* Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only  
scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?  
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,  
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces! So  
O, that I could but call these dead to life!  
It were enough to fright the realm of France:  
Were but his picture left amongst you here,  
It would amaze the proudest of you all.  
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence  
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

*Puc.* I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,  
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.



For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them  
here,

They would but stink, and putrefy the air. 90

*Char.* Go, take their bodies hence.

*Lucy.* I'll bear them hence; but from their  
ashes shall be rear'd

A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

*Char.* So we be rid of them, do with 'em what  
thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:

All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT V.

#### SCENE I. *London. The palace.*

*Sennet. Enter KING, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER.*

*King.* Have you perused the letters from the  
pope,

The emperor and the Earl of Armagnac?

*Glou.* I have, my lord: and their intent is this:

They humbly sue unto your excellence

To have a godly peace concluded of

Between the realms of England and of France.

*King.* How doth your grace affect their motion?

*Glou.* Well, my good lord; and as the only  
means

To stop effusion of our Christian blood

And stablish quietness on every side. 10

*King.* Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought

It was both impious and unnatural

That such immanity\* and bloody strife \*Barbarity.

Should reign among professors of one faith.

*Glou.* Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect

And surer bind this knot of amity,

The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,

A man of great authority in France,

Proffers his only daughter to your grace 19

In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

*King.* Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are  
young!

And fitter is my study and my books

Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.  
Yet call the ambassadors; and, as you please,  
So let them have their answers every one:  
I shall be well content with any choice  
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

*Enter WINCHESTER in Cardinal's habit, a  
Legate and two Ambassadors.*

*Exe.* What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd,  
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?  
Then I perceive that will be verified 30  
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,  
'If once he come to be a cardinal,  
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'

*King.* My lords ambassadors, your several suits  
Have been consider'd and debated on.  
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;  
And therefore are we certainly resolved  
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;  
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean  
Shall be transported presently to France. 40

*Glou.* And for the proffer of my lord your  
master,  
I have inform'd his highness so at large  
As liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,  
Her beauty and the value of her dower,  
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

*King.* In argument and proof of which contract,  
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.  
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded  
And safely brought to Dover; where inshipp'd  
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. 50

*[Exeunt all but Winchester and Legate.]*

*Win.* Stay, my lord legate: you shall first  
receive  
The sum of money which I promised  
Should be deliver'd to his holiness  
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

*Leg.* I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

*Win.* *[Aside]* Now Winchester will not submit,  
I trow,  
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.  
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive

That, neither in birth or for authority,  
The bishop will be overborne by thee: 60  
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,  
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *France. Plains in Anjou.*

*Enter* CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, BASTARD,  
REIGNIER, LA PUCELLE, *and forces.*

*Char.* These news, my lords, may cheer our  
drooping spirits:  
'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt  
And turn again unto the warlike French.

*Alen.* Then march to Paris, royal Charles of  
France,  
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

*Puc.* Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;  
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

*Enter Scout.*

*Scout.* Success unto our valiant general,  
And happiness to his accomplices!

*Char.* What tidings send our scouts? I prithee,  
speak. 10

*Scout.* The English army, that divided was  
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,  
And means to give you battle presently.

*Char.* Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warn-  
ing is;  
But we will presently provide for them.

*Bur.* I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:  
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

*Puc.* Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.  
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,  
Let Henry fret and all the world repine. 20

*Char.* Then on, my lords; and France be  
fortunate! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Before Angiers.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter* LA PUCELLE.

*Puc.* The regent conquers, and the French-  
men fly.

Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;\*  
 And ye choice spirits that admonish me \*Amulets.  
 And give me signs of future accidents. [*Thunder.*  
 You speedy helpers, that are substitutes  
 Under the lordly monarch of the north,  
 Appear and aid me in this enterprise.

*Enter Fiends.*

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof  
 Of your accustom'd diligence to me.  
 Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd 10  
 Out of the powerful regions under earth,  
 Help me this once, that France may get the field.  
 [*They walk, and speak not.*

O, hold me not with silence over-long!  
 Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,  
 I'll lop a member off and give it you  
 In earnest of a further benefit,  
 So you do condescend to help me now.

[*They hang their heads.*  
 No hope to have redress? My body shall  
 Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit,  
 [*They shake their heads.*

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice 20  
 Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?  
 Then take my soul, my body, soul and all,  
 Before that England give the French the foil.  
 [*They depart.*

See, they forsake me! Now the time is come  
 That France must vail\* her lofty-plumed crest  
 And let her head fall into England's lap. \*Lower.  
 My ancient incantations are too weak,  
 And hell too strong for me to buckle with:  
 Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.  
 [*Exit.*

*Excursions. Re-enter LA PUCELLE fighting  
 hand to hand with YORK: LA PUCELLE is  
 taken. The French fly.*

*York.* Damsel of France, I think I have you  
 fast: 30  
 Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms

And try if they can gain your liberty.  
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!  
See, how the ugly wench doth bend her brows,  
As if with Circe she would change my shape!

*Puc.* Changed to a worser shape thou canst  
not be.

*York.* O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;  
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

*Puc.* A plaguing mischief light on Charles and  
thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surprised 40  
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

*York.* Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold  
thy tongue!

*Puc.* I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

*York.* Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to  
the stake. [Exeunt.]

*Alarum.* Enter SUFFOLK, with MARGARET in  
his hand.

*Suf.* Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[Gazes on her.]  
O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands;  
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,  
And lay them gently on thy tender side.

Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee. 50

*Mar.* Margaret my name, and daughter to a  
king,

The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

*Suf.* An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,  
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:  
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,  
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.  
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,  
Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend.

[She is going.]  
O, stay! I have no power to let her pass; 60

My hand would free her, but my heart says no.  
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,  
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,  
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:  
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.

Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself;

Hast not a tongue? is she not here?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?

Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such, 70

Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

*Mar.* Say, Earl of Suffolk—if thy name be so—  
What ransom must I pay before I pass?

For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

*Suf.* How canst thou tell she will deny thy  
suit,

Before thou make a trial of her love?

*Mar.* Why speak'st thou not? what ransom  
must I pay?

*Suf.* She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd;  
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

*Mar.* Wilt thou accept of ransom? yea, or no.

*Suf.* Fond man, remember that thou hast a  
wife; 80

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?

*Mar.* I were best to leave him, for he will not  
hear.

*Suf.* There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling  
card.\*

\*Insurmountable obstacle.

*Mar.* He talks at random; sure, the man is  
mad.

*Suf.* And yet a dispensation may be had.

*Mar.* And yet I would that you would answer  
me.

*Suf.* I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?  
Why, for my king: tush, that's a wooden thing!

*Mar.* He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

*Suf.* Yet so my fancy may be satisfied, 91  
And peace established between these realms.

But there remains a scruple in that too;

For though her father be the King of Naples,

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,

And our nobility will scorn the match.

*Mar.* Hear ye, captain, are you not at leisure?

*Suf.* It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:  
Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.

Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

*Mar.* What though I be enthrall'd? he seems  
a knight,  
And will not any way dishonour me.

*Suf.* Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

*Mar.* Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;  
And then I need not crave his courtesy.

*Suf.* Sweet madam, give me hearing in a  
cause—

*Mar.* Tush, women have been captivate ere  
now.

*Suf.* Lady, wherefore talk you so?

*Mar.* I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quid for Quo.

*Suf.* Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose  
110

Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

*Mar.* To be a queen in bondage is more vile  
Than is a slave in base servility;  
For princes should be free.

*Suf.* And so shall you,  
If happy England's royal king be free.

*Mar.* Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

*Suf.* I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,  
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand  
And set a precious crown upon thy head,  
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

*Mar.* What? 120

*Suf.* His love.

*Mar.* I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

*Suf.* No, gentle madam; I unworthy am  
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife  
And have no portion in the choice myself.  
How say you, madam, are ye so content?

*Mar.* An if my father please, I am content.

*Suf.* Then call our captains and our colours  
forth.

And, madam, at your father's castle walls  
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him. 130

*A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER on the walls.*

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!

*Reig.* To whom?

*Suf.* To me.

*Reig.* Suffolk, what remedy?  
I am a soldier and unapt to weep

Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

*Suf.* Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:  
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,  
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;  
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;  
And this her easy-held imprisonment  
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty. 140

*Reig.* Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

*Suf.* Fair Margaret knows  
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

*Reig.* Upon thy princely warrant, I descend  
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

*[Exit from the walls.]*

*Suf.* And here I will expect thy coming.

*Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER, below.*

*Reig.* Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:

Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

*Suf.* Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,

Fit to be made companion with a king:

What answer makes your grace unto my suit? 150

*Reig.* Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth

To be the princely bride of such a lord;

Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,

Free from oppression or the stroke of war,

My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

*Suf.* That is her ransom; I deliver her;

And those two counties I will undertake

Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

*Reig.* And I again, in Henry's royal name,  
As deputy unto that gracious king, 161

Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

*Suf.* Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,

Because this is in traffic of a king.

*[Aside]* And yet, methinks, I could be well content

To be mine own attorney in this case.

I'll over then to England with this news,

And make this marriage to be solemnized.



So farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe  
In golden palaces, as it becomes. 170

*Reig.* I do embrace thee, as I would embrace  
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

*Mar.* Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise  
and prayers

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*]

*Suf.* Farewell, sweet madam: but hark you,  
Margaret;

No princely commendations to my king?

*Mar.* Such commendations as becomes a  
maid,

A virgin and his servant, say to him.

*Suf.* Words sweetly placed and modestly directed.

But, madam, I must trouble you again; 180  
No loving token to his majesty?

*Mar.* Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted  
heart,

Never yet taint\* with love, I send the king. \*Tainted.

*Suf.* And this withal. [*Kisses her.*]

*Mar.* That for thyself: I will not so presume  
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.*]

*Suf.* O, wert thou for myself! But, Suffolk,  
stay;

Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;  
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.

Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise: 190

Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,

And natural graces that extinguish art;

Repeat their semblance often on the seas,

That, when thou comest to kneel at Henry's  
feet,

Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Camp of the DUKE OF YORK  
in Anjou.*

*Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others.*

*York.* Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd  
to burn.

*Enter I.A PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.*

*Shep.* Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!

Have I sought every country far and near,  
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,  
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?  
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

*Puc.* Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!  
I am descended of a gentler blood:  
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

*Shep.* Out, out! My lords, an please you, 'tis not so; 10

I did beget her, all the parish knows:  
Her mother liveth yet, can testify  
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

*War.* Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

*York.* This argues what her kind of life hath been,

Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

*Shep.* Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!\* \*Obstinate.

God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;  
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:  
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan. 20

*Puc.* Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

*Shep.* 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest  
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.  
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.  
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time  
Of thy nativity! I would the milk  
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,

Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!  
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,  
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee! 31  
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?  
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good.

*[Exit.]*

*York.* Take her away; for she hath lived too long,

To fill the world with vicious qualities.

*Puc.* First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,  
But issued from the progeny of kings;  
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,  
By inspiration of celestial grace, 40

To work exceeding miracles on earth.

I never had to do with wicked spirits:  
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,  
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,  
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,  
Because you want the grace that others have,  
You judge it straight a thing impossible  
To compass wonders but by help of devils.

No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been  
A virgin from her tender infancy, 50  
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;  
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,  
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

*York.* Ay, ay: away with her to execution!

*War.* And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,

Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:  
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,  
That so her torture may be shortened.

*Puc.* Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity, 60  
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.  
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:  
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,  
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

*York.* Now heaven forfend! the holy maid  
with child!

*War.* The greatest miracle that e'er ye  
wrought:

Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

*York.* She and the Dauphin have been juggling:

I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we'll have no bastards live; 70

Especially since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceived; my child is none of his:

It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!

It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you:

'Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I named,  
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well, 80

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.  
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:  
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:

May never glorious sun reflex his beams  
Upon the country where you make abode;  
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death  
Environ you, till mischief and despair 90  
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!  
[Exit, guarded.]

York. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,  
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence  
With letters of commission from the king.  
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,  
Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,  
Have earnestly implored a general peace  
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;  
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train 100  
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail\* turn'd to this effect?

After the slaughter of so many peers, \*Labor.

So many captains, gentlemen and knights  
That in this quarrel have been used,  
And sold their bodies for their country,  
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?  
Have we not lost most part of all the realm  
By treason, falsehood and by treachery,  
Our great progenitors had conquered?  
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief  
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

*War.* Be patient, York: if we have peace,  
It shall be with such strict and severe terms  
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, Bastard, and others.*

*Char.* Since, lords of England, it is agreed

That peaceful truce shall be proclaimed,  
We come to be informed by yourselves  
What the conditions of that league must be.

*York.* Speak, Winchester; for boiling blood  
Chokes

The hollow passage of my poison'd voice  
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

*Car.* Charles, and the rest, it is enacted  
That, in regard King Henry gives consent  
Of mere compassion and of lenity,  
To ease your country of distressful war,  
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,  
You shall become true liegemen to his crown  
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt  
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself  
Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him  
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

*Alen.* Must he be then as shadow of himself  
Adorn his temples with a coronet,  
And yet, in substance and authority,  
Retain but privilege of a private man?  
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

*Char.* 'Tis known already that I am  
With more than half the Gallian territory  
And therein revered for their lawful king  
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,

Detract so much from that prerogative,  
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?  
No, lord ambassador, I'll rather keep  
That which I have than, coveting for more,  
Be cast from possibility of all.

*York.* Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret  
means

Used intercession to obtain a league,  
And, now the matter grows to compromise,  
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison? 150  
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,  
Of benefit proceeding from our king  
And not of any challenge of desert,  
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

*Reig.* My lord, you do not well in obstinacy  
To cavil in the course of this contract:  
If once it be neglected, ten to one  
We shall not find like opportunity.

*Alen.* To say the truth, it is your policy  
To save your subjects from such massacre 160  
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen  
By our proceeding in hostility;  
And therefore take this compact of a truce,  
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

*War.* How say'st thou, Charles? shall our  
condition stand?

*Char.* It shall;

Only reserved, you claim no interest  
In any of our towns of garrison.

*York.* Then swear allegiance to his majesty,  
As thou art knight, never to disobey 170  
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,  
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.  
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;  
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,  
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *London. The palace.*

*Enter* SUFFOLK *in conference with the* KING,  
GLOUCESTER *and* EXETER.

*King.* Your wondrous rare description, noble  
earl,

Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:  
Her virtues graced with external gifts  
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:  
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts  
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,  
So am I driven by breath of her renown  
Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive  
Where I may have fruition of her love.

*Suf.* Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale  
Is but a preface of her worthy praise; 11  
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,  
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,  
Would make a volume of enticing lines,  
Able to ravish any dull conceit:  
And, which is more, she is not so divine,  
So full-replete with choice of all delights,  
But with as humble lowliness of mind  
She is content to be at your command;  
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents, 20  
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

*King.* And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.

Therefore, my lord protector, give consent  
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

*Glou.* So should I give consent to flatter sin.  
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd  
Unto another lady of esteem:

How shall we then dispense with that contract,  
And not deface your honour with reproach?

*Suf.* As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths; 30  
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd  
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists  
By reason of his adversary's odds:  
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,  
And therefore may be broke without offence.

*Glou.* Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more  
than that?

Her father is no better than an earl,  
Although in glorious titles he excel.

*Suf.* Yes, my lord, her father is a king,  
The King of Naples and Jerusalem; 40  
And of such great authority in France  
As his alliance will confirm our peace

And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

*Glou.* And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,  
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

*Exe.* Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal  
dower,

Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

*Suf.* A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your  
king,

That he should be so abject, base and poor,  
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love. 50

Henry is able to enrich his queen

And not to seek a queen to make him rich:

So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,

As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.

Marriage is a matter of more worth

Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;

Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,

Must be companion of his nuptial bed:

And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,

It most of all these reasons bindeth us, 60

In our opinions she should be preferr'd.

For what is wedlock forced but a hell,

An age of discord and continual strife?

Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,

And is a pattern of celestial peace.

Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,

But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?

Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,

Approves her fit for none but for a king:

Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit, 70

More than in women commonly is seen,

Will answer our hope in issue of a king;

For Henry, son unto a conqueror,

Is likely to beget more conquerors,

If with a lady of so high resolve

As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.

Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me

That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

*King.* Whether it be through force of your  
report,

My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that 80

My tender youth was never yet attaint

With any passion of inflaming love,



I cannot tell; but this I am assured,  
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,  
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,  
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.  
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to  
France;

Agree to any covenants, and procure  
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come  
To cross the seas to England and be crown'd 90  
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:  
For your expenses and sufficient charge,  
Among the people gather up a tenth.  
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,  
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.  
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:  
If you do censure me by what you were,  
Not what you are, I know it will excuse  
This sudden execution of my will.

And so, conduct me where, from company, 100  
I may revolve and ruminate my grief.

[*Exit.*  
*Glou.* Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and  
last.

[*Exeunt Gloucester and Exeter.*

*Suf.* Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he  
goes,

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,  
With hope to find the like event in love,  
But prosper better than the Trojan did.  
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;  
But I will rule both her, the king and realm.

[*Exit.*

THE SECOND PART OF  
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Sixth.

HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester, his uncle.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester,  
great-uncle to the King.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.

EDWARD and RICHARD, his sons.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Young CLIFFORD, his son.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF WARWICK.

LORD SCALES.

LORD SAY.

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM STAF-  
FORD, his brother.

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

VAUX.

MATTHEW GOFFE.

A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's-Mate, and  
WALTER WHITMORE.

Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.

JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, priests.

BOLINGBROKE, a conjurer.

THOMAS HORNER, an armourer. PETER, his  
man.

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.

SIMPCOX, an impostor.

ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish gentleman.

JACK CADE, a rebel.

GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK the  
butcher, SMITH the weaver, MICHAEL, &c.,  
followers of Cade.

Two Murderers.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.

ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloucester.

MARGARET JOURDAIN, a witch.

Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, 'Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

A Spirit.

SCENE: *England.*



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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

## 2. Analyze the problem and break it down into smaller, manageable parts.

3. Develop a plan or strategy to solve the problem, taking into account the resources available and the constraints of the task.

4. Implement the plan, using the appropriate tools and techniques to solve the problem.

5. Evaluate the results of the solution, comparing them to the original problem and the expected outcomes.

6. Reflect on the process and the solution, identifying any strengths and weaknesses and learning from the experience.

7. Communicate the results of the solution to the relevant stakeholders.

8. Document the solution and the process, for future reference and learning.

9. Review the solution and the process, identifying any areas for improvement.

10. Implement the improvements and continue to refine the solution and the process.



*KING HENRY VI. PART II.*

SONNENTHAL AS KING HENRY VI.

---

Among the distinguished tragedians of the Fatherland none is worthier of his wide repute than Sonnenthal. As the German critics have excelled in the profound understanding of Shakespeare, so this actor and his peers are eminently endowed for rendering the great tragic parts in the immortal dramas.

# THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *London. The palace.*

*Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter the KING, HUMPHREY, Duke of GLOUCESTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT, on the one side; the QUEEN, SUFFOLK, YORK, SOMERSET, and BUCKINGHAM, on the other.*

*Suf.* As by your high imperial majesty  
I had in charge at my depart\* for France,  
As procurator to your excellence, \*Departure.  
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace,  
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,  
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,  
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne and  
Alençon,  
Seven earls, twelve barons and twenty reverend  
bishops,  
I have perform'd my task and was espoused:  
And humbly now upon my bended knee, 10  
In sight of England and her lordly peers,  
Deliver up my title in the queen  
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance

Of that great shadow I did represent;  
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,  
The fairest queen that ever king received.

*King.* Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret:

I can express no kinder sign of love  
Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lends me life,  
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness! 20

For thou hast given me in this beauteous face  
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,  
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

*Queen.* Great King of England and my gracious lord,

The mutual conference that my mind hath had,  
By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,  
In courtly company or at my beads,  
With you, mine alder-liefest\* sovereign,  
Makes me the bolder to salute my king  
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords 30  
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

*King.* Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,

\*Dearest of all.

Her words y-clad\* with wisdom's majesty, \*Clad.  
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;  
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

*All [kneeling].* Long live Queen Margaret,  
England's happiness!

*Queen.* We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

*Suff.* My lord protector, so it please your grace,

Here are the articles of contracted peace 40  
Between our sovereign and the French king  
Charles,

For eighteen months concluded by consent.

*Glou. [Reads]* 'Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king Charles, and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father'— [*Lets the paper fall.*

*King.* Uncle, how now!

*Glou.*

Pardon me, gracious lord;

Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart  
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

*King.* Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

*Car.* [*Reads*] 'Item, It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father, and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.'

*King.* They please us well. Lord marquess, kneel down:

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,  
And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of York,  
We here discharge your grace from being regent  
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months  
Be full expired. Thanks, uncle Winchester,  
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,  
Salisbury, and Warwick; 70  
We thank you all for this great favour done,  
In entertainment to my princely queen.  
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide  
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*]

*Glou.* Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief  
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.  
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,  
His valour, coin and people, in the wars?  
Did he so often lodge in open field, 80  
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,  
To conquer France, his true inheritance?  
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,  
To keep by policy what Henry got?  
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,  
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,  
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?  
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,  
With all the learned council of the realm,  
Studied so long, sat in the council-house 90  
Early and late, debating to and fro  
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in  
awe,  
And had his highness in his infancy  
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?  
And shall these labours and these honours die?

Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,  
Your deeds of war and all our counsel die?  
O peers of England, shameful is this league!  
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,  
Blotting your names from books of memory, 100  
Razing the characters of your renown,  
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,  
Undoing all, as all had never been!

*Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,

This peroration with such circumstance?  
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

*Glou.* Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;  
But now it is impossible we should:

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,  
Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine 110  
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style  
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

*Sal.* Now, by the death of Him that died for  
all,

These counties were the keys of Normandy.  
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

*War.* For grief that they are past recovery:  
For, were there hope to conquer them again,  
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no  
tears.

Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;  
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:  
And are the cities, that I got with wounds, 121  
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?  
Mort Dieu!

*York.* For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,  
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!  
France should have torn and rent my very heart,  
Before I would have yielded to this league.  
I never read but England's kings have had  
Large sums of gold and dowries with their  
wives;

And our King Henry gives away his own, 130  
To match with her that brings no vantages.

*Glou.* A proper jest, and never heard before,  
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth  
For costs and charges in transporting her!

She should have stayed in France and starved in France,  
Before—

*Car.* My Lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too hot:

It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

*Glou.* My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind;

'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike, 140

But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.

Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face

I see thy fury: if I longer stay,

We shall begin our ancient bickerings.

Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,

I prophesied France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*]

*Car.* So, there goes our protector in a rage.

'Tis known to you he is mine enemy,

Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,

And no great friend, I fear me, to the king. 150

Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,

And heir apparent to the English crown:

Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,

And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,

There's reason he should be displeased at it.

Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words

Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.

What though the common people favour him,

Calling him 'Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester,' 159

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,

'Jesu maintain your royal excellence!'

With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,

He will be found a dangerous protector.

*Buck.* Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,

He being of age to govern of himself?

Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,

And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,

We'll quickly hoise\* Duke Humphrey from his seat.

*Car.* This weighty business will not brook delay; 170

\*Hoist.

I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. *[Exit.*

*Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride

And greatness of his place be grief to us,

Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:

His insolence is more intolerable

Than all the princes in the land beside:

If Gloucester be displaced, he'll be protector.

*Buck.* Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,

Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal. 179

*[Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.]*

*Sal.* Pride went before, ambition follows him.

While these do labour for their own preferment,

Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloucester

Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,

More like a soldier than a man o' the church

As stout and proud as he were lord of all,

Swear like a ruffian and demean himself

Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age, 190

Thy deeds, thy plainness and thy housekeeping,

Hath won the greatest favour of the commons

Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,

In bringing them to civil discipline,

Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,

When thou wert regent for our sovereign,

Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people:

Join we together, for the public good,

In what we can, to bridle and suppress 200

The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,

With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;

And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,

While they do tend\* the profit of the land. \*Attend.

*War.* So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,

And common profit of his country!

*York.* *[Aside]* And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

*Sal.* Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

*War.* Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;  
That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,  
And would have kept so long as breath did last!  
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant  
Maine,

Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*]

*York.* Anjou and Maine are given to the  
French;

Paris is lost; the state of Normandy

Stands on a tickle\* point, now they are gone:

Suffolk concluded on the articles, \*Ticklish.

The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased

To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.

I cannot blame them all: what is't to them? 220

'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.

Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their  
pillage

And purchase friends and give to courtezans,

Still revelling like lords till all be gone;

While as the silly owner of the goods

Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands

And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof,

While all is shared and all is borne away,

Ready to starve and dare not touch his own:

So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue, 230

While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.

Methinks the realms of England, France and  
Ireland

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood

As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd

Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.

Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!

Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,

Even as I have of fertile England's soil.

A day will come when York shall claim his own;

And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts 240

And make a show of love to proud Duke Hum-  
phrey,

And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown

For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:

Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,

Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,



Nor wear the diadem upon his head,  
Whose church-like humours fits not for a crown.  
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:  
Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,  
To pry into the secrets of the state; 250  
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,  
With his new bride and England's dear-bought  
queen,  
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:  
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,  
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed;  
And in my standard bear the arms of York,  
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;  
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the  
crown,  
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.  
[Exit.]

SCENE II. *The DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S house.*

*Enter DUKE HUMPHREY and his wife ELEANOR.*

*Duch.* Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd  
corn,  
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?  
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his  
brows,  
As frowning at the favours of the world?  
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,  
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?  
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,  
Enchased with all the honours of the world?  
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,  
Until thy head be circled with the same. 10  
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.  
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;  
And, having both together heaved it up,  
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,  
And never more abase our sight so low  
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.  
*Glou.* O Nell, sweet Neil, if thou dost love thy  
lord,  
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.

And may that thought, when I imagine ill  
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry, 20  
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!

My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

*Duch.* What dream'd my lord? tell me, and  
I'll requite it

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

*Glou.* Methought this staff, mine office-badge  
in court,

Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,

But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;

And on the pieces of the broken wand

Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of  
Somerset,

And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolk. 30

This was my dream: what it doth bode, God  
knows.

*Duch.* Tut, this was nothing but an argument  
That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove  
Shall lose his head for his presumption.

But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:

Methought I sat in seat of majesty

In the cathedral church of Westminster,

And in that chair where kings and queens are  
crown'd;

Where Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me

And on my head did set the diadem. 40

*Glou.* Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide out-  
right:

Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured Eleanor,

Art thou not second woman in the realm,

And the protector's wife, beloved of him?

Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,

Above the reach or compass of thy thought?

And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,

To tumble down thy husband and thyself

From top of honour to disgrace's feet?

Away from me, and let me hear no more! 50

*Duch.* What, what, my lord! are you so cholerick

With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?

Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,

And not be check'd.

*Glou.* Nay, be not angry; I am pleased again.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure

You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,  
Where as the king and queen do mean to hawk.

*Glou.* I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

*Duch.* Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[*Exeunt Gloucester and Messenger.*]

Follow I must; I cannot go before, 61  
While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,  
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks  
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;

And, being a woman, I will not be slack

To play my part in Fortune's pageant.

Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not,  
man,

We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

*Enter HUME.*

*Hume.* Jesus preserve your royal majesty! 70

*Duch.* What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

*Hume.* But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,

Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

*Duch.* What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,

With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?

And will they undertake to do me good?

*Hume.* This they have promised, to show your highness

A spirit raised from depth of under-ground,  
That shall make answer to such questions 80

As by your grace shall be propounded him.

*Duch.* It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:

When from Saint Alban's we do make return,

We'll see these things effected to the full.

Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,

With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit.*

*Hume.* Hume must make merry with the  
duchess' gold;  
Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!  
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:  
The business asketh silent secrecy. 90  
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:  
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.  
Yet have I gold flies from another coast;  
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal  
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,  
Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain,  
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,  
Have hired me to undermine the duchess  
And buz these conjurations in her brain.  
They say 'A crafty knave does need no broker;'  
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker. 101  
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near  
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.  
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last  
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,  
And her attainure will be Humphrey's fall:  
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The palace.*

*Enter three or four Petitioners, PETER, the  
Armourer's man, being one.*

*First Petit.* My masters, let's stand close:  
my lord protector will come this way by and by,  
and then we may deliver our supplications in the  
quill.

*Sec. Petit.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for  
he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

*Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN.*

*Peter.* Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen  
with him. I'll be the first, sure.

*Sec. Petit.* Come back, fool; this is the Duke  
of Suffolk, and not my lord protector. 10

*Suf.* How now, fellow! wouldst any thing  
with me?

*First Petit.* I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

*Queen.* [*Reading*] 'To my Lord Protector!' Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

*First Petit.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me. 21

*Suf.* Thy wife too! that's some wrong, indeed. What's yours? What's here! [*Reads*] 'Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.' How now, sir knave!

*Sec. Petit.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

*Peter.* [*Giving his petition*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown. 30

*Queen.* What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

*Peter.* That my master was? no, forsooth: my master said that he was, and that the king was an usurper.

*Suf.* Who is there? [*Enter Servant.*] Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently: we'll hear more of your matter before the king. [*Exit Servant with Peter.*]

*Queen.* And as for you, that love to be protected 40

Under the wings of our protector's grace,  
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the supplications.*]  
Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go.

*All.* Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt.*]

*Queen.* My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,  
Is this the fashion in the court of England?

Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Albion's king?

What, shall King Henry be a pupil still

Under the surly Gloucester's governance? 50

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?

I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours

Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love  
And stolest away the ladies' hearts of France,  
I thought King Henry had resembled thee  
In courage, courtship and proportion:  
But all his mind is bent to holiness,  
To number Ave-Maries on his beads;  
His champions are the prophets and apostles, 60  
His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,  
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves  
Are brazen images of canonized saints.  
I would the college of the cardinals  
Would choose him pope and carry him to Rome,  
And set the triple crown upon his head:  
That were a state fit for his holiness.

*Suf.* Madam, be patient: as I was cause  
Your highness came to England, so will I  
In England work your grace's full content. 70

*Queen.* Beside the haughty protector, have we  
Beaufort  
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Bucking-  
ham,

And grumbling York; and not the least of these  
But can do more in England than the king.

*Suf.* And he of these that can do most of all  
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:  
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

*Queen.* Not all these lords do vex me half so  
much

As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.  
She sweeps it through the court with troops of  
ladies, 80

More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:  
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:

She bears a duke's revenues on her back,  
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:  
Shall I not live to be avenged on her?

Contemptuous base-born callet\* as she is, \*Trull.  
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,  
The very train of her worst wearing gown  
Was better worth than all my father's lands, 89  
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

*Suf.* Madam, myself have limed\* a bush for her,  
And placed a quire of such enticing birds,

That she will light to listen to the lays,  
And never mount to trouble you again.  
So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;  
For I am bold to counsel you in this.  
Although we fancy not the cardinal,  
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,  
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.  
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint 100  
Will make but little for his benefit.  
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,  
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*\*Smeared with bird-lime.*

*Sound a sennet. Enter the KING, DUKE HUMPHREY of Gloucester, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, YORK, SOMERSET, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.*

*King.* For my part, noble lords, I care not which;  
Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.

*York.* If York have ill demean'd himself in France,

Then let him be deny'd\* the regentship. *\*Denied.*

*Som.* If Somerset be unworthy of the place,  
Let York be regent; I will yield to him. 109

*War.* Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,  
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

*Car.* Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

*War.* The cardinal's not my better in the field.

*Buck.* All in this presence are thy betters,  
Warwick.

*War.* Warwick may live to be the best of all.

*Sal.* Peace, son! and show some reason,  
Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be preferred in this.

*Queen.* Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

*Glou.* Madam, the king is old enough himself  
To give his censure:\* these are no women's matters.

*Queen.* If he be old enough, what needs your grace

*\*Judgement. 121*

To be protector of his excellence?

*Glou.* Madam, I am protector of the realm;  
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

*Suf.* Resign it then and leave thine insolence.  
Since thou wert king—as who is king but thou?—  
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;  
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;  
And all the peers and nobles of the realm  
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty. 130

*Car.* The commons hast thou rack'd; the  
clergy's bags  
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

*Som.* Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's  
attire  
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

*Buck.* Thy cruelty in execution  
Upon offenders hath exceeded law  
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

*Queen.* Thy sale of offices and towns in France,  
If they were known, as the suspect is great,  
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit Gloucester. The Queen drops her fan.*  
Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not? 141

[*She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*  
I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

*Duch.* Was't I! yea, I it was, proud French-  
woman:

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,  
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

*King.* Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her  
will.

*Duch.* Against her will! good king, look to 't  
in time;

She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:  
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,  
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged.

[*Exit.*  
*Buck.* Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,  
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:  
She's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,  
She'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter GLOUCESTER.*

*Glou.* Now, lords, my choler being over-blown  
With walking once about the quadrangle,  
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.



As for your spiteful false objections,  
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:  
But God in mercy so deal with my soul, 160  
As I in duty love my king and country!  
But, to the matter that we have in hand:  
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man  
To be your regent in the realm of France.

*Suf.* Before we make election, give me leave  
To show some reason, of no little force,  
That York is most unmeet of any man.

*York.* I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am  
unmeet:

First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;  
Next, if I be appointed for the place, 170  
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,  
Without discharge, money, or furniture,  
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands:  
Last time, I danced attendance on his will  
Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost.

*War.* That can I witness; and a fouler fact  
Did never traitor in the land commit.

*Suf.* Peace, headstrong Warwick!

*War.* Image of pride, why should I hold my  
peace?

*Enter HORNER, the Armourer, and his  
man PETER, guarded.*

*Suf.* Because here is a man accused of treason:  
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself! 181

*York.* Doth any one accuse York for a  
traitor?

*King.* What mean'st thou, Suffolk; tell me,  
what are these?

*Suf.* Please it your majesty, this is the man  
That doth accuse his master of high treason:  
His words were these: that Richard Duke of  
York

Was rightful heir unto the English crown  
And that your majesty was an usurper.

*King.* Say, man, were these thy words?

*Hor.* An't shall please your majesty, I never  
said nor thought any such matter: God is my wit-  
ness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

*Pet.* By these ten bones, my lords, he did

Speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

*York.* Base dunghill villain and mechanical, I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.

I do beseech your royal majesty,

Let him have all the rigour of the law. 199

*Hor.* Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my 'prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this: therefore I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

*King.* Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

*Glou.* This doom, my lord, if I may judge: Let Somerset be regent o'er the French, Because in York this breeds suspicion: 210 And let these have a day appointed them For single combat in convenient place, For he hath witness of his servant's malice: This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

*Som.* I humbly thank your royal majesty.

*Hor.* And I accept the combat willingly.

*Pet.* Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case. The spite of man prevailleth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart! 221

*Glou.* Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

*King.* Away with them to prison; and the day of combat shall be the last of the next month. Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE IV. GLOUCESTER'S garden.

*Enter* MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.

*Hume.* Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

*Boling.* Master Hume, we are therefore provided: will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

*Hume.* Ay, what else? fear you not her courage.

*Boling.* I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go, in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate and grovel on the earth; John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

*Enter Duchess aloft, HUME following.*

*Duch.* Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear\* the sooner the better. \*Business.

*Boling.* Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,  
The time of night when Troy was set on fire; 20  
The time when screech-owls cry and ban-dogs  
howl

And spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves,  
That time best fits the work we have in hand.

Madam, sit you and fear not: whom we raise,  
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they do the ceremonies belonging,  
and make the circle; Bolingbroke or  
Southwell reads, Conjuro te, &c. It  
thunders and lightens terribly; then  
the Spirit riseth.*]

*Spir.* Adsum.

*M. Jourd.* Asmath,

By the eternal God, whose name and power  
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;  
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from  
hence. 30

*Spir.* Ask what thou wilt. That I had said  
and done!

*Boling.* 'First of the king: what shall of him  
become?' [*Reading out of a paper.*]

*Spir.* The duke yet lives that Henry shall  
depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.*

*Boling.* 'What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?'

*Spir.* By water shall he die, and take his end.

*Boling.* 'What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?'

*Spir.* Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand.

40

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

*Boling.* Descend to darkness and the burning lake!

False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning. Exit Spirit.*

*Enter the DUKE OF YORK and the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM with their Guard and break in.*

*York.* Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.

Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.

What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd\* for these good deserts.

*Duch.* Not half so bad as thine to England's king,

\*Required. 50

Injurious duke, that threatest where's no cause.

*Buck.* True, madam, none at all: what call you this?

Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,

And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us.

Stafford, take her to thee.

[*Exeunt above Duchess and Hume, guarded.*

We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.

All, away!

[*Exeunt guard with Jourdain, Southwell, &c.*

*York.* Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ. 60

What have we here?

[*Reads.*

'The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.'

Why, this is just

'Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.'

Well, to the rest:

'Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?

By water shall he die, and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Let him shun castles;

70

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand.'

Come, come, my lords;

These oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress towards Saint  
Alban's,

With him the husband of this lovely lady:

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can  
carry them:

A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

*Buck.* Your grace shall give me leave, my

Lord of York,

80

To be the post, in hope of his reward.

*York.* At your pleasure, my good lord. Who's  
within there, ho!

*Enter a Servingman.*

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick

To sup with me to-morrow night. Away!

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *Saint Alban's.*

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, GLOUCESTER, CARDINAL, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers halloing.*

*Queen.* Believe me, lords, for flying at the  
brook.\*

\*Hawking at water-fowl.

I saw not better sport these seven years' day:

Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;

And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

*King.* But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,

And what a pitch she flew above the rest!

To see how God in all his creatures works!

Yea, man and birds are fain\* of climbing high.

*Suf.* No marvel, an it like your majesty, \*Glad.

My lord protector's hawks do tower so well; 10

They know their master loves to be aloft

And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

*Glou.* My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind

That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

*Car.* I thought as much; he would be above the clouds.

*Glou.* Ay, my lord cardinal? how think you by that?

Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

*King.* The treasury of everlasting joy.

*Car.* Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart; 20

Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,

That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

*Glou.* What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?

• Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;

With such holiness can you do it?

*Suf.* No malice, sir; no more than well becomes

So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

*Glou.* As who, my lord?

*Suf.* Why, as you, my lord,

An't like your lordly lord-protectorship. 30

*Glou.* Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

*Queen.* And thy ambition, Gloucester.

*King.* I prithee, peace, good queen,

And whet not on these furious peers;

For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

*Car.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make, Against this proud protector, with my sword!

*Glou.* [*Aside to Car.*] Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that!

*Car.* [*Aside to Glou.*] Marry, when thou darest.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Car.*] Make up no factious numbers for the matter; 40

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

*Car.* [*Aside to Glou.*] Ay, where thou darest not peep: an if thou darest,

This evening, on the east side of the grove.

*King.* How now, my lords!

*Car.* Believe me, cousin Gloucester, Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly, We had had more sport. [*Aside to Glou.*] Come with thy two-hand sword.

*Glou.* True, uncle.

*Car.* [*Aside to Glou.*] Are ye advised? the east side of the grove?

*Glou.* [*Aside to Car.*] Cardinal, I am with you.

*King.* Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!

*Glou.* Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord. 50

[*Aside to Car.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this,

Or all my fence\* shall fail. \*Art of defence.

*Car.* [*Aside to Glou.*] Medice, teipsum— Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

*King.* The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

*Enter a Townsman of Saint Alban's, crying*  
'A miracle!'

*Glou.* What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim? 60

*Towns.* A miracle! a miracle!

*Suf.* Come to the king and tell him what miracle.

*Towns.* Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half-hour, hath received his sight;  
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

*King.* Now, God be praised, that to believing  
souls  
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's and his  
brethren, bearing SIMPCOX, between two in a  
chair, SIMPCOX's Wife following.*

*Car.* Here comes the townsmen on proces-  
sion,  
To present your highness with the man.

*King.* Great is his comfort in this earthly  
vale, 70

Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

*Glou.* Stand by, my masters: bring him near  
the king;

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

*King.* Good fellow, tell us here the circum-  
stance,

That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind and now re-  
stored?

*Simp.* Born blind, an't please your grace.

*Wife.* Ay, indeed, was he.

*Suf.* What woman is this?

*Wife.* His wife, an't like your worship. 80

*Glou.* Hadst thou been his mother, thou  
couldst have better told.

*King.* Where wert thou born?

*Simp.* At Berwick in the north, an't like  
your grace.

*King.* Poor soul, God's goodness hath been  
great to thee:

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,  
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

*Queen.* Tell me, good fellow, camest thou  
here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

*Simp.* God knows, of pure devotion; being  
call'd

A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep, 90



By good Saint Alban; who said, 'Simpcox,  
come,

Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'

*Wife.* Most true, forsooth; and many time  
and oft

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

*Car.* What, art thou lame?

*Simp.* Ay, God Almighty help me!

*Suf.* How camest thou so?

*Simp.* A fall off of a tree.

*Wife.* A plum-tree, master.

*Glou.* How long hast thou been blind?

*Simp.* O, born so, master.

*Glou.* What, and wouldst climb a tree?

*Simp.* But that in all my life, when I was a  
youth.

*Wife.* Too true; and bought his climbing very  
dear. 100

*Glou.* Mass, thou lovedst plums well, that  
wouldst venture so.

*Simp.* Alas, good master, my wife desired  
some damsons,

And made me climb, with danger of my life.

*Glou.* A subtle knave! but yet it shall not  
serve.

Let me see thine eyes: wink now: now open  
them:

In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

*Simp.* Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God  
and Saint Alban.

*Glou.* Say'st thou me so? What colour is this  
cloak of?

*Simp.* Red, master; red as blood. 110

*Glou.* Why, that's well said. What colour is  
my gown of?

*Simp.* Black, forsooth: coal-black as jet.

*King.* Why, then, thou know'st what colour  
jet is of?

*Suf.* And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

*Glou.* But cloaks and gowns, before this day,  
a many.

*Wife.* Never, before this day, in all his life.

*Glou.* Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

*Simp.* Alas, master, I know not.

*Glou.* What's his name?

*Simp.* I know not.

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*Glou.* Nor his?

*Simp.* No, indeed, master.

*Glou.* What's thine own name?

*Simp.* Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

*Glou.* Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

*Simp.* O master, that you could!

*Glou.* My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

*May.* Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

*Glou.* Then send for one presently.

*May.* Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.* 141

*Glou.* Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

*Simp.* Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone:

You go about to torture me in vain.

*Enter a Beadle with whips.*

*Glou.* Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

*Bead.* I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

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*Simp.* Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they follow and cry, 'A miracle!'*

*King.* O God, seest Thou this, and bearest so long?

*Queen.* It made me laugh to see the villain run.

*Glou.* Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

*Wife.* Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

*Glou.* Let them be whipped through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came. 160

[*Exeunt Wife, Beadle, Mayor, &c.*]

*Car.* Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

*Suf.* True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

*Glou.* But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

*King.* What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

*Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort\* of naughty persons, lewdly† bent, \*Company.  
Under the countenance and confederacy †Wickedly.  
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,  
The ringleader and head of all this rout, 170  
Have practised dangerously against your state,  
Dealing with witches and with conjurers:  
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;  
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,  
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,  
And other of your highness' privy-council;  
As more at large your grace shall understand.

*Car.* [*Aside to Glou.*] And so, my lord protector, by this means

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.

This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge; 180

'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

*Glou.* Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart:

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;

And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,  
Or to the meanest groom.

*King.* O God, what mischiefs work the wicked  
ones,  
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

*Queen.* Gloucester, see here the tainture\* of  
thy nest, \*Defilement.  
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

*Glou.* Madam, for myself, to heaven I do  
appeal, 190

How I have loved my king and commonweal:  
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;  
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:  
Noble she is, but if she have forgot  
Honour and virtue and conversed with such  
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,  
I banish her my bed and company  
And give her as a prey to law and shame,  
That hath dishonour'd Gloucester's honest name.

*King.* Well, for this night we will repose us  
here: 200

To-morrow toward London back again,  
To look into this business thoroughly  
And call these foul offenders to their answers  
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,  
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause  
prevails. [Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *London. The DUKE OF YORK'S  
garden.*

*Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.*

*York.* Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and  
Warwick,  
Our simple supper ended, give me leave  
In this close walk to satisfy myself,  
In craving your opinion of my title,  
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

*Sal.* My lord, I long to hear it at full.

*War.* Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be  
good,  
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

*York.* Then thus:  
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons: 10

The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;

The second, William of Hatfield, and the third, Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster; The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York; The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester;

William of Windsor was the seventh and last. Edward the Black Prince died before his father And left behind him Richard, his only son, Who after Edward the Third's death reign'd as king; 2

Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt, Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth, Seized on the realm, deposed the rightful king, Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,

And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know, Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

*War.* Father, the duke hath told the truth; Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

*York.* Which now they hold by force and not by right; 3

For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead, The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

*Sal.* But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

*York.* The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line

I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe, a daughter Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March: Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March; Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne and Eleanor.

*Sal.* This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,

As I have read, laid claim unto the crown; 4

And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king, Who kept him in captivity till he died.

But to the rest.

*York.* His eldest sister, Anne, My mother, being heir unto the crown,

Married Richard Earl of Cambridge; who was  
son

To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth  
son.

By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir  
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son  
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,  
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence: 50  
So, if the issue of the elder son  
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

*War.* What plain proceeding is more plain  
than this?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,  
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.

Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:

It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee

And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.

Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;

And in this private plot be we the first 60

That shall salute our rightful sovereign

With honour of his birthright to the crown.

*Both.* Long live our sovereign Richard, Eng-  
land's king!

*York.* We thank you, lords. But I am not  
your king

Till I be crown'd and that my sword be stain'd

With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;

And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,

But with advice and silent secrecy.

Do you as I do in these dangerous days:

Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence, 70

At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,

At Buckingham and all the crew of them,

Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,

That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:

'Tis that they seek, and they in seeking that

Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

*Sal.* My lord, break we off; we know your  
mind at full.

*War.* My heart assures me that the Earl of  
Warwick

Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

*York.* And, Nevil, this I do assure myself:

Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick  
The greatest man in England but the king.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A hall of justice.*

*Sound trumpets. Enter the KING, the QUEEN, GLOUCESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.*

*King.* Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham,  
Gloucester's wife:

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:  
Receive the sentence of the law for sins  
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.  
You four, from hence to prison back again;  
From thence unto the place of execution:  
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,  
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.  
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,  
Despoiled of your honour in your life, 10  
Shall, after three days' open penance done,  
Live in your country here in banishment,  
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

*Duch.* Welcome is banishment; welcome were  
my death.

*Glou.* Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath  
judged thee:

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.

[*Exeunt Duchess and other prisoners, guarded.*]  
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.  
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age  
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!  
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go; 20  
Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.

*King.* Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester:  
ere thou go,  
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself  
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,  
My stay, my guide and lantern to my feet:  
And go in peace, Humphrey, no less beloved  
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

*Queen.* I see no reason why a king of years

Should be to be protected like a child.  
God and King Henry govern England's realm. 30  
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

*Glou.* My staff? here, noble Henry, is my staff:

As willingly do I the same resign  
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;  
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it  
As others would ambitiously receive it.  
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,  
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*

*Queen.* Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;

And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce himself, 40

That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once;  
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.  
This staff of honour raught,\* there let it stand  
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand. \*Reached.

*Suf.* Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

*York.* Lords, let him go. Please it your majesty,  
This is the day appointed for the combat;  
And ready are the appellant and defendant,  
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists, 50  
So please your highness to behold the fight.

*Queen.* Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore

Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

*King.* O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:

Here let them end it; and God defend the right!

*York.* I never saw a fellow worse bested,  
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,  
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

*Enter at one door, HORNER, the Armourer, and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; and at the other door PETER, his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and 'Prentices drinking to him.*



*First Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack: and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough. 61

*Sec. Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.\* \*Sweet wine.

*Third Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

*Hor.* Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

*First' Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee: and be not afraid.

*Sec. 'Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the 'prentices. 71

*Peter.* I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron: and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer: and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord bless me! I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

*Sal.* Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name? 81

*Peter.* Peter, forsooth.

*Sal.* Peter! what more?

*Peter.* Thump.

*Sal.* Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

*Hor.* Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a down-right blow!

*York.* Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants!

[*Alarum.* They fight, and Peter strikes him down.]

*Hor.* Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [Dies.]

*York.* Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way. 99

*Peter.* O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

*King.* Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;  
For by his death we do perceive his guilt:  
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us  
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,  
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrong-  
fully.

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Sound a flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A street.*

*Enter GLOUCESTER and his Servingmen, in mourning cloaks.*

*Glou.* Thus sometimes hath the brightest day  
a cloud;  
And after summer evermore succeeds  
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:  
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.  
Sirs, what's o'clock?

*Serv.* Ten, my lord.

*Glou.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me  
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:  
Uneath\* may she endure the flinty streets,  
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.  
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook† 10  
The abject people gazing on thy face, \*Not easily.  
With envious looks, laughing at thy shame, †Abide.  
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels  
When thou didst ride in triumph through the  
streets.

But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare  
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

*Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER in a white sheet, and a taper burning in her hand; with SIR JOHN STANLEY, the Sheriff, and Officers.*

*Serv.* So please your grace, we'll take her  
from the sheriff.

*Glou.* No, stir not, for your lives; let her  
pass by.

*Duch.* Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!  
See how the giddy multitude do point, 21  
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!  
Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,  
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,  
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

*Glou.* Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

*Duch.* Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!

For whilst I think I am thy married wife  
And thou a prince, protector of this land,  
Methinks I should not thus be led along, 30  
Mail'd\* up in shame, with papers on my back,  
And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice  
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet† groans.  
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,  
And when I start, the envious people laugh  
And bid me be advised how I tread.  
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?  
Trow'st‡ thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,  
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?  
No; dark shall be my light and night my day; 40  
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.  
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,  
And he a prince and ruler of the land:  
Yet so he ruled and such a prince he was  
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,  
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock  
To every idle rascal follower.  
But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,  
Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death  
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will; 50  
For Suffolk, he that can do all in all  
With her that hateth thee and hates us all,  
And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,  
Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings,  
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:  
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,  
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

\*Covered as with coat of mail. †Deep-fetched. ‡Thinkest

*Glou.* Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry;

I must offend before I be attainted;  
And had I twenty times so many foes, 60  
And each of them had twenty times their power,  
All these could not procure me any scathe,\*  
So long as I am loyal, true and crimeless. \*Injury.  
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?  
Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,  
But I in danger for the breach of law.  
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:  
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;  
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

*Enter a Herald.*

*Her.* I summon your grace to his majesty's  
parliament, 70  
Holden at Bury the first of this next month.

*Glou.* And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!

This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.

*[Exit Herald.]*

My Nell, I take my leave: and, master sheriff,  
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

*Sher.* An't please your grace, here my commission stays,

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now

To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

*Glou.* Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

*Stan.* So am I given in charge, may't please your grace. 80

*Glou.* Entreat her not the worse in that I pray  
You use her well: the world may laugh again;  
And I may live to do you kindness if

You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell!

*Duch.* What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!

*Glou.* Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

*[Exeunt Gloucester and Servingmen.]*

*Duch.* Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!

For none abides with me: my joy is death;  
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,  
Because I wish'd this world's eternity. 90

Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;  
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,  
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

*Stan.* Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;  
There to be used according to your state.

*Duch.* That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:  
And shall I then be used reproachfully?

*Stan.* Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady;  
According to that state you shall be used. 99

*Duch.* Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,  
Although thou hast been conduct\* of my shame.

*Sher.* It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.  
*Duch.* Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged. \*Conductor.

Come, Stanley, shall we go?

*Stan.* Madam, your penance done, throw off  
this sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

*Duch.* My shame will not be shifted with my  
sheet:

No, it will hang upon my richest robes

And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. 110  
[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Abbey at Bury St. Edmund's.*

*Sound a sennet. Enter the KING, the QUEEN, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY and WARWICK to the Parliament.*

*King.* I muse\* my Lord of Gloucester is not  
come: \*Wonder.

'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,  
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

*Queen.* Can you not see? or will ye not observe

The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?  
With what a majesty he bears himself,

How insolent of late he is become,  
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike him-  
self?

We know the time since he was mild and affable,  
And if we did but glance a far-off look, 10  
Immediately he was upon his knee,

That all the court admired him for submission:

But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,

When every one will give the time of day,

He knits his brow and shows an angry eye

And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,

Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

Small curs are not regarded when they grin;

But great men tremble when the lion roars;

And Humphrey is no little man in England. 20

First note that he is near you in descent,

And should you fall, he as the next will mount.

Me seemeth then it is no policy,

Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears

And his advantage following your decease.

That he should come about your royal person

Or be admitted to your highness' council.

By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,

And when he please to make commotion,

'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him. 30

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-  
rooted;

Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden

And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

The reverent care I bear unto my lord

Made me collect these dangers in the duke.

If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;

Which fear if better reasons can supplant,

I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke.

My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,

Reprove my allegation, if you can; 40

Or else conclude my words effectual.

*Suf.* Well hath your highness seen into this  
duke;

And, had I first been put to speak my mind,

I think I should have told your grace's tale.

The duchess by his subornation,

Upon my life, began her devilish practices:

Or, if he were not privy to those faults,  
Yet, by repute of his high descent,  
As next the king he was successive heir,  
And such high vaunts of his nobility, 50  
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess  
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.  
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;  
And in his simple show he harbours treason.  
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.  
No, no, my sovereign; Gloucester is a man  
Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit.

*Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,  
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

*York.* And did he not, in his protectorship, 60  
Levy great sums of money through the realm  
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?  
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

*Buck.* Tut, these are petty faults to faults  
unknown,  
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke  
Humphrey.

*King.* My lords, at once: the care you have  
of us,  
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,  
Is worthy praise: but, shall I speak my con-  
science,

Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent  
From meaning treason to our royal person 70  
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:  
The duke is virtuous, mild and too well given  
To dream on evil or to work my downfall.

*Queen.* Ah, what's more dangerous than this  
fond affiance!

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,  
For he's disposed as the hateful raven:  
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,  
For he's inclined as is the ravenous wolf.  
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?  
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all 80  
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

*Enter SOMERSET.*

*Som.* All health unto my gracious sovereign!

*King.* Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?

*Som.* That all your interest in those territories

Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

*King.* Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will be done!

*York.* [*Aside*] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.

Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud

And caterpillars eat my leaves away; 90

But I will remedy this gear\* ere long, \*Business.

Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

*Enter GLOUCESTER.*

*Glou.* All happiness unto my lord the king!  
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

*Suf.* Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too soon,

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art;

I do arrest thee of high treason here.

*Glou.* Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush

Nor change my countenance for this arrest:

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted. 100

The purest spring is not so free from mud

As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:

Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

*York.* 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;

By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

*Glou.* Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,

Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.

So help me God, as I have watch'd the night, 110

Ay, night by night, in studying good for England,

That doit\* that e'er I wrested from the king.

Or any groat I hoarded to my use, \*Dutch coin.

Be brought against me at my trial-day!



No; many a pound of mine own proper store,  
Because I would not tax the needy commons,  
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,  
And never ask'd for restitution.

*Car.* It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

*Glou.* I say no more than truth, so help me  
God! 120

*York.* In your protectorship you did devise  
Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,  
That England was defamed by tyranny.

*Glou.* Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was  
protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me;  
For I should melt at an offender's tears,  
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.  
Unless it were a bloody murderer,  
Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passen-  
gers,

I never gave them condign punishment: 130  
Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured  
Above the felon or what trespass else.

*Suf.* My lord, these faults are easy, quickly  
answer'd:

But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,  
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.  
I do arrest you in his highness' name;  
And here commit you to my lord cardinal  
To keep, until your further time of trial.

*King.* My Lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special  
hope

That you will clear yourself from all suspect: 140  
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

*Glou.* Ah, gracious lord, these days are dan-  
gerous:

Virtue is choked with foul ambition  
And charity chased hence by rancour's hand;  
Foul subornation is predominant  
And equity exiled your highness' land.  
I know their complot is to have my life,  
And if my death might make this island happy  
And prove the period of their tyranny,  
I would expend it with all willingness: 150

But mine is made the prologue to their play;  
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,  
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.  
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's  
malice,

And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;  
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue  
The envious load that lies upon his heart;  
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,  
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,  
By false accuse\* doth level at my life:     \*Accusation.  
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,     161  
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head  
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up  
My liefest† liege to be mine enemy:     †Dearest.  
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—  
Myself had notice of your conventicles—  
And all to make away my guiltless life.

I shall not want false witness to condemn me,  
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;  
The ancient proverb will be well effected:     170  
'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'

*Car.* My liege, his railing is intolerable:  
If those that care to keep your royal person  
From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage  
Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,  
And the offender granted scope of speech,  
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

*Suf.* Hath he not twit our sovereign lady  
here

With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,  
As if she had suborned some to swear     180  
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

*Queen.* But I can give the loser leave to chide.

*Glou.* Far truer spoke than meant: I lose,  
indeed;

Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!  
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

*Buck.* He'll wrest the sense and hold us here  
all day:

Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

*Car.* Sirs, take away the duke, and guard  
him sure.

*Glou.* Ah! thus King Henry throws away his crutch

Before his legs be firm to bear his body. 190

Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side

And wolves are gnarling\* who shall gnaw thee first.

Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!

For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

\*Snarling. [*Exit, guarded.*]

*King.* My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,

Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

*Queen.* What, will your highness leave the parliament?

*King.* Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,

My body round engirt with misery, 200

For what's more miserable than discontent?

Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see

The map of honour, truth and loyalty:

And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come

That e'er I proved thee false or fear'd thy faith.

What loursing star now envies thy estate,

That these great lords and Margaret our queen

Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?

Thou never didst them wrong nor no man wrong:

And as the butcher takes away the calf 210

And binds the wretch and beats it when it strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,

Even so remorseless have they borne him hence;

And as the dam runs lowing up and down,

Looking the way her harmless young one went,

And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,

Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case

With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes

Look after him and cannot do him good,

So mighty are his vowed enemies. 220

His fortunes I will weep and 'twixt each groan

Say 'Who's a traitor? Gloucester he is none.'

[*Exeunt all but Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, and York; Somerset remains apart.*]

*Queen.* Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,  
Too full of foolish pity, and Gloucester's show  
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile  
With sorrow snares relenting passengers,  
Or as the snake roll'd in a flowering bank,  
With shining checker'd slough,\* doth sting a  
child

\*Skin.

That for the beauty thinks it excellent. 230  
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I—  
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good—  
This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,  
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

*Car.* That he should die is worthy policy;  
But yet we want a colour for his death:  
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

*Suf.* But, in my mind, that were no policy:  
The king will labour still to save his life,  
The commons haply rise, to save his life; 240  
And yet we have but trivial argument,  
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

*York.* So that, by this, you would not have  
him die.

*Suf.* Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!

*York.* 'Tis York that hath more reason for  
his death.

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of  
Suffolk,

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,  
Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set  
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,  
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's pro-  
tector? 250

*Queen.* So the poor chicken should be sure of  
death.

*Suf.* Madam, 'tis true; and were't not mad-  
ness, then,  
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?  
Who being accused a crafty murderer,  
His guilt should be but idly posted over,  
Because his purpose is not executed.  
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,  
By nature proved an enemy to the flock,  
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,

As Humphrey, proved by reasons, to my liege.  
And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him: 261  
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,  
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,  
So he be dead; for that is good deceit  
Which mates\* him first that first intends deceit.

*Queen.* Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely  
spoke. \*Confounds.

*Suf.* Not resolute, except so much were done;  
For things are often spoke and seldom meant:  
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,  
Seeing the deed is meritorious, 270  
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,  
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

*Car.* But I would have him dead, my Lord  
of Suffolk,  
Ere you can take due orders for a priest:  
Say you consent and censure well the deed,  
And I'll provide his executioner,  
I tender so the safety of my liege.

*Suf.* Here is my hand, the deed is worthy  
doing.

*Queen.* And so say I.

*York.* And I: and now we three have spoke  
it, 280

It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

*Enter a Post.*

*Post.* Great lords, from Ireland am I come  
again,  
To signify that rebels there are up  
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:  
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,  
Before the wound do grow incurable;  
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

*Car.* A breach that craves a quick expedient  
stop!

What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

*York.* That Somerset be sent as regent thi-  
ther: 290

'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;  
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

*Som.* If York, with all his far-fet\* policy,  
Had been the regent there instead of me, \*Fetched.  
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

*York.* No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:  
I rather would have lost my life betimes  
Than bring a burthen of dishonour home  
By staying there so long till all were lost.  
Show me one scar character'd\* on thy skin: 300  
Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.

*Queen.* Nay, then, this spark will prove a  
raging fire, \*Engraved.  
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:  
No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still:  
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,  
Might happily have proved far worse than his.

*York.* What, worse than nought? nay, then,  
a shame take all!

*Som.* And, in the number, thee that wishest  
shame!

*Car.* My Lord of York, try what your for-  
tune is.

The uncivil kerns\* of Ireland are in arms \*Soldiers.  
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen: 311  
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,  
Collected choicely, from each county some,  
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

*York.* I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

*Suf.* Why, our authority is his consent,  
And what we do establish he confirms:  
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

*York.* I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,  
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs. 320

*Suf.* A charge, Lord York, that I will see  
perform'd.

But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

*Car.* No more of him; for I will deal with him  
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.  
And so break off; the day is almost spent:

Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

*York.* My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen  
days

At Bristol I expect my soldiers;  
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

*Suf.* I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but York.*]

*York.* Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts, 33<sup>1</sup>

And change misdoubt to resolution:

Be that thou hopest to be, or what thou art

Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying:

Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,

And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Faster than spring-time showers comes thought  
on thought,

And not a thought but thinks on dignity.

My brain more busy than the labouring spider

Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies. 34<sup>0</sup>

Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,

To send me packing with an host of men:

I fear me you but warm the starved snake,

Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your  
hearts.

'Twas men I lack'd and you will give them me:

I take it kindly; yet be well assured

You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.

Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,

I will stir up in England some black storm

Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage 35<sup>1</sup>

Until the golden circuit on my head,

Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,

Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.\*

And, for a minister of my intent, \*Gust of wind.

I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,

John Cade of Ashford,

To make commotion, as full well he can,

Under the title of John Mortimer.

In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade 36<sup>0</sup>

Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,

And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts

Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;

And, in the end being rescued, I have seen

Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,† †Moor.

Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.

Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,

Hath he conversed with the enemy,

And undiscover'd come to me again  
And given me notice of their villanies. 370  
This devil here shall be my substitute;  
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,  
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:  
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,  
How they affect the house and claim of York.  
Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured,  
I know no pain they can inflict upon him  
Will make him say I moved him to those arms.  
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,  
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength  
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd; 381  
For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,  
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Bury St. Edmund's. A room  
of state.*

*Enter certain Murderers, hastily.*

*First Mur.* Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let  
him know

We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

*Sec. Mur.* O that it were to do! What have  
we done?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

*Enter SUFFOLK.*

*First Mur.* Here comes my lord.

*Suf.* Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

*First Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

*Suf.* Why, that's well said. Go, get you to  
my house;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand. 10

Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,

According as I gave directions?

*First Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.

*Suf.* Away! be gone. [Exeunt Murderers.

*Sound trumpets. Enter the KING, the QUEEN,  
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, with At-  
tendants.*

*King.* Go, call our uncle to our presence  
straight;



Say we intend to try his grace to-day,  
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

*Suf.* I'll call him presently, my noble lord.

[*Exit.*]

*King.* Lords, take your places; and, I pray  
you all,

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester  
Than from true evidence of good esteem 21  
He be approved in practice culpable.

*Queen.* God forbid any malice should prevail,  
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!  
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

*King.* I thank thee, Meg; these words content  
me much.

*Re-enter SUFFOLK.*

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest  
thou?

Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

*Suf.* Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is  
dead.

*Queen.* Marry, God forfend! 30

*Car.* God's secret judgement: I did dream  
to-night

The duke was dumb and could not speak a word.

[*The King swoons.*]

*Queen.* How fares my lord? Help, lords! the  
king is dead.

*Som.* Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

*Queen.* Run, go, help, help! O Henry, ope  
thine eyes!

*Suf.* He doth revive again: madam, be patient.

*King.* O heavenly God!

*Queen.* How fares my gracious lord?

*Suf.* Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry,  
comfort!

*King.* What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort  
me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note, 40  
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;  
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,  
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

Can chase away the first-conceived sound?  
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;  
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;  
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.  
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!  
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny  
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world. 50  
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:  
Yet do not go away: come, basilisk,  
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;  
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;  
In life but double death, now Gloucester's dead.

*Queen.* Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk  
thus?

Although the duke was enemy to him,  
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:  
And for myself, foe as he was to me,  
Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans 60  
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,  
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,  
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,  
And all to have the noble duke alive.  
What know I how the world may deem of me?  
For it is known we were but hollow friends:  
It may be judged I made the duke away;  
So shall my name with slander's tongue be  
wounded,

And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.  
This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy! 70  
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

*King.* Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched  
man!

*Queen.* Be woe for me, more wretched than  
he is.

What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?  
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.  
What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?  
Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.  
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?  
Why, then, dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.  
Erect his statua and worship it, 80  
And make my image but an alehouse sign.  
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea

And twice by awkward\* wind from England's bank  
Drove back again unto my native clime? \*Contrary.  
What boded this, but well forewarning wind  
Did seem to say 'Seek not a scorpion's nest,  
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?'  
What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts  
And he that loosed them forth their brazen caves:  
And bid them blow towards England's blessed  
shore,

90

Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?  
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,  
But left that hateful office unto thee:  
The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me,  
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on  
shore,

With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:  
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands  
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,  
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,  
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.

100

As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,  
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,  
I stood upon the hatches in the storm,  
And when the dusky sky began to rob  
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,  
I took a costly jewel from my neck,  
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,  
And threw it towards thy land: the sea received it,  
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:  
And even with this I lost fair England's view 110  
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart  
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,  
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.  
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,  
The agent of thy foul inconstancy,  
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did  
When he to madding Dido would unfold  
His father's acts commenced in burning Troy!  
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like  
him?

Ay me, I can no more! die, Margaret! 120  
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK, SALISBURY, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,  
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd

By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.  
The commons, like an angry hive of bees  
That want their leader, scatter up and down  
And care not who they sting in his revenge.  
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,  
Until they hear the order of his death.

King. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true; 130

But how he died God knows, not Henry:  
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,  
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,  
With the rude multitude till I return. [Exit.

King. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,

My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul  
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!  
If my suspect\* be false, forgive me, God,  
For judgement only doth belong to thee. 140

Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips \*Suspicion.  
With twenty thousand kisses and to drain  
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,  
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk  
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:  
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;  
And to survey his dead and earthy image,  
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

Re-enter WARWICK and others, bearing GLOUCESTER'S body on a bed.

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

King. That is to see how deep my grave is made; 150  
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,  
For seeing him I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live

With that dread King that took our state upon him  
To free us from his father's wrathful curse,  
I do believe that violent hands were laid  
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

*Suf.* A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn  
tongue!

What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

*War.* See how the blood is settled in his face.  
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost, 161  
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale and bloodless,  
Being all descended to the labouring heart;  
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,  
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;  
Which with the heart there cools and ne'er re-  
turneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again.  
But see, his face is black and full of blood,  
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,  
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man; 170  
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretched with  
struggling;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd  
And tugg'd for life and was by strength subdued;  
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;  
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and  
rugged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.

It cannot be but he was murder'd here;  
The least of all these signs were probable.

*Suf.* Why, Warwick, who should do the duke  
to death?

Myself and Beaufort had him in protection; 180  
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

*War.* But both of you were vow'd Duke  
Humphrey's foes,

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:

'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;

And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

*Queen.* Then you, belike, suspect these noble-  
men

As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

*War.* Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding  
fresh

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,  
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?  
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest, 191  
But may imagine how the bird was dead,  
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?  
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

*Queen.* Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where's  
your knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? Where are his talons?

*Suf.* I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;  
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,  
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart 199  
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.  
Say, if thou darest, proud Lord of Warwickshire,  
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.*]

*War.* What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare\* him? \*Challenge.

*Queen.* He dares not calm his contumelious  
spirit

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,  
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

*War.* Madam, be still; with reverence may I  
say;

For every word you speak in his behalf  
Is slander to your royal dignity.

*Suf.* Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!  
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much, 211  
Thy mother took into her blameful bed  
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock  
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art  
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

*War.* But that the guilt of murder bucklers  
thee

And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,  
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,  
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee 220  
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech  
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,  
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;  
And after all this fearful homage done,  
Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell  
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

*Suf.* Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,  
If from this presence thou dar'est go with me.

*War.* Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:

Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee 230  
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.  
[*Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.*]

*King.* What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,  
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

*Queen.* What noise is this?

*Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.*

*King.* Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

*Suf.* The traitorous Warwick with the men of Bury 240

Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

*Sal.* [*To the Commons, entering*] Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,  
Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done\* to death,  
Or banished fair England's territories, \*Put.  
They will by violence tear him from your palace  
And torture him with grievous lingering death.  
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;

They say, in him they fear your highness' death;  
And mere instinct of love and loyalty, 250  
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,  
As being thought to contradict your liking,  
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.  
They say, in care of your most royal person,  
That if your highness should intend to sleep  
And charge that no man should disturb your rest  
In pain of your dislike or pain of death,  
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,

Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,  
That slily glided towards your majesty,      260  
It were but necessary you were waked,  
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,  
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;  
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,  
That they will guard you, whether you will or no,  
From such fell serpents, as false Suffolk is,  
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,  
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,  
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

*Commons.* [*Within*] An answer from the king,  
my Lord of Salisbury!      270

*Suf.* 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd  
hinds,

Could send such message to their sovereign:  
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,  
To show how quaint\* an orator you are:      \*Clever.  
But all the honour Salisbury hath won  
Is, that he was the lord ambassador  
Sent from a sort† of tinkers to the king. †Company.

*Commons.* [*Within*] An answer from the king,  
or we will all break in!

*King.* Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,  
I thank them for their tender loving care;      280  
And had I not been cited so by them,  
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;  
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy  
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:  
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,  
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,  
He shall not breathe infection in this air  
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

*Queen.* O Henry, let me plead for gentle  
Suffolk!

*King.* Ungentle queen, to call him gentle  
Suffolk!      290

No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,  
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.  
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,  
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.  
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found



On any ground that I am ruler of,  
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.  
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with  
me;

I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk.*]

*Queen.* Mischance and sorrow go along with  
you! 300

Heart's discontent and sour affliction  
Be playfellows to keep you company!  
There's two of you; the devil make a third!  
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

*Suf.* Cease, gentle queen, these execrations  
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

*Queen.* Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted  
wretch!

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

*Suf.* A plague upon them! wherefore should  
I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,  
I would invent as bitter-searching terms, 311  
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,  
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,  
With full as many signs of deadly hate,  
As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave:  
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;  
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;  
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;  
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:  
And even now my burthen'd heart would break,  
Should I not curse them. Poison be their  
drink! 321

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they  
taste!

Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!  
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!  
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!  
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,  
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!  
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

*Queen.* Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st  
thyself;

And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,

Or like an overcharged gun, recoil, 331  
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

*Suf.* You bade me ban,\* and will you bid me leave? \*Curse.

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,  
Well could I curse away a winter's night,  
Though standing naked on a mountain top,  
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,  
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

*Queen.* O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears; 340  
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,  
To wash away my woful monuments.

O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,  
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,  
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed  
for thee!

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;  
'Tis but surmised whiles thou art standing by,  
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.  
I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,  
Adventure to be banished myself: 350  
And banished I am, if but from thee.

Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.  
O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd

Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,  
Loather a hundred times to part than die.  
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

*Suf.* Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;  
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.  
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;  
A wilderness is populous enough, 360

So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:  
For where thou art, there is the world itself,  
With every several pleasure in the world,  
And where thou art not, desolation.  
I can no more: live thou to joy thy life;  
Myself no joy in nought but that thou livest.

*Enter VAUX.*

*Queen.* Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?

*Vaux.* To signify unto his majesty  
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;  
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him, 370  
That makes him gasp and stare and catch the  
air,

Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.  
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost  
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king  
And whispers to his pillow as to him  
The secrets of his overcharged soul:  
And I am sent to tell his majesty  
That even now he cries aloud for him.

*Queen.* Go tell this heavy message to the king.

[*Exit Vaux.*]

Ay me! what is this world! what news are  
these! 380

But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,  
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?  
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,  
And with the southern clouds contend in tears,  
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my  
sorrows?

Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is  
coming;

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

*Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live;  
And in thy sight to die, what were it else  
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap? 390  
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,  
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe  
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:  
Where,\* from thy sight, I should be raging mad  
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,  
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;  
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,  
Or I should breathe it so into thy body, \*whereas.  
And then it lived in sweet Elysium.  
To die by thee were but to die in jest; 400  
From thee to die were torture more than death:

O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

*Queen.* Away! though parting be a fretful  
corrosive,

It is applied to a deathful wound.

To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;  
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,  
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

*Suf.* I go.

*Queen.* And take my heart with thee.

*Suf.* A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask  
That ever did contain a thing of worth. 410  
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:  
This way fall I to death.

*Queen.*

This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III. *A bedchamber.*

*Enter the KING, SALISBURY, WARWICK, to the  
CARDINAL in bed.*

*King.* How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to  
thy sovereign.

*Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee Eng-  
land's treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,  
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

*King.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,  
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

*War.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to  
thee.

*Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.

Died he not in his bed? where should he die?  
Can I make men live, whether they will or no? 10  
O, torture me no more! I will confess.

Alive again? then show me where he is:

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands up-  
right,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

*King.* O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,  
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch! 20

O, beat away the busy meddling fiend

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul

And from his bosom purge this black despair!

*War.* See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!

*Sal.* Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

*King.* Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,  
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.

He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!

*War.* So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

*King.* Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.  
Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;  
And let us all to meditation. [Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The coast of Kent.*

*Alarum.* *Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off.*

*Enter a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and others; with them SUFFOLK, and others, prisoners.*

*Cap.* The gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day  
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;  
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades  
That drag the tragic melancholy night;  
Who, with their drowsy, slow and flagging wings,  
Clip\* dead men's graves and from their misty jaws  
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.  
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;  
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,  
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand, or  
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.  
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee; \*Embrace.  
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;  
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

*First Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

*Mast.* A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

*Mate.* And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

*Cap.* What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,  
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?  
Cut both the villains' throats; for die you shall:  
The lives of those which we have lost in fight 21  
Be counterpoised with such a petty sum!

*First Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

*Sec. Gent.* And so will I and write home for it straight.

*Whit.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,  
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die;

[*To Suf.*

And so should these, if I might have my will.

*Cap.* Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

*Suf.* Look on my George; I am a gentleman:  
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid. 30

*Whit.* And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

*Suf.* Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth  
And told me that by water I should die;  
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;  
Thy name is Gaultier, being rightly sounded.

*Whit.* Gaultier or Walter, which it is, I care not:

Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,  
But with our sword we wiped away the blot; 40  
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,  
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,  
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

*Suf.* Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,  
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

*Whit.* The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

*Suf.* Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:  
Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?

*Cap.* But Jove was never slain as thou shalt be.

*Suf.* Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,  
The honourable blood of Lancaster,  
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.  
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup?  
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule  
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?  
How often hast thou waited at my cup,  
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,  
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?  
Remember it and let it make thee crest-fall'n,  
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride; 60  
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood  
And duly waited for my coming forth?  
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf  
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

*Whit.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

*Cap.* First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

*Suf.* Base slave, thy words are blunt and so art thou.

*Cap.* Convey him hence and on our long-boat's side

Strike off his head.

*Suf.* Thou dardest not, for thy own.

*Cap.* Yes, Pole.

*Suf.* Pole!

*Cap.* Pool! Sir Pool! lord! 70

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt  
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.  
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth  
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:  
Thy lips that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the ground;  
And thou that smiledst at good Duke Humphrey's death

Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,  
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:  
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,  
For daring to affy\* a mighty lord  
Unto the daughter of a worthless king, 80  
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

By devilish policy art thou grown great  
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged  
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.  
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,  
The false revolting Normans thorough thee  
Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy  
Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts  
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home. 90  
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,  
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,  
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:  
And now the house of York, thrust from the crown  
By shameful murder of a guiltless king  
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,  
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours  
Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,  
Under the which is writ 'Invitis nubibus.'  
The commons here in Kent are up in arms: 100  
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary  
Is crept into the palace of our king,  
And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.

*Suf.* O that I were a god, to shoot forth  
thunder

Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!  
Small things make base men proud: this villain  
here,

Being captain of a pinnace,\* threatens more  
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.  
Drones suck not eagles' blood but rob bee-hives:  
It is impossible that I should die 110  
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:  
I go of message from the queen to France;  
I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

*Cap.* Walter,—

*\*Ship of small burden.*

*Whit.* Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy  
death.

*Suf.* Gelidus timor occupat artus, it is thee  
I fear.

*Whit.* Thou shalt have cause to fear before  
I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

*First Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him,  
speak him fair. 120



*Suf.* Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,  
 Used to command, untaught to plead for favour.  
 Far be it we should honour such as these  
 With humble suit: no, rather let my head  
 Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any  
 Save to the God of heaven and to my king;  
 And sooner dance upon a bloody pole  
 Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.  
 True nobility is exempt from fear:  
 More can I bear than you dare execute. 130

*Cap.* Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

*Suf.* Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,  
 That this my death may never be forgot!  
 Great men oft die by vile bezonians: \*  
 A Roman sworder and banditto slave  
 Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand  
 Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders  
 Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.*]

*Cap.* And as for these whose ransom we have set,

\*Beggary fellows.

It is our pleasure one of them depart: 140  
 Therefore come you with us and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.*]

*Re-enter WHITMORE with SUFFOLK'S body.*

*Whit.* There let his head and lifeless body lie.

Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*]

*First Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!  
 His body will I bear unto the king;  
 If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;  
 So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[*Exit with the body.*]

#### SCENE II. *Blackheath.*

*Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.*

*Bevis.* Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

*Holl.* They have the more need to sleep now, then.

*Bevis.* I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

*Holl.* So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up. 10

*Bevis.* O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

*Holl.* The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

*Bevis.* Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

*Holl.* True; and yet it is said, labour in thy vocation; which is as much to say as, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates. 20

*Bevis.* Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

*Holl.* I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham,—

*Bevis.* He shall have the skin of our enemies, to make dog's-leather of.

*Holl.* And Dick the Butcher,—

*Bevis.* Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

*Holl.* And Smith the weaver,— 30

*Bevis.* Argo, their thread of life is spun.

*Holl.* Come, come, let's fall in with them.

*Drum.* Enter CADE, DICK Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

*Cade.* We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

*Dick.* [*Aside*] Or rather, of stealing a cade\* of herrings. \*Cask.

*Cade.* For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

*Dick.* Silence! 40

*Cade.* My father was a Mortimer,—

*Dick.* [*Aside*] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

*Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet,—

*Dick.* [*Aside*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

*Cade.* My wife descended of the Lacies,—

*Dick.* [*Aside*] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces. 49

*Smith.* [*Aside*] But now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks\* here at home.

\*Clothes washed in lye.

*Cade.* Therefore am I of an honourable house.

*Dick.* [*Aside*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge, for his father had never a house but the cage.

*Cade.* Valiant I am.

*Smith.* [*Aside*] A' must needs; for beggary is valiant.

*Cade.* I am able to endure much. 60

*Dick.* [*Aside*] No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

*Cade.* I fear neither sword nor fire.

*Smith.* [*Aside*] He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.

*Dick.* [*Aside*] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

*Cade.* Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass: and when I am king, as king I will be,—

*All.* God save your majesty!

*Cade.* I thank you, good people: there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers and worship me their lord.

*Dick.* The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

*Cade.* Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who's there? 91

*Enter some, bringing forward the Clerk of Chatham.*

*Smith.* The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast accompt.

*Cade.* O monstrous!

*Smith.* We took him setting of boys' copies.

*Cade.* Here's a villain!

*Smith.* Has a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

*Cade.* Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

*Dick.* Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand. 101

*Cade.* I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

*Clerk.* Emmanuel.

*Dick.* They use to write it on the top of letters: 'twill go hard with you.

*Cade.* Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man? 111

*Clerk.* Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

*All.* He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

*Cade.* Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

*[Exit one with the Clerk.]*

*Enter MICHAEL.*

*Mich.* Where's our general?

*Cade.* Here I am, thou particular fellow. 119

*Mich.* Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

*Cade.* Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is a'?

*Mich.* No.

*Cade.* To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels*] Rise up Sir John Mortimer. [*Rises*] Now have at him!

*Enter* SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD *and his Brother, with drum and soldiers.*

*Staf.* Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,

Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down;  
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom:  
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

*Bro.* But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,  
If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

*Cade.* As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:

It is to you, good people, that I speak,  
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;  
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

*Staf.* Villain, thy father was a plasterer; 140  
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

*Cade.* And Adam was a gardener.

*Bro.* And what of that?

*Cade.* Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,  
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

*Staf.* Ay, sir.

*Cade.* By her he had two children at one birth.

*Bro.* That's false.

*Cade.* Ay, there's the question; but I say, 'tis true:

The elder of them, being put to nurse, 150  
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;  
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,  
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:  
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

*Dick.* Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

*Smith.* Sir, he made a chimney in my father's

house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

*Staf.* And will you credit this base drudge's words,

That speaks he knows not what? 160

*All.* Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

*Bro.* Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

*Cade.* [*Aside*] He lies, for I invented it myself.

Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

*Dick.* And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine. 170

*Cade.* And good reason; for thereby is England maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor.

*Staf.* O gross and miserable ignorance!

*Cade.* Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

*All.* No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

*Bro.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,

Assail them with the army of the king.

*Staf.* Herald, away; and throughout every town

Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;  
That those which fly before the battle ends  
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,  
Be hang'd up for example at their doors: 190  
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two Staffords, and soldiers.*]

*Cade.* And you that love the commons, follow me.

Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.  
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:  
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon;\*  
For they are thrifty honest men and such \*Shoes.  
As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

*Dick.* They are all in order and march toward us.

*Cade.* But then are we in order when we are  
most out of order. Come, march forward. 200  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of Blackheath.*

*Alarums to the fight, wherein both the STAFFORDS  
are slain. Enter CADE and the rest.*

*Cade.* Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

*Dick.* Here, sir.

*Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

*Dick.* I desire no more. 10

*Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear [*putting on Sir Humphrey's brigandine*]; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

*Dick.* If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols and let out the prisoners.

*Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.* 20

SCENE IV. *London. The Palace.*

*Enter the KING with a supplication, and the QUEEN with Suffolk's head, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD SAY.*

*Queen.* Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind

And makes it fearful and degenerate;  
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep.  
But who can cease to weep and look on this?  
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:  
But where's the body that I should embrace?

*Buck.* What answer makes your grace to the  
rebels' supplication?

*King.* I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;  
For God forbid so many simple souls 10  
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,  
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,  
Will parley with Jack Cade their general:  
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

*Queen.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely  
face  
Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me,  
And could it not enforce them to relent,  
That were unworthy to behold the same?

*King.* Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to  
have thy head.

*Say.* Ay, but I hope your highness shall have  
his. 20

*King.* How now, madam!  
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?  
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,  
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

*Queen.* No, my love, I should not mourn, but  
die for thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*King.* How now! what news? why comest  
thou in such haste?

*Mess.* The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my  
lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,  
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,  
And calls your grace usurper openly 30  
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.  
His army is a ragged multitude  
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:  
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death  
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:



All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,  
They call false caterpillars and intend their death.

*King.* O graceless men! they know not what  
they do.

*Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to Killing-  
worth,  
Until a power be raised to put them down. 40

*Queen.* Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now  
alive,

These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased!

*King.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee.  
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

*Say.* So might your grace's person be in  
danger.

The sight of me is odious in their eyes;  
And therefore in this city will I stay  
And live alone as secret as I may.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge:  
The citizens fly and forsake their houses: 50  
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,  
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear  
To spoil the city and your royal court.

*Buck.* Then linger not, my lord: away, take  
horse.

*King.* Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will  
succour us.

*Queen.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is de-  
ceased.

*King.* Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kent-  
ish rebels.

*Buck.* Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

*Say.* The trust I have is in mine innocence,  
And therefore am I bold and resolute. 60

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *London. The Tower.*

*Enter LORD SCALES upon the Tower, walking.*  
*Then enter two or three Citizens below.*

*Scales.* How now! is Jack Cade slain?

*First Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain;  
for they have won the bridge, killing all those

that withstand them: the lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower to defend the city from the rebels.

*Scales.* Such aid as I can spare you shall command;

But I am troubled here with them myself;

The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.

But get you to Smithfield and gather head, 10

And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe;

Fight for your king, your country and your lives;

And so, farewell, for I must hence again.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *London. Cannon Street.*

*Enter JACK CADE and the rest, and strikes his staff on London-stone.*

*Cade.* Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

*Enter a Soldier, running.*

*Sold.* Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

*Cade.* Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*]

*Smith.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

*Dick.* My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

*Cade.* Come, then, let's go fight with them: but first, go and set London bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *London. Smithfield.*

*Alarums.* MATTHEW GOFFE is slain, and all the rest. Then enter JACK CADE, with his company.

*Cade.* So, sirs: now go some and pull down

the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

*Dick.* I have a suit unto your lordship.

*Cade.* Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

*Dick.* Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

*Holl.* [*Aside*] Mass, 'twill be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. 11

*Smith.* [*Aside*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

*Cade.* I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

*Holl.* [*Aside*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

*Cade.* And henceforward all things shall be in common. 21

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

*Enter* GEORGE BEVIS, *with the* LORD SAY.

*Cade.* Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah, thou say,\* thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to

thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth,<sup>†</sup> dost thou not? \*Silken. †Saddle-cloth hanging down to ground.

*Say.* What of that?

*Cade.* Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honestest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

*Dick.* And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

*Say.* You men of Kent,—

*Dick.* What say you of Kent? 60

*Say.* Nothing but this; 'tis 'bona terra, mala gens.'

*Cade.* Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

*Say.* Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,  
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:  
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;  
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;  
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.  
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy, 70  
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.  
Justice with favour have I always done;  
Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could  
never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands,  
But to maintain the king, the realm and you?  
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,  
Because my book prefer'd me to the king,  
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,  
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,  
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits, 80  
You cannot but forbear to murder me:

This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings  
For your behoof,—

*Cade.* Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

*Say.* Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck

Those that I never saw and struck them dead.

*Geo.* O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

*Say.* These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

*Cade.* Give him a box o' the ear and that will make 'em red again.

*Say.* Long sitting to determine poor men's causes

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

*Cade.* Ye shall have a hempen caudle then and the help of hatchet.

*Dick.* Why dost thou quiver, man?

*Say.* The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

*Cade.* Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with you: I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

*Say.* Tell me wherein have I offended most?

Have I affected wealth or honour? speak.

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.

O, let me live!

*Cade.* [Aside] I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar\* under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

\*Familiar spirit.

*All.* It shall be done.

120

*Say.* Ah, countrymen! if when you make  
your prayers,  
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,  
How would it fare with your departed souls?  
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

*Cade.* Away with him! and do as I command  
ye.

[*Exeunt some with Lord Say.*]

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a  
head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute;  
there shall not a maid be married, but she shall  
pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it:  
men shall hold of me in capite; and we charge  
and command that their wives be as free as  
heart can wish or tongue can tell.

*Dick.* My lord, when shall we go to Cheap-  
side and take up\* commodities upon our bills?

*Cade.* Marry, presently.

*All.* O, brave!      \*Borrow money or buy on credit.

*Re-enter one with the heads.*

*Cade.* But is not this braver? Let them kiss  
one another, for they loved well when they were  
alive. Now part them again, lest they consult  
about the giving up of some more towns in  
France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city  
until night: for with these borne before us, in-  
stead of maces, will we ride through the streets;  
and at every corner have them kiss. Away!

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VIII. *Southwark.*

*Alarum and retreat. Enter CADE and all  
his rabblement.*

*Cade.* Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus'  
Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into  
Thames! [*Sound a parley.*] What noise is this  
I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or  
parley, when I command them kill?

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and old CLIFFORD, attended.*

*Buck.* Ay, here they be that dare and will  
disturb thee:

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the  
king

Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;  
And here pronounce free pardon to them all  
That will forsake thee and go home in peace. 10

*Clif.* What say ye, countrymen? will ye  
relent,

And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you;  
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?  
Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon,  
Fling up his cap, and say 'God save his ma-  
jesty!'

Who hateth him and honours not his father,  
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,  
Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

*All.* God save the king! God save the king!

*Cade.* What, Buckingham and Clifford, are  
ye so brave? And you, base peasants, do ye  
believe him? will you needs be hanged with your  
pardons about your necks? Hath my sword  
therefore broke through London gates, that you  
should leave me at the White Hart in South-  
wark? I thought ye would never have given out  
these arms till you had recovered your ancient  
freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards,  
and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let  
them break your backs with burthens, take your  
houses over your heads, ravish your wives and  
daughters before your faces: for me, I will make  
shift for one; and so, God's curse light upon you  
all!

*All.* We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade!

*Clif.* Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,  
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?  
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,  
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?  
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to; 40  
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,  
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.  
Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,  
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,  
Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you?  
Methinks already in this civil broil

I see them lording it in London streets,  
Crying 'Villiano!' unto all they meet.  
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry 49  
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.  
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;  
Spare England, for it is your native coast:  
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;  
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

*All.* A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the  
king and Clifford.

*Cade.* Was ever feather so lightly blown to  
and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry  
the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs and  
makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay  
their heads together to surprise me. My sword  
make way for me, for here is no staying. In  
despite of the devils and hell, have through the  
very midst of you! and heavens and honour be  
witness that no want of resolution in me, but only  
my followers' base and ignominious treasons,  
makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*]

*Buck.* What, is he fled? Go some, and fol-  
low him;

And he that brings his head unto the king  
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward. 70

[*Exeunt some of them.*]  
Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean  
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Kenilworth Castle.*

*Sound trumpets. Enter KING, QUEEN, and  
SOMERSET, on the terrace.*

*King.* Was ever king that joy'd an earthly  
throne,  
And could command no more content than I?  
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle  
But I was made a king, at nine months old.  
Was never subject long'd to be a king  
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and old CLIFFORD.*

*Buck.* Health and glad tidings to your ma-  
jesty!



*King.* Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised?  
Or is he but retired to make him strong?

*Enter, below, multitudes, with halters about their necks.*

*Clif.* He is fled, my lord, and all his powers  
do yield; 10  
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,  
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

*King.* Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting  
gates,  
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!  
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives  
And show'd how well you love your prince and  
country:

Continue still in this so good a mind,  
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,  
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:  
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all, 20  
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

*All.* God save the king! God save the king!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Please it your grace to be advertised  
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,  
And with a puissant and a mighty power  
Of gallowglasses and stout kerns  
Is marching hitherward in proud array,  
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,  
His arms are only to remove from thee  
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

*King.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and  
York distress'd; 31

Like to a ship that, having 'scaped a tempest,  
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:  
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed;  
And now is York in arms to second him.  
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,  
And ask him what's the reason of these arms.  
Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;  
And, Somerset, we will commit thee hither  
Until his army be dismiss'd from him. 40

*Som.* My lord,  
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,  
Or unto death, to do my country good.

*King.* In any case, be not too rough in terms;  
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

*Buck.* I will, my lord; and doubt not so to  
deal  
As all things shall redound unto your good.

*King.* Come, wife, let's in, and learn to  
govern better;  
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE X. *Kent. Iden's garden.*

*Enter CADE.*

*Cade.* Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that  
have a sword, and yet am ready to famish!  
These five days have I hid me in these woods  
and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid  
for me; but now am I so hungry that if I might  
have a lease of my life for a thousand years I  
could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall  
have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can  
eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is  
not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot wea-  
ther. And I think this word 'sallet' was born to  
do me good: for many a time, but for a sallet,\*  
my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill;  
and many a time, when I have been dry and  
bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a  
quart pot to drink in; and now the word 'sallet'  
must serve me to feed on.

\*Kind of helmet.

*Enter IDEN.*

*Iden.* Lord, who would live turmoiled in the  
court,  
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?  
This small inheritance my father left me       20  
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.  
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,  
Or gather wealth, I care not, with what envy:  
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state  
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

*Cade.* Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him: but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

*Iden.* Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,

I know thee not; why, then, should I betray thee? Is't not enough to break into my garden, And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds, Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner, But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

*Cade.* Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

*Iden.* Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,  
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.  
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,  
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:  
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser; 50  
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,  
Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;  
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;  
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,  
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.  
As for words, whose greatness answers words,  
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

*Cade.* By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard! Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chins of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees thou mayst be turned to hobnails. [*Here they fight. Cade falls.*]

O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd

defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

*Iden.* Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,  
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:  
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;  
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,  
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

*Cade.* *Iden,* farewell, and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour.

[*Dies.* 81

*Iden.* How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee;

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,  
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.  
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels  
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,  
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;  
Which I will bear in triumph to the king, 89  
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [*Exit.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

*Enter YORK, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.*

*York.* From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,  
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:  
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,  
To entertain great England's lawful king.  
Ah! sancta majestas, who would not buy thee dear?

Let them obey that know not how to rule;  
This hand was made to handle nought but gold.  
I cannot give due action to my words,  
Except a sword or sceptre balance it:  
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul, 10  
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb  
me?

The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

*Buck.* York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee  
well.

*York.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept  
thy greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

*Buck.* A messenger from Henry, our dread  
liege,

To know the reason of these arms in peace;  
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,  
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn, 20  
Should raise so great a power without his leave,  
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

*York.* [*Aside*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is  
so great:

O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,  
I am so angry at these abject terms;  
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,  
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.  
I am far better born than is the king,  
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:  
But I must make fair weather yet a while, 30  
Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.—  
Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,  
That I have given no answer all this while;  
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.  
The cause why I have brought this army hither  
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,  
Seditious to his grace and to the state.

*Buck.* That is too much presumption on thy  
part:

But if thy arms be to no other end,  
The king hath yielded unto thy demand: 40

The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

*York.* Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

*Buck.* Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

*York.* Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.

Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;

Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,

You shall have pay and every thing you wish.

And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,

Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,

As pledges of my fealty and love;

50

I'll send them all as willing as I live:

Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,

Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

*Buck.* York, I commend this kind submission:

We twain will go into his highness' tent.

*Enter KING and Attendants.*

*King.* Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

*York.* In all submission and humility

York doth present himself unto your highness.

*King.* Then what intends these forces thou dost bring?

60

*York.* To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,

And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,

Who since I heard to be discomfited.

*Enter IDEN, with CADE's head.*

*Iden.* If one so rude and of so mean condition

May pass into the presence of a king,

Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,

The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

*King.* The head of Cade! Great God, how just art Thou!

O, let me view his visage, being dead,

That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.

Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

71

*Iden.* I was, an't like your majesty.

*King.* How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

*Idea.* Alexander Idea, that's my name;  
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

*Buck.* So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss

He were created knight for his good service.

*King.* Idea, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks,  
And will that thou henceforth attend on us. 80

*Idea.* May Idea live to merit such a bounty,  
And never live but true unto his liege! [*Rises.*]

*Enter QUEEN and SOMERSET.*

*King.* See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the queen:

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

*Queen.* For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,

But boldly stand and front him to his face.

*York.* How now! is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloosethy long-imprison'd thoughts,  
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? 90

False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which darest not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown;

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,

And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear, 100  
Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up

And with the same to act controlling laws.

Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more

O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

*Som.* O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee,  
York,

Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:  
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

*York.* Wouldst have me kneel? first let me  
ask of these,

If they can brook I bow a knee to man. 110

Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail:

[*Exit Attendant.*

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,\*

They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

\*Prison.

*Queen.* Call hither Clifford; bid him come  
again,

To say if that the bastard boys of York  
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

[*Exit Buckingham.*

*York.* O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,  
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!  
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,  
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those 120  
That for my surety will refuse the boys!

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD.*

See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make  
it good.

*Enter old CLIFFORD and his Son.*

*Queen.* And here comes Clifford to deny their  
bail.

*Clif.* Health and all happiness to my lord the  
king! [Kneels.]

*York.* I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news  
with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:  
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;  
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

*Clif.* This is my king, York, I do not mis-  
take;

But thou mistakest me much to think I do: 130  
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

*King.* Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious  
humour

Makes him oppose himself against his king.



*Clif.* He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,  
And chop away that factious pate of his.

*Queen.* He is arrested, but will not obey;  
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

*York.* Will you not, sons?

*Edw.* Ay, noble father, if our words will  
serve.

*Rich.* And if words will not, then our weapons  
shall. 140

*Clif.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we  
here!

*York.* Look in a glass, and call thy image so:  
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.  
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,  
That with the very shaking of their chains  
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:  
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

*Enter the EARLS OF WARWICK and SALISBURY.*

*Clif.* Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears  
to death,  
And manacle the bear-ward\* in their chains,  
If thou darest bring them to the baiting place. 150

\*Bear-keeper.

*Rich.* Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur  
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;  
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,  
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:  
And such a piece of service will you do,  
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

*Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested  
lump,  
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

*York.* Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly  
anon.

*Clif.* Take heed, lest by your heat you burn  
yourselves. 160

*King.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot  
to bow?

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,  
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!  
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the  
ruffian,

And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?  
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?  
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,  
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?  
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war.  
And shame thine honourable age with blood? 170  
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?  
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?  
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me  
That bows unto the grave with nickle age.

*Sal.* My lord, I have consider'd with myself  
The title of this most renowned duke;  
And in my conscience do repute his grace  
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

*King.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto  
me?

*Sal.* I have. 180

*King.* Canst thou dispense with heaven for  
such an oath?

*Sal.* It is great sin to swear unto a sin,  
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.  
Who can be bound by any solemn vow  
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,  
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,  
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,  
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,  
And have no other reason for this wrong  
But that he was bound by a solemn oath? 190

*Queen.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

*King.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm  
himself.

*York.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends  
thou hast,  
I am resolved for death or dignity.

*Clif.* The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove  
true.

*War.* You were best to go to bed, and dream  
again,  
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

*Clif.* I am resolved to bear a greater storm  
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;  
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,\* 200  
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

*War.* Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,  
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff. <sup>\*Kind of helmet.</sup>  
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,  
As on a mountain top the cedar shows  
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,  
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

*Clif.* And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear  
And tread it under foot with all contempt,  
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear. 210

*Y. Clif.* And so to arms, victorious father,  
To quell the rebels and their complices.

*Rich.* Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,

For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

*Y. Clif.* Foul stigmatic,\* that's more than thou  
canst tell. <sup>\*Deformed person.</sup>

*Rich.* If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in  
hell. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE II. *Saint Alban's.*

*Alarums to the battle. Enter WARWICK.*

*War.* Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick  
calls:

And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,  
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum  
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,  
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me:  
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,  
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

*Enter YORK.*

How now, my noble lord! what, all afoot?

*York.* The deadly-handed Clifford slew my  
steed,

But match to match I have encounter'd him 10  
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows  
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

*Enter old CLIFFORD.*

*War.* Of one or both of us the time is come.

*York.* Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,  
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

*War.* Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.  
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,  
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[*Exit.*

*Clif.* What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

*York.* With thy brave bearing should I be in love,

20

But that thou art so fast\* mine enemy. \*Unalterably.

*Clif.* Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,

But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.

*York.* So let it help me now against thy sword

As I in justice and true right express it.

*Clif.* My soul and body on the action both!

*York.* A dreadful lay!\* Address† thee instantly.

[*They fight, and Clifford falls.*

*Clif.* La fin couronne les œuvres.

[*Dies.*

*York.* Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

\*Wager. †Prepare.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! 30  
[*Exit.*

*Enter young CLIFFORD.*

*Y. Clif.* Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds  
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,  
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,  
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part  
Hot coals of vengeance! Let no souldier fly.  
He that is truly dedicate to war  
Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself  
Hath not essentially but by circumstance  
The name of valour. [*Seeing his dead father*]

O, let the vile world end, 40  
And the promised flames of the last day  
Knit earth and heaven together!

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,  
Particularities and petty sounds  
To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,  
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve  
The silver livery of advised\* age, \*Considerate.  
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus  
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight 49  
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,  
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;  
No more will I their babes: tears virginal  
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,  
And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims  
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.  
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:  
Meet I an infant of the house of York,  
Into as many gobbets will I cut it  
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:  
In cruelty will I seek out my fame. 60  
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:  
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,  
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;  
But then Æneas bare a living load,  
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.  
[Exit, bearing off his father.]

*Enter RICHARD and SOMERSET to fight.*  
*SOMERSET is killed.*

*Rich.* So, lie thou there;  
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,  
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset  
Hath made the wizard famous in his death. 69  
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:  
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit.  
*Fight: excursions. Enter KING, QUEEN, and others.*

*Queen.* Away, my lord! you are slow; for  
shame, away!

*King.* Can we outrun the heavens? good Mar-  
garet, stay.

*Queen.* What are you made of? you'll nor  
fight nor fly:  
Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence,

To give the enemy way, and to secure us  
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[*Alarum afar off.*]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom  
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,  
As well we may, if not through your neglect, 80  
We shall to London get, where you are loved  
And where this breach now in our fortunes made  
May readily be stopp'd.

*Re-enter young CLIFFORD.*

*Y. Clif.* But that my heart's on future mischief  
set,

I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly:  
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit  
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.\*  
Away, for your relief! and we will live \*Parties.  
To see their day and them our fortune give:  
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Fields near St. Alban's.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter YORK, RICHARD, WAR-  
WICK, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

*York.* Of Salisbury, who can report of him,  
That winter lion, who in rage forgets  
Aged contusions and all brush\* of time,  
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,  
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day  
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,  
If Salisbury be lost. \*Rude assault.

*Rich.* My noble father,  
Three times to-day I holp\* him to his horse,  
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,  
Persuaded him from any further act: \*Helped. 10  
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;  
And like rich hangings in a homely house,  
So was his will in his old feeble body.  
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

*Sal.* Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought  
to-day;

By the mass; so did we all. I thank you, Richard:  
God knows how long it is I have to live;  
And it hath pleased him that three times to-day  
You have defended me from imminent death.  
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:  
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled, 21  
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

*York.* I know our safety is to follow them;  
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,  
To call a present court of parliament.

Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.  
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

*War.* After them! nay, before them, if we can.  
Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:  
Saint Alban's battle won by famous York 30  
Shall be eternized in all age to come.  
Sound drums and trumpets, and to London all:  
And more such days as these to us befall!

[*Exeunt.*]

THE THIRD PART OF  
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Sixth.

EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, his son.

LEWIS XI. KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

DUKE OF EXETER.

EARL OF OXFORD.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

LORD CLIFFORD.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.

EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards

King Edward IV.,	} his sons.
EDMUND, Earl of Rutland,	
GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence,	
RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester.	

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.

EARL OF WARWICK.

EARL OF PEMBROKE.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STAFFORD.

SIR JOHN MORTIMER,	} uncles to the Duke of York.
SIR HUGH MORTIMER,	

HENRY, Earl of Richmond, a youth.

LORD RIVERS, brother to Lady Grey.

SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.

SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.

SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York.

Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman.

Two Keepers. A Huntsman.

A Son that has killed his father.

A Father that has killed his son.

QUEEN MARGARET.

LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.

BONA, sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE: *England and France.*

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*KING HENRY VI. PART III.*

*Act V. Scene 2.*

THE DEATH OF WARWICK.

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In all respects, as to character, feeling, composition and accessories, this excellent picture after J. H. Houston fulfills the demands of the text. Warwick is breathing his last pathetic words into the ears of his friends Somerset and Oxford, while the battle rages in the field beyond, and the cause of the House of Lancaster is lost.

# THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. The Parliament-house.*

*Alarum. Enter the DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.*

*War.* I wonder how the king escaped our hands.

*York.* While we pursued the horsemen of the north,

He slyly stole away and left his men:

Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,  
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,  
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,  
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all abreast,  
Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in  
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

*Edw.* Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,

10

Is either slain or wounded dangerously;

I cleft his beaver with a downright blow:

That this is true, father, behold his blood.

*Mont.* And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

*Rich.* Speak thou for me and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.*

*York.* Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.

But is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

*Norf.* Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

*Rich.* Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

*War.* And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,  
Before I see thee seated in that throne

Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,  
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.

This is the palace of the fearful king,  
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;  
For this is thine and not King Henry's heirs.

*York.* Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and  
I will;

For hither we have broken in by force.

*Norf.* We'll all assist you; he that flies shall  
die.

*York.* Thanks, gentle Norfolk: stay by me,  
my lords;

And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.

[*They go up.*]

*War.* And when the king comes, offer him  
no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

*York.* The queen this day here holds her  
parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her council:

By words or blows here let us win our right.

*Rich.* Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this  
house.

*War.* The bloody parliament shall this be  
call'd,

Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,

And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice

Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

*York.* Then leave me not, my lords; be  
resolute;

I mean to take possession of my right.

*War.* Neither the king, nor he that loves him  
best,

The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,

Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.

I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:

Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

*Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and the rest.*

*K. Hen.* My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits, 50

Even in the chair of state: belike he means,  
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,  
To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.  
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,  
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have  
vow'd revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites and his friends.

*North.* If I be not, heavens be revenged on me!

*Clif.* The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn  
in steel.

*West.* What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck  
him down:

My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it. 60

*K. Hen.* Be patient, gentle Earl of West-  
moreland.

*Clif.* Patience is for poltroons, such as he:  
He durst not sit there, had your father lived.  
My gracious lord, here in the parliament  
Let us assail the family of York.

*North.* Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be  
it so.

*K. Hen.* Ah, know you not the city favours  
them,

And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

*Exe.* But when the duke is slain, they'll  
quickly fly.

*K. Hen.* Far be the thought of this from  
Henry's heart, 70

To make a shambles of the parliament-house!  
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats  
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.  
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,  
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;  
I am thy sovereign.

*York.* I am thine.

*Exe.* For shame, come down: he made thee  
Duke of York.



*York.* 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

*Exe.* Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

*War.* Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown  
In following this usurping Henry. 81

*Clif.* Whom should he follow but his natural king?

*War.* True, Clifford; and that's Richard Duke of York.

*K. Hen.* And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

*York.* It must and shall be so: content thyself.

*War.* Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.

*West.* He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;  
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

*War.* And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget 89

That we are those which chased you from the field  
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread  
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

*North.* Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

*West.* Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,  
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives  
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

*Clif.* Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger

As shall revenge his death before I stir. 100

*War.* Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

*York.* Will you we show our title to the crown?

If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

*K. Hen.* What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;  
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:  
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,  
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop  
And seized upon their towns and provinces.

*War.* Talk not of France, sith\* thou hast lost it all.

\*Since. 110

*K. Hen.* The lord protector lost it, and not I:  
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

*Rich.* You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

*Edw.* Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

*Mont.* Good brother, as thou lovest and honour'st arms,

Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.

*Rich.* Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

*York.* Sons, peace!

*K. Hen.* Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave to speak. 120

*War.* Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him shall not live.

*K. Hen.* Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,

And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,

Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?

My title's good, and better far than his. 130

*War.* Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

*K. Hen.* Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

*York.* 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

*K. Hen.* [*Aside*] I know not what to say; my title's weak.—

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

*York.* What then?

*K. Hen.* An if he may, then am I lawful king;  
For Richard, in the view of many lords,

Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,

Whose heir my father was, and I am his. 140

*York.* He rose against him, being his sovereign,

And made him to resign his crown perforce.

*War.* Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,

Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

*Exe.* No; for he could not so resign his crown But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

*K. Hen.* Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

*Exe.* His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

*York.* Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

*Exe.* My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

*K. Hen.* [*Aside*] All will revolt from me, and turn to him. 151

*North.* Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,

Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.

*War.* Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.

*North.* Thou art deceived: 'tis not thy southern power,

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,  
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,  
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

*Clif.* King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,  
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence: 160  
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,  
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

*K. Hen.* O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

*York.* Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.  
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

*War.* Do right unto this princely Duke of York,  
Or I will fill the house with armed men,  
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,  
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers show themselves.*]

*K. Hen.* My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word: 170

Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

*York.* Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,

And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.

*King.* I am content: Richard Plantagenet,  
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

*Clif.* What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

*War.* What good is this to England and himself!

*West.* Base, fearful and despairing Henry!

*Clif.* How hast thou injured both thyself and us!

*West.* I cannot stay to hear these articles.

*North.* Nor I. 181

*Clif.* Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

*West.* Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,

In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

*North.* Be thou a prey unto the house of York,  
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

*Clif.* In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,  
Or live in peace abandon'd and despised!

[*Exeunt North., Clif., and West.*]

*War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

*Exe.* They seek revenge and therefore will not yield. 190

*K. Hen.* Ah, Exeter!

*War.* Why should you sigh, my lord?

*K. Hen.* Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may: I here entail

The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign,

And neither by treason nor hostility

To seek to put me down and reign thyself. 200

*York.* This oath I willingly take and will perform.

*War.* Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him.

*K. Hen.* And long live thou and these thy forward sons!

*York.* Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

*Exe.* Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes! [*Sennet. Here they come down.*]

*York.* Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

*War.* And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

*Norf.* And I to Norfolk with my followers.

*Mont.* And I unto the sea from whence I came.

[*Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, their Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

*K. Hen.* And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court. 210

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE OF WALES.*

*Exe.* Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:

I'll steal away.

*K. Hen.* Exeter, so will I.

*Q. Mar.* Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

*K. Hen.* Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

*Q. Mar.* Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,  
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,  
Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father!  
Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?  
Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I, 220  
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,  
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,  
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood  
there,

Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir

And disinherited thine only son.

*Prince.* Father, you cannot disinherit me:  
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

*K. Hen.* Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son:

The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.

*Q. Mar.* Enforced thee! art thou king and  
wilt be forced? 230

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!  
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son and me;  
And given unto the house of York such head  
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.  
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown  
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre  
And creep into it far before thy time?  
Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais;  
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;  
The duke is made protector of the realm; 240  
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds  
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.  
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,  
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes  
Before I would have granted to that act.  
But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour:  
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself  
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,  
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd  
Whereby my son is disinherited. 250  
The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours  
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;  
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace  
And utter ruin of the house of York.  
Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let's away;  
Our army is ready; come, we'll after them.

*K. Hen.* Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

*Q. Mar.* Thou hast spoke too much already:  
get thee gone.

*K. Hen.* Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay  
with me?

*Q. Mar.* Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

*Prince.* When I return with victory from the  
field 261

'll see your grace: till then I'll follow her.

*Q. Mar.* Come, son, away; we may not linger  
thus.

[*Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.*]

*K. Hen.* Poor queen! how love to me and to  
her son  
th made her break out into terms of rage!  
venged may she be on that hateful duke,

Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,  
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle  
Tire\* on the flesh of me and of my son!  
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:  
I'll write unto them and entreat them fair. 271  
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

*Exe.* And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

\*Feed ravenously. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Sandal Castle.*

*Enter* RICHARD, EDWARD, and MONTAGUE.

*Rich.* Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

*Edw.* No, I can better play the orator.

*Mont.* But I have reasons strong and forcible.

*Enter the* DUKE OF YORK.

*York.* Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

*Edw.* No quarrel, but a slight contention.

*York.* About what?

*Rich.* About that which concerns your grace and us;

The crown of England, father, which is yours. 9

*York.* Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.

*Rich.* Your right depends not on his life or death.

*Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:  
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,  
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

*York.* I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

*Edw.* But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:

I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

*Rich.* No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

*York.* I shall be, if I claim by open war.

*Rich.* I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak. 20

*York.* Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

*Rich.* An oath is of no moment, being not took  
Before a true and lawful magistrate,  
That hath authority over him that swears:  
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;  
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,  
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.  
Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think  
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;  
Within whose circuit is Elysium 30  
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.  
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest  
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed  
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

*York.* Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.  
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,  
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.  
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,  
And tell him privily of our intent.  
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham, 40  
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:  
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,  
Witty,\* courteous, liberal, full of spirit.  
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,  
But that I seek occasion how to rise, \*Intelligent.  
And yet the king not privy to my drift,  
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

*Enter a Messenger.*

But, stay: what news? Why comest thou in such  
post?

*Gabr.* The queen with all the northern earls  
and lords

Intend here to besiege you in your castle: 50  
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;  
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

*York.* Ay, with my sword. What! think'st  
thou that we fear them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;  
My brother Montague shall post to London:  
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,  
Whom we have left protectors of the king,  
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,  
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.



*Mont.* Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:  
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.* 60]

*Enter* SIR JOHN MORTIMER *and* SIR HUGH MORTIMER.

*York.* Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,  
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;  
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

*Sir John.* She shall not need; we'll meet her in the field.

*York.* What, with five thousand men?

*Rich.* Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:  
A woman's general; what should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*]

*Edw.* I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,  
And issue forth and bid them battle straight. 70

*York.* Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,  
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.  
Many a battle have I won in France,  
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:  
Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Field of battle betwixt Sandal Castle and Wakefield.*

*Alarums. Enter* RUTLAND *and* his Tutor.

*Rut.* Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?  
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

*Enter* CLIFFORD *and* Soldiers.

*Clif.* Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,  
Whose father slew my father, he shall die. .

*Tut.* And I, my lord, will bear him company.

*Clif.* Soldiers, away with him!

*Tut.* Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,

Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

*[Exit, dragged off by Soldiers.]*

*Clif.* How now! is he dead already? or is it  
fear

That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

*Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch  
That trembles under his devouring paws;

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,  
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.

Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,

And not with such a cruel threatening look.

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath:

Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

*Clif.* In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my  
father's blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should  
enter.

*Rut.* Then let my father's blood open it again:

He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

*Clif.* Had I thy brethren here, their lives and  
thine

Were not revenge sufficient for me;

No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves

And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,

It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.

The sight of any of the house of York

Is as a fury to torment my soul;

And till I root out their accursed line

And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore—

*[Lifting his hand.]*

*Rut.* O, let me pray before I take my death!

To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

*Clif.* Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

*Rut.* I never did thee harm: why wilt thou  
slay me?

*Clif.* Thy father hath.

*Rut.* But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me,

Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,

He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days;  
 And when I give occasion of offence,  
 Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

*Clif.* No cause!

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

[*Stabs him.*

*Rut.* Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ!

[*Dies.*

*Clif.* Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!  
 And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade 50  
 Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,  
 Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarum.* Enter RICHARD, Duke of York.

*York.* The army of the queen hath got the field:

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;  
 And all my followers to the eager foe  
 Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind  
 Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.  
 My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:  
 But this I know, they have demean'd themselves  
 Like men born to renown by life or death.  
 Three times did Richard make a lane to me,  
 And thrice cried 'Courage, father! fight it out!'  
 And full as oft came Edward to my side, 11  
 With purple falchion, painted to the hilt  
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him:  
 And when the hardiest warriors did retire,  
 Richard cried 'Charge! and give no foot of  
 ground!'

And cried 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb!  
 A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!'

With this, we charged again: but, out, alas!  
 We bodged\* again; as I have seen a swan \*Bungled.  
 With bootless labour swim against the tide 20  
 And spend her strength with over-matching  
 waves.

[*A short alarum within.*

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;  
 And I am faint and cannot fly their fury:

And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:  
The sands are number'd that make up my life;  
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

*Enter* QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTH-  
UMBERLAND, *the young Prince, and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,  
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:

I am your butt, and I abide your shot. 29

*North.* Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

*Clif.* Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,  
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.  
Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,  
And made an evening at the noontide prick.\*

*York.* My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring  
forth

\*Point on a dial.

A bird that will revenge upon you all:

And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,

Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

*Clif.* So cowards fight when they can fly no  
further; 40

So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;

So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,

Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

*York.* O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,  
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;

And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,

And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with  
cowardice

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere  
this!

*Clif.* I will not bandy with thee word for word,  
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. 50

*Q. Mar.* Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thous-  
and causes

I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.

Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northum-  
berland.

*North.* Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so  
much

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,

For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,  
When he might spurn him with his foot away?  
It is war's prize to take all vantages;  
And ten to one is no impeach of valour. 60

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*]

*Clif.* Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with  
the gin.

*North.* So doth the cony struggle in the net.

*York.* So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;

So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

*North.* What would your grace have done  
unto him now?

*Q. Mar.* Brave warriors, Clifford and North-  
umberland,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,  
That raught\* at mountains with outstretched arms,  
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.

What! was it you that would be England's king?

Was't you that revell'd in our parliament, 71

And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?

And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies? \*Reached.

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York: I stain'd this napkin† with the blood

That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point, 80

Made issue from the bosom of the boy;

And if thine eyes can water for his death,

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state. †Handkerchief.

I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine  
entrails

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?

Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be  
mad;

And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus. 90

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.  
A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to him:  
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

*[Putting a paper crown on his head.]*

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!  
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,  
And this is he was his adopted heir.  
But how is it that great Plantagenet  
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?  
As I bethink me, you should not be king 107  
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.  
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,  
And rob his temples of the diadem,  
Now in his life, against your holy oath?  
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!  
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his  
head;

And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

*Clif.* That is my office, for my father's sake.

*Q. Mar.* Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he  
makes. 110

*York.* She-wolf of France, but worse than  
wolves of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's  
tooth!

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex  
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,  
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!  
But that thy face is, visard-like, unchanging,  
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,  
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.  
To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom derived,  
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not  
shameless. 120

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,  
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,  
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.  
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?  
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,  
Unless the adage must be verified,  
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.  
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;  
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:

'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;  
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at: 131  
'Tis government\* that makes them seem divine;  
The want thereof makes thee abominable:

Thou art as opposite to every good \*Discretion.

As the Antipodes are unto us,  
Or as the south to the septentrion.† †North.

O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!  
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,  
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,  
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face? 140

Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;  
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.  
Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy  
wish:

Wouldst thou have me weep? why, now thou hast thy  
will:

For raging wind blows up incessant showers,  
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.  
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies:  
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,  
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-  
woman.

*North.* Beshrew me, but his passion moves  
me so 150

That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

*York.* That face of his the hungry cannibals  
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd  
with blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,  
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.  
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:  
This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,  
And I with tears do wash the blood away.  
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:

And if thou tell'st the heavy story right, 160  
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;

Yea even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,  
And say 'Alas, it was a piteous deed!'  
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my  
curse;

And in thy need such comfort come to thee  
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!

Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:  
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

*North.* Had he been slaughter-man to all my  
kin,  
I should not for my life but weep with him, 170  
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

*Q. Mar.* What, weeping-ripe, my Lord North-  
umberland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,  
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

*Clif.* Here's for my oath, here's for my father's  
death. *[Stabbing him.]*

*Q. Mar.* And here's to right our gentle-hearted  
king. *[Stabbing him.]*

*York.* Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God!  
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out  
Thee. *[Dies.]*

*Q. Mar.* Off with his head, and set it on York  
gates;  
So York may overlook the town of York. 180  
*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A plain near Mortimer's Cross in  
Herefordshire.*

*A march. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and their  
power.*

*Edw.* I wonder how our princely father 'scaped,  
Or whether he be 'scaped away or no  
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:  
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;  
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;  
Or had he 'scaped, methinks we should have heard  
The happy tidings of his good escape.  
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

*Rich.* I cannot joy, until I be resolved  
Where our right valiant father is become. 10  
I saw him in the battle range about;  
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.  
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop  
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;  
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,



Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,  
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.  
So fared our father with his enemies;  
So fled his enemies my warlike father:  
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son. 20  
See how the morning opes her golden gates,  
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!  
How well resembles it the prime of youth,  
Trim'd like a younker prancing to his love!

*Edw.* Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three  
suns?

*Rich.* Three glorious suns, each one a perfect  
sun;

Not separated with the racking\* clouds, \*Driving.  
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.  
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,  
As if they vow'd some league inviolable: 30  
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.  
In this the heaven figures some event.

*Edw.* 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet  
never heard of.

I think it cites\* us, brother, to the field, \*Incites.  
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,  
Each one already blazing by our meeds,† †Merits.  
Should notwithstanding join our lights together  
And over-shine the earth as this the world.  
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear  
Upon my target three fair-shining suns. 40

*Rich.* Nay, bear three daughters: by your  
leave I speak it,  
You love the breeder better than the male.

*Enter a Messenger.*

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell  
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

*Mess.* Ah, one that was a woful looker-on  
When as the noble Duke of York was slain,  
Your princely father and my loving lord!

*Edw.* O, speak no more, for I have heard too  
much.

*Rich.* Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

*Mess.* Environed he was with many foes, 50  
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy

Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.  
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;  
And many strokes, though with a little axe,  
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.  
By many hands your father was subdued;  
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm  
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,  
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,  
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,  
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks 61  
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood  
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:  
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,  
They took his head, and on the gates of York  
They set the same; and there it doth remain,  
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

*Edw.* Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,

Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.  
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain 70  
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;  
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,  
For to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.  
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:  
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body  
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!  
For never henceforth shall I joy again,  
Never, O never, shall I see more joy!

*Rich.* I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture

Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:  
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great  
burthen; 81

For selfsame wind that I should speak withal  
Is kindling coals that fires all my breast,  
And burns me up with flames that tears would  
quench.

To weep is to make less the depth of grief:  
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me.  
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,  
Or die renowned by attempting it.

*Edw.* His name that valiant duke hath left  
with thee;

His dukedom and his chair with me is left. 90

*Rich.* Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,  
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:  
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;  
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*March.* Enter WARWICK, MARQUESS OF  
MONTAGUE, and their army.

*War.* How now, fair lords! What fare? what  
news abroad?

*Rich.* Great Lord of Warwick, if we should  
recount

Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance  
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,  
The words would add more anguish than the  
wounds.

O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain! 100

*Edw.* O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet,  
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,  
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

*War.* Ten days ago I drown'd these news in  
tears;

And now, to add more measure to your woes,  
I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.  
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,  
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,  
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,  
Were brought me of your loss and his depart. 110  
I, then in London, keeper of the king,  
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,  
And very well appointed, as I thought,  
March'd toward Saint Alban's to intercept the  
queen,

Bearing the king in my behalf along;  
For by my scouts I was advertised  
That she was coming with a full intent  
To dash our late decree in parliament  
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.  
Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met, 120  
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:  
But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,  
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,  
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;

Or whether 'twas report of her success;  
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,  
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,  
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,  
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;  
Our soldiers', like the night-owl's lazy flight, 130  
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,  
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.  
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,  
With promise of high pay and great rewards:  
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,  
And we in them no hope to win the day;  
So that we fled; the king unto the queen;  
Lord George your brother, Norfolk and myself,  
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you:  
For in the marches here we heard you were, 140  
Making another head to fight again.

*Edw.* Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle  
Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to Eng-  
land?

*War.* Some six miles off the duke is with the  
soldiers;

And for your brother, he was lately sent  
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,  
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

*Rich.* 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant War-  
wick fled:

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,  
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire. 150

*War.* Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost  
thou hear;

For thou shalt know this strong right hand of  
mine

Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,  
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,  
Were he as famous and as bold in war  
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

*Rich.* I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame  
me not:

'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.

But in this troublous time what's to be done?

Shall we go throw away our coats of steel, 160

And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,  
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?  
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes  
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?  
If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords.

*War.* Why, therefore Warwick came to seek  
you out;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.  
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,  
With Clifford and the haught\* Northumberland,  
And of their feather many moe proud birds, 170  
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.  
He swore consent to your succession, \*Haughty.  
His oath enrolled in the parliament;  
And now to London all the crew are gone,  
To frustrate both his oath and what beside  
May make against the house of Lancaster.  
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:  
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,  
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of  
March,

Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure, 180  
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,  
Why, Via! to London will we march amain,  
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,  
And once again cry 'Charge upon our foes!'  
But never once again turn back and fly.

*Rich.* Ay, now methinks I hear great War-  
wick speak:

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,  
That cries 'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay.

*Edw.* Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I  
lean; 189

And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the hour!—  
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forfend!

*War.* No longer Earl of March, but Duke of  
York:

The next degree is England's royal throne;  
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd  
In every borough as we pass along;  
And he that throws not up his cap for joy  
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.  
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,

Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,  
But sound the trumpets, and about our task. 200

*Rich.* Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard  
as steel,

As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,  
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

*Edw.* Then strike up drums: God and Saint  
George for us!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*War.* How now! what news?

*Mess.* The Duke of Norfolk sends you word  
by me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host;  
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

*War.* Why then it sorts, brave warriors, let's  
away. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Before York.*

*Flourish.* *Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with drum and trumpets.*

*Q. Mar.* Welcome, my lord, to this brave  
town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy  
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:  
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

*K. Hen.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear  
their wreck:

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.  
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,  
Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.

*Clif.* My gracious liege, this too much lenity  
And harmful pity must be laid aside. 10

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?  
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.  
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?  
Not his that spoils her young before her face.  
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?  
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.  
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,  
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.  
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,

Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows: 20  
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,  
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;  
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,  
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,  
Which argued thee a most unloving father.  
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;  
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,  
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,  
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings  
Which sometime they have used with fearful  
flight, 30  
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,  
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?  
For shame, my liege, make them your prece-  
dent!

Were it not pity that this goodly boy  
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,  
And long hereafter say unto his child,  
'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got  
My careless father fondly\* gave away?' \*Foolishly.  
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy:  
And let his manly face, which promiseth 40  
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart  
To hold thine own and leave thine own with him.

*K. Hen.* Full well hath Clifford play'd the  
orator,

Inferring arguments of mighty force.  
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear  
That things ill-got had ever bad success?  
And happy always was it for that son  
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?  
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;  
And would my father had left me no more! 50  
For all the rest is held at such a rate  
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep  
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.  
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did  
know

How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

*Q. Mar.* My lord, cheer up your spirits: our  
foes are nigh,  
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.

You promised knighthood to our forward son:  
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.  
Edward, kneel down. 60

*K. Hen.* Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;  
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

*Prince.* My gracious father, by your kingly  
leave,  
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,  
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

*Clif.* Why, that is spoken like a toward  
prince.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Royal commanders, be in readiness:  
For with a band of thirty thousand men  
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;  
And in the towns, as they do march along, 70  
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:  
Darraign\* your battle, for they are at hand.

*Clif.* I would your highness would depart the  
field: \*Set in array.  
The queen hath best success when you are  
absent.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord, and leave us to  
our fortune.

*K. Hen.* Why, that's my fortune too; there-  
fore I'll stay.

*North.* Be it with resolution then to fight.

*Prince.* My royal father, cheer these noble  
lords

And hearten those that fight in your defence:  
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry 'Saint  
George!' 80

*March. Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD,  
WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and  
Soldiers.

*Edw.* Now, perjured Henry! wilt thou kneel  
for grace,  
And set thy diadem upon my head;  
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

*Q. Mar.* Go, rate thy minions, proud insult-  
ing boy!



Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms  
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

*Edw.* I am his king, and he should bow his  
knee;

I was adopted heir by his consent:

Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,  
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,  
Have caused him, by new act of parliament, 91  
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

*Clif.* And reason too:

Who should succeed the father but the son?

*Rich.* Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot  
speak!

*Clif.* Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer  
thee,

Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

*Rich.* 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland,  
was it not?

*Clif.* Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

*Rich.* For God's sake, lords, give signal to  
the fight. 100

*War.* What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou  
yield the crown?

*Q. Mar.* Why, how now, long-tongued War-  
wick! dare you speak?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,  
Your legs did better service than your hands.

*War.* Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis  
thine.

*Clif.* You said so much before, and yet you  
fled.

*War.* 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove  
me thence.

*North.* No, nor your manhood that durst  
make you stay.

*Rich.* Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.  
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain 110  
The execution of my big-swoln heart  
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

*Clif.* I slew thy father, call'st thou him a  
child?

*Rich.* Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous  
coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;  
But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.

*K. Hen.* Have done with words, my lords,  
and hear me speak.

*Q. Mar.* Defy them then, or else hold close  
thy lips.

*K. Hen.* I prithee, give no limits to my  
tongue:

I am a king, and privileged to speak. 120

*Clif.* My liege, the wound that bred this  
meeting here

Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.

*Rich.* Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:  
By him that made us all, I am resolved  
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

*Edw.* Say, Henry, shall I have my right,  
or no?

A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,  
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

*War.* If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;  
For York in justice puts his armour on. 130

*Prince.* If that be right which Warwick says  
is right,

There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

*Rich.* Whoever got thee, there thy mother  
stands;

For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

*Q. Mar.* But thou art neither like thy sire  
nor dam;

But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,\*  
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,  
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

\*Deformed person.

*Rich.* Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,  
Whose father bears the title of a king,— 140  
As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—  
Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art  
extraught,\*

\*Descended.

To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

*Edw.* A wisp of straw were worth a thousand  
crowns,

To make this shameless callet know herself.

Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,

Although thy husband may be Menelaus;  
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd  
By that false woman, as this king by thee.  
His father revell'd in the heart of France, 150  
And tamed the king, and made the dauphin  
stoop;

And had he match'd according to his state,  
He might have kept that glory to this day;  
But when he took a beggar to his bed,  
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,  
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for  
him,

That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,  
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.  
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?  
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;  
And we, in pity of the gentle king, 161  
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

*Geo.* But when we saw our sunshine made  
thy spring,  
And that thy summer bred us no increase,  
We set the axe to thy usurping root;  
And though the edge hath something hit our-  
selves,

Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,  
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,  
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

*Edw.* And, in this resolution, I defy thee; 170  
Not willing any longer conference,  
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.  
Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave!  
And either victory, or else a grave.

*Q. Mar.* Stay, Edward.

*Edw.* No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer  
stay:  
These words will cost ten thousand lives this  
day. [Exit.

SCENE III. *A field of battle between Towton  
and Saxton, in Yorkshire.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter WARWICK.*

*War.* Forspent with toil, as runners with  
a race,

I lay me down a little while to breathe;  
For strokes received, and many blows repaid,  
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their  
    strength,  
And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile.

*Enter EDWARD, running.*

*Edw.* Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, un-  
gentle death!  
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is  
clouded.

*War.* How now, my lord! what hap? what  
hope of good?

*Enter GEORGE.*

*Geo.* Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;  
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us: 10  
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

*Edw.* Bootless is flight, they follow us with  
wings;  
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

*Enter RICHARD.*

*Rich.* Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn  
thyself?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,  
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;  
And in the very pangs of death he cried,  
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,  
'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'  
So, underneath the belly of their steeds, 20  
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,  
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

*War.* Then let the earth be drunken with  
our blood:

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.  
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,  
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;  
And look upon, as if the tragedy  
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?  
Here on my knee I vow to God above,  
I'll never pause again, never stand still, 30  
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine  
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

*Edw.* O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;  
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!  
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,  
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,  
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,  
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands  
That to my foes this body must be prey,  
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,\* 40  
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul! \*Open.  
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,  
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

*Rich.* Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,  
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:  
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe  
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

*War.* Away, away! Once more, sweet lords,  
farewell.

*Geo.* Yet let us all together to our troops,  
And give them leave to fly that will not stay; 50  
And call them pillars that will stand to us;  
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards  
As victors wear at the Olympian games:  
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;  
For yet is hope of life and victory.  
Forslow\* no longer, make we hence amain. \*Delay.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

*Excursions.* Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

*Rich.* Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:  
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,  
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,  
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

*Clif.* Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:  
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;  
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;  
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death  
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother

To execute the like upon thyself; 10  
And so, have at thee!

[*They fight. Warwick comes; Clifford flies.*

*Rich.* Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;

For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarum. Enter KING HENRY alone.*

*King.* This battle fares like to the morning's war,

When dying clouds contend with growing light,  
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,  
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.  
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea  
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;  
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea  
Forced to retire by fury of the wind:  
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;  
Now one the better, then another best; 10  
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,  
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:  
So is the equal poise of this fell war.  
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.  
To whom God will, there be the victory!  
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,  
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both  
They prosper best of all when I am thence.  
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;  
For what is in this world but grief and woe? 20  
O God! methinks it were a happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain;  
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,  
How many make the hour full complete;  
How many hours bring about the day;  
How many days will finish up the year;  
How many years a mortal man may live.  
When this is known, then to divide the times: 30  
So many hours must I tend my flock;  
So many hours must I take my rest;

So many hours must I contemplate;  
So many hours must I sport myself;  
So many days my ewes have been with young;  
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;  
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:  
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,  
Pass'd over to the end they were created,  
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave. 40  
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!  
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade  
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,  
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?  
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.  
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,  
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys, 50  
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,  
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
His body couched in a curious bed,  
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.  
*Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his father,*  
*dragging in the dead body.*

*Son.* Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.  
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,  
May be possessed with some store of crowns;  
And I, that haply take them from him now,  
May yet ere night yield both my life and them  
To some man else, as this dead man doth me. 60  
Who's this? O God! it is my father's face,  
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.  
O heavy times, begetting such events!  
From London by the king was I press'd forth;  
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,  
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;  
And I, who at his hands received my life,  
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.  
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!  
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee! 70  
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;  
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.  
*K. Hen.* O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!

Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,  
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.  
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;  
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,  
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with  
grief.

*Enter a Father that has killed his son, bringing  
in the body.*

*Fath.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me.  
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold; 80  
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.  
But let me see: is this our foeman's face?  
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!  
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,  
Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,  
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,  
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!  
O, pity, God, this miserable age!  
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,  
Erroneous, mutinous and unnatural, 90  
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!  
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,  
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

*K. Hen.* Woe above woe! grief more than  
common grief!

O that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!  
O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!  
The red rose and the white are on his face,  
The fatal colours of our striving houses:  
The one his purple blood right well resembles;  
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth:  
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish; 101  
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

*Son.* How will my mother for a father's death  
Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied!

*Fath.* How will my wife for slaughter of my  
son

Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!

*K. Hen.* How will the country for these woful  
chances

Misthink\* the king and not be satisfied!

*Son.* Was ever son so rued a father's death?

*Fath.* Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?

\*Think ill of.



*K. Hen.* Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe? 111

Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

*Son.* I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [Exit with the body.]

*Fath.* These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,  
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;

And so obsequious\* will thy father be,

†Even for the loss of thee, having no more,

As Priam was for all his valiant sons. 120

I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,  
For I have murdered where I should not kill.

\*Attentive to funeral obsequies.

[Exit with the body.]

*K. Hen.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone  
with care,

Here sits a king more woful than you are.

*Alarums: excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE, and EXETER.*

*Prince.* Fly, father, fly! for all your friends  
are fled,

And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:

Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

*Q. Mar.* Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain:

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds  
Having the fearful flying hare in sight, 130

With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,

And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,

Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

*Exe.* Away! for vengeance comes along with them:

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;

Or else come after: I'll away before.

*K. Hen.* Nay, take me with thee, good sweet  
Exeter:

Not that I fear to stay, but love to go

Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *Another part of the field.**A loud alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.**Clif.* Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,

Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.

O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow

More than my body's parting with my soul!

My love and fear glued many friends to thee;

And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts.

Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York,

The common people swarm like summer flies;

And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?

And who shines now but Henry's enemies? 10

O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent

That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,

Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth!

And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,

Or as thy father and his father did,

Giving no ground unto the house of York,

They never then had sprung like summer flies;

I and ten thousand in this luckless realm

Had left no mourning widows for our death;

And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.

For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air? 21

And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?

Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;

No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:

The foe is merciless, and will not pity;

For at their hands I have deserved no pity.

The air hath got into my deadly wounds,

And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.

Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;

I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

*[He faints.]**Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.**Edw.* Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause, 31

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.

Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,

That led calm Henry, though he were a king,

As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,  
Command an argosy to stem the waves.  
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

*War.* No, 'tis impossible he should escape;  
For, though before his face I speak the words,  
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:  
And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead. <sup>41</sup>

[*Clifford groans, and dies.*]

*Edw.* Whose soul is that which takes her  
heavy leave?

*Rich.* A deadly groan, like life and death's  
departing.\*

*Edw.* See who it is: and, now the battle's  
ended,

If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

*Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis  
Clifford;

Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch  
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,  
But set his murdering knife unto the root  
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,  
I mean our princely father, Duke of York. <sup>51</sup>

*War.* From off the gates of York fetch down  
the head,

Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;  
Instead whereof let this supply the room:  
Measure for measure must be answered.

*Edw.* Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our  
house,

That nothing sung but death to us and ours:  
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening  
sound,

And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

*War.* I think his understanding is bereft. <sup>60</sup>  
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to  
thee?

Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,  
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.

*Rich.* O, would he did! and so perhaps he  
doth:

'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,  
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts  
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

*Geo.* If so thou think'st, vex him with eager\*  
words. \*Harsh.

*Rich.* Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.

*Edw.* Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

*War.* Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

*Geo.* While we devise fell tortures for thy  
faults.

*Rich.* Thou didst love York, and I am son  
to York.

*Edw.* Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity thee.

*Geo.* Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you  
now?

*War.* They mock thee, Clifford: swear as  
thou wast wont.

*Rich.* What, not an oath? nay, then the world  
goes hard

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.

I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,

If this right hand would buy two hours' life, 80

That I in all despite might rail at him,

This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing  
blood

Stifle the villain whose unstanched thirst

York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

*War.* Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's  
head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands.

And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crowned England's royal king:

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France.

And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen: 90

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;

And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not  
dread

he scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;

or though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.

First will I see the coronation;

and then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,

effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

*Edw.* Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let  
it be;

in thy shoulder do I build my seat, 100

And never will I undertake the thing  
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.  
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,  
And George, of Clarence: Warwick, as ourself,  
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

*Rich.* Let me be Duke of Clarence, George  
of Gloucester;  
For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.

*War.* Tut, that's a foolish observation:  
Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,  
To see these honours in possession. 110

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *A forest in the north of England.*

*Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.*

*First Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake  
we'll shroud ourselves;  
For through this laund\* anon the deer will come;  
And in this covert will we make our stand, \**Lawn.*  
Culling the principal of all the deer.

*Sec. Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both  
may shoot.

*First Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy  
cross-bow  
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.  
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:  
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,  
I'll tell thee what befel me on a day 10  
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

*Sec. Keep.* Here comes a man; let's stay till he  
be past.

*Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.*

*K. Hen.* From Scotland am I stol'n, even of  
pure love,  
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.  
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;  
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,  
Thy balm\* wash'd off wherewith thou wast an-  
ointed: \*Oil of consecration.

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,  
No humble suitors press to speak for right,  
No, not a man comes for redress of thee; 20  
For how can I help them, and not myself?

*First Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a  
keeper's fee:

This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.

*K. Hen.* Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,  
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

*Sec. Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands  
upon him.

*First Keep.* Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little  
more.

*K. Hen.* My queen and son are gone to France  
for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick  
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister  
To wife for Edward: if this news be true, 31  
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;  
For Warwick is a subtle orator,  
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.  
By this account then Margaret may win him;  
For she's a woman to be pitied much:  
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;  
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;  
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;  
And Nero will be tainted with remorse, 40  
To hear and see her complaints, her brinish tears.  
Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick, to give;  
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry,  
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.  
She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed;  
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;  
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no  
more;

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,  
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,  
And in conclusion wins the king from her, 50  
With promise of his sister, and what else,  
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.  
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,  
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

*Sec. Keep.* Say, what art thou that talk'st of  
kings and queens?

*K. Hen.* More than I seem, and less than I was born to:

A man at least, for less I should not be;  
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

*Sec. Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

*K. Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough. 60

*Sec. Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

*K. Hen.* My crown is in my heart, not on my head;

Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,  
Nor to be seen: my crown is called content:  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

*Sec. Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,

Your crown content and you must be contented

To go along with us; for, as we think,  
You are the king King Edward hath deposed;

And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance 70  
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

*K. Hen.* But did you never swear, and break an oath?

*Sec. Keep.* No, never such an oath; nor wil not now. 71

*K. Hen.* Where did you dwell when I was King of England? 72

*Sec. Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

*K. Hen.* I was anointed king at nine months old;

My father and my grandfather were kings,  
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:

And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

*First Keep.* No; 80

For we were subjects but while you were king.

*K. Hen.* Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeying with my wind when I do blow,  
And yielding to another when it blows,  
Commanded always by the greater gust;  
Such is the lightness of you common men.  
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin 90  
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.  
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;  
And be you kings, command, and I'll obey.

*First Keep.* We are true subjects to the king,  
King Edward.

*K. Hen.* So would you be again to Henry,  
If he were seated as King Edward is.

*First Keep.* We charge you, in God's name,  
and the king's,  
To go with us unto the officers.

*K. Hen.* In God's name, lead; your king's  
name be obey'd:

And what God will, that let your king perform;  
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. 101

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *London. The palace.*

*Enter* KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE,  
and LADY GREY.

*K. Edw.* Brother of Gloucester, at Saint  
Alban's field

This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,  
His lands then seized on by the conqueror:  
Her suit is now to repossess those lands;  
Which we in justice cannot well deny,  
Because in quarrel of the house of York  
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

*Glou.* Your highness shall do well to grant her  
suit;

It were dishonour to deny it her.

*K. Edw.* It were no less; but yet I'll make a  
pause. 10

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] Yea, is it so?

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,  
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

*Clar.* [*Aside to Glou.*] He knows the game:  
how true he keeps the wind!

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] Silence!



*K. Edw.* Widow, we will consider of your suit; And come some other time to know our mind.

*L. Grey.* Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:

May it please your highness to resolve\* me now; And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me. 20

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands, \*Satisfy.

An if what pleases him shall pleasure you. Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

*Clar.* [*Aside to Glou.*] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.

*K. Edw.* How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

*Clar.* [*Aside to Glou.*] I think he means to beg a child of her.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] Nay, whip me then: he'll rather give her two.

*L. Grey.* Three, my most gracious lord.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] You shall have four, if you'll be ruled by him. 30

*K. Edw.* 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

*L. Grey.* Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

*K. Edw.* Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,

Till youth take leave and leave you to the crute. 1.

[*Glou. and Clar. retir.* 2.]

*K. Edw.* Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

*L. Grey.* Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

*K. Edw.* And would you not do much to do them good?

*L. Grey.* To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

*K. Edw.* Then get your husband's lands, to do them good. 40

*L. Grey.* Therefore I came unto your majesty.

*K. Edw.* I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

*L. Grey.* So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

*K. Edw.* What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

*L. Grey.* What you command, that rests in me to do.

*K. Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon.

*L. Grey.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

*K. Edw.* Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

*L. Grey.* Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. 50

*Clar.* [*Aside to Glou.*] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

*L. Grey.* Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

*K. Edw.* An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

*L. Grey.* That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

*K. Edw.* Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

*L. Grey.* I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] The match is made; she seals it with a curtsy.

*K. Edw.* But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

*L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

*K. Edw.* Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense. 60

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

*L. Grey.* My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;

That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

*K. Edw.* No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

*L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

*K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.

*L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive

Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

*K. Edw.* To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

*L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison. 70

*K. Edw.* Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

*L. Grey.* Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

*K. Edw.* Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

*L. Grey.* Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadness\* of my suit:

Please you dismiss me, either with 'ay' or 'no.'

*K. Edw.* Ay, if thou wilt say 'ay' to my request; \*Seriousness.

No, if thou dost say 'no' to my demand. 80

*L. Grey.* Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

*Clar.* [*Aside to Glou.*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

*K. Edw.* [*Aside*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;

Her words do show her wit incomparable;

All her perfections challenge sovereignty:

One way or other, she is for a king;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—

Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

*L. Grey.* 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord: 90

I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

*K. Edw.* Sweet widow, by my state I swear  
to thee

I speak no more than what my soul intends;

And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

*L. Grey.* And that is more than I will yield  
unto:

I know I am too mean to be your queen,

And yet too good to be your concubine.

*K. Edw.* You cavil, widow: I did mean,  
my queen.

*L. Grey.* 'Twill grieve your grace my sons  
should call you father. 100

*K. Edw.* No more than when my daughters  
call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;

And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing

To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] The ghostly father now  
hath done his shrift.

*Clar.* [*Aside to Glou.*] When he was made a  
shriner, 'twas for shift.

*K. Edw.* Brothers, you muse what chat we  
two have had.

*Glou.* The widow likes it not, for she looks  
very sad. 110

*K. Edw.* You'd think it strange if I should  
marry her.

*Clar.* To whom, my lord?

*K. Edw.* Why, Clarence, to myself.

*Glou.* That would be ten days' wonder at the  
least.

*Clar.* That's a day longer than a wonder  
lasts.

*Glou.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.

*K. Edw.* Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell  
you both

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

*Enter a Nobleman.*

*Nob.* My gracious lord, Henry your foe is  
taken,

And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

*K. Edw.* See that he be convey'd unto the  
Tower: 120

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,  
To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honour-  
ably. [*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*]

*Glou.* Ay, Edward will use women honour-  
ably.

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,  
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,  
To cross me from the golden time I look for!  
And yet, between my soul's desire and me—  
The lustful Edward's title buried— 129

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,  
And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,  
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:  
A cold premeditation for my purpose!

Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;  
Like one that stands upon a promontory,  
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,  
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,  
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,  
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:

So do I wish the crown, being so far off; 140  
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;

And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,  
Flattering me with impossibilities.

My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too  
much,

Unless my hand and strength could equal them.

Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;

What other pleasure can the world afford?

I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,

And deck my body in gay ornaments,

And witch sweet ladies with my words and  
looks. 150

O miserable thought! and more unlikely

Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:

And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,  
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;

To make an envious mountain on my back,  
Where sits deformity to mock my body;  
To shape my legs of an unequal size;  
To disproportion me in every part, 160  
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp  
That carries no impression like the dam.  
And am I then a man to be beloved?

O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!  
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,  
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such  
As are of better person than myself,  
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,  
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,  
Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head  
Be round impaled with a glorious crown. 171  
And yet I know not how to get the crown,  
For many lives stand between me and home:  
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,  
That rends the thorns and is rent with the  
thorns,

Seeking a way and straying from the way;  
Not knowing how to find the open air,  
But toiling desperately to find it out,—  
Torment myself to catch the English crown:  
And from that torment I will free myself, 180  
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.  
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,  
And cry 'Content' to that which grieves my  
heart,

And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
And frame my face to all occasions.  
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;  
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;  
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,  
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,  
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy. 190  
I can add colours to the chameleon,  
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,  
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.  
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?  
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *France. The KING's palace.*

*Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, his sister BONA, his Admiral, called BOURBON: PRINCE EDWARD, QUEEN MARGARET, and the EARL OF OXFORD. LEWIS sits, and riseth up again.*

*K. Lew.* Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,  
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state  
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis  
doth sit.

*Q. Mar.* No, mighty King of France: now Margaret  
Must strike her sail and learn awhile to serve  
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,  
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:  
But now mischance hath trod my title down,  
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;  
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune, 10  
And to my humble seat conform myself.

*K. Lew.* Why, say, fair queen, whence springs  
this deep despair?

*Q. Mar.* From such a cause as fills mine eyes  
with tears  
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in  
cares.

*K. Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou still like  
thyself,  
And sit thee by our side: [*Seats her by him*] yield  
not thy neck

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind  
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.  
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;  
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief. 20

*Q. Mar.* Those gracious words revive my  
drooping thoughts  
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.  
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,  
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,  
Is of a king become a banish'd man,  
And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;  
While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York

Usurps the regal title and the seat  
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.  
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret, 30  
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,  
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;  
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done:  
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;  
Our people and our peers are both misled,  
Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,  
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

*K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience calm  
the storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off.

*Q. Mar.* The more we stay, the stronger grows  
our foe. 40

*K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll succour  
thee.

*Q. Mar.* O, but impatience waiteth on true  
sorrow.

And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

*Enter WARWICK.*

*K. Lew.* What's he approacheth boldly to our  
presence?

*Q. Mar.* Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's  
greatest friend.

*K. Lew.* Welcome, brave Warwick! What  
brings thee to France?

[*He descends. She ariseth.*]

*Q. Mar.* Ay, now begins a second storm to  
rise;

For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

*War.* From worthy Edward, King of Albion,  
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend, 50  
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,  
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;  
And then to crave a league of amity;  
And lastly, to confirm that amity  
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant  
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,  
To England's king in lawful marriage.

*Q. Mar.* [*Aside*] If that go forward, Henry's  
hope is done.



*War.* [*To Bona*] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,  
I am commanded, with your leave and favour, 60  
Humbly to kiss your hand and with my tongue  
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;  
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,  
Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

*Q. Mar.* King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak,  
Before you answer Warwick. His demand  
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,  
But from deceit bred by necessity;  
For how can tyrants safely govern home,  
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance? 70  
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,  
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,  
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.

Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage  
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;  
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,  
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

*War.* Injurious Margaret!

*Prince.* And why not queen?

*War.* Because thy father Henry did usurp;  
And thou no more art prince than she is queen. 80

*Oxf.* Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,

Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain:  
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,  
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;  
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,  
Who by his prowess conquered all France:  
From these our Henry lineally descends.

*War.* Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,  
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost  
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten? 90  
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.

But for the rest, you tell a pedigree  
Of threescore and two years; a silly time  
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

*Oxf.* Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against  
thy liege,

Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,  
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

*War.* Can Oxford, that did ever fence the  
right,

Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree? 99  
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

*Oxf.* Call him my king by whose injurious  
doom

My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,  
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,  
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,  
When nature brought him to the door of death?  
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,  
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

*War.* And I the house of York.

*K. Lew.* Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and  
Oxford,

Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside, 110  
While I use further conference with Warwick.

[*They stand aloof.*]

*Q. Mar.* Heavens grant that Warwick's words  
bewitch him not!

*K. Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon  
thy conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath  
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

*War.* Thereon I pawn my credit and mine  
honour.

*K. Lew.* But is he gracious in the people's  
eye?

*War.* The more that Henry was unfortunate.

*K. Lew.* Then further, all dissembling set  
aside,

Tell me for truth the measure of his love 120  
Unto our sister Bona.

*War.* Such it seems

As may beseem a monarch like himself.  
Myself have often heard him say and swear

That this his love was an eternal plant,  
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,  
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's  
sun,  
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,  
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

*K. Lew.* Now, sister, let us hear your firm  
resolve.

*Bona.* Your grant, or your denial, shall be  
mine:

[*To War.*] Yet I confess that often ere this day,<sup>130</sup>  
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,  
Mine ear hath tempted judgement to desire.

*K. Lew.* Then, Warwick, thus: our sister  
shall be Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn  
Touching the jointure that your king must make,  
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.  
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness  
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

*Prince.* To Edward, but not to the English  
king.

*Q. Mar.* Deceitful Warwick! it was thy de-  
vice<sup>140</sup>

By this alliance to make void my suit:  
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

*K. Lew.* And still is friend to him and Mar-  
garet:

But if your title to the crown be weak,  
As may appear by Edward's good success,  
Then 'tis but reason that I be released  
From giving aid which late I promised.  
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand  
That your estate requires and mine can yield.<sup>150</sup>

*War.* Henry now lives in Scotland at his  
ease,

Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.  
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,  
You have a father able to maintain you;  
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

*Q. Mar.* Peace, impudent and shameless War-  
wick, peace,

Proud setter up and puller down of kings!

I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,  
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold  
Thy sly conveyance\* and thy lord's false love; 160  
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

\*Juggling artifice. [*Post blows a horn within.*]

*K. Lew.* Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

*Enter a Post.*

*Post.* [*To War.*] My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,  
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:  
[*To Lewis*] These from our king unto your majesty:

[*To Margaret*] And, madam, these for you;  
from whom I know not.

[*They all read their letters.*]

*Oxf.* I like it well that our fair queen and mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

*Prince.* Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he were nettled:

I hope all's for the best.

170

*K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

*Q. Mar.* Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

*War.* Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

*K. Lew.* What! has your king married the Lady Grey?

And now, to soothe your forgery and his,  
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?  
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?  
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

*Q. Mar.* I told your majesty as much before:  
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

180

*War.* King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,  
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,  
No more my king, for he dishonours me,

But most himself, if he could see his shame.  
Did I forget that by the house of York  
My father came untimely to his death?  
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?  
Did I impale him with the regal crown?  
Did I put Henry from his native right? 190  
And am I guerdon'd\* at the last with shame?  
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:  
And to repair my honour lost for him, \*Required.  
I here renounce him and return to Henry.  
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,  
And henceforth I am thy true servitor:  
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona  
And replant Henry in his former state.

*Q. Mar.* Warwick, these words have turn'd  
my hate to love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults, 200  
And joy that thou becomest King Henry's friend.

*War.* So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned  
friend,

That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us  
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,  
I'll undertake to land them on our coast  
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.  
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:  
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,  
He's very likely now to fall from him, 209  
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,  
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

*Bona.* Dear brother, how shall Bona be re-  
venged

But by thy help to this distressed queen?

*Q. Mar.* Renowned prince, how shall poor  
Henry live,

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

*Bona.* My quarrel and this English queen's  
are one.

*War.* And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with  
yours.

*K. Lew.* And mine with hers, and thine, and  
Margaret's.

Therefore at last I firmly am resolved  
You shall have aid.

*Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

*K. Lew.* Then, England's messenger, return in post,  
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers  
To revel it with him and his new bride:  
Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withal.

*Bona.* Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,  
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

*Q. Mar.* Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,  
And I am ready to put armour on. 230

*War.* Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.  
There's thy reward: be gone. [*Exit Post.*]

*K. Lew.* But, Warwick,  
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,  
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;  
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen  
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.  
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,  
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty? 239

*War.* This shall assure my constant loyalty,  
That if our queen and this young prince agree,  
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy  
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

*Q. Mar.* Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,  
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;  
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,  
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

*Prince.* Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;  
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand. 250

[*He gives his hand to Warwick.*]

*K. Lew.* Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,  
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,  
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.

I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,  
For mocking marriage with a dame of France:

[*Exeunt all but Warwick.*]

*War.* I came from Edward as ambassador,  
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:  
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,  
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.  
Had he none else to make a stale\* but me? 260  
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.  
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,  
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:  
Not that I pity Henry's misery,      \*Laughing-stock.  
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*]

# ACT IV.

## SCENE I. *London. The palace.*

*Enter* GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET,  
and MONTAGUE.

*Glou.* Now tell me, brother Clarence, what  
think you

Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?  
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

*Clar.* Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to  
France;

How could he stay till Warwick made return?

*Som.* My lords, forbear this talk; here comes  
the king.

*Glou.* And his well-chosen bride.

*Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

*Flourish.* *Enter* KING EDWARD, *attended*;  
LADY GREY, *as Queen*; PEMBROKE, STAF-  
FORD, HASTINGS, *and others.*

*K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like  
you our choice,  
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent? 10

*Clar.* As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl  
of Warwick,

Which are so weak of courage and in judgement  
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

*K. Edw.* Suppose they take offence without  
a cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,  
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my  
will.

*Glou.* And shall have your will, because our  
king:

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

*K. Edw.* Yea, brother Richard, are you of-  
fended too?

*Glou.* Not I: 20

No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd  
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere  
pity

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

*K. Edw.* Setting your scorns and your mislike  
aside,

Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey  
Should not become my wife and England's queen.  
And you too, Somerset and Montague,  
Speak freely what you think.

*Clar.* Then this is mine opinion: that King  
Lewis

Becomes your enemy, for mocking him 30  
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

*Glou.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in  
charge,  
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

*K. Edw.* What if both Lewis and Warwick  
be appeased  
By such invention as I can devise?

*Mont.* Yet, to have join'd with France in such  
alliance

Would more have strengthen'd this our common-  
wealth

'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred mar-  
riage.

*Hast.* Why, knows not Montague that of itself  
England is safe, if true within itself? 40

*Mont.* But the safer when 'tis back'd with  
France.

*Hast.* 'Tis better using France than trusting  
France:

Let us be back'd with God and with the seas  
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,



And with their helps only defend ourselves;  
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

*Clar.* For this one speech Lord Hastings well  
deserves

To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

*K. Edw.* Ay, what of that? it was my will  
and grant;

And for this once my will shall stand for law. 50

*Glou.* And yet methinks your grace hath not  
done well,

To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales  
Unto the brother of your loving bride;  
She better would have fitted me or Clarence:  
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

*Clar.* Or else you would not have bestow'd  
the heir

Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,  
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

*K. Edw.* Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife  
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee. 60

*Clar.* In choosing for yourself, you show'd  
your judgement,

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave  
To play the broker in mine own behalf;  
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

*K. Edw.* Leave me, or tarry, Edward will  
be king,

And not be tied unto his brother's will.

*Q. Eliz.* My lords, before it pleased his majesty  
To raise my state to title of a queen,  
Do me but right, and you must all confess  
That I was not ignoble of descent; 70

And meaner than myself have had like fortune.  
But as this title honours me and mine,  
So your dislike, to whom I would be pleasing,  
Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

*K. Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon their  
frowns:

What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,  
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,  
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?  
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,  
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands; 80

Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,  
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

*Glou.* I hear, yet say not much, but think the  
more. *[Aside.*

*Enter a Post.*

*K. Edw.* Now, messenger, what letters or  
what news  
From France?

*Post.* My sovereign liege, no letters; and few  
words,  
But such as I, without your special pardon,  
Dare not relate.

*K. Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee: therefore,  
in brief,  
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess  
them. 90

What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?  
*Post.* At my depart, these were his very words:  
'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
'That Lewis of France is sending over masquers  
To revel it with him and his new bride.'

*K. Edw.* Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks  
me Henry.

But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

*Post.* These were her words, utter'd with mild  
disdain:

'Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,  
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.' 100

*K. Edw.* I blame not her, she could say little  
less;

She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?  
For I have heard that she was there in place.

*Post.* 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning  
weeds are done,

And I am ready to put armour on.'

*K. Edw.* Belike she minds to play the Amazon.  
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

*Post.* He, more incensed against your majesty  
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:  
'Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.'

*K. Edw.* Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so  
proud words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:  
They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.

But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

*Post.* Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so  
link'd in friendship,  
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's  
daughter.

*Clar.* Belike the elder; Clarence will have the  
younger.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast, 119  
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;  
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage  
I may not prove inferior to yourself.

You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.*]

*Glou.* [*Aside*] Not I:

My thoughts aim at a further matter: I

Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

*K. Edw.* Clarence and Somerset both gone to  
Warwick!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;

And haste is needful in this desperate case.

Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf 130

Go levy men, and make prepare for war;

They are already, or quickly will be landed:

Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*]

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,

Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,

Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:

Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?

If it be so, then both depart to him;

I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:

But if you mind to hold your true obedience, 140

Give me assurance with some friendly vow,

That I may never have you in suspect.\* *\*Suspicion.*

*Mont.* So God help Montague as he proves  
true!

*Hast.* And Hastings as he favours Edward's  
cause!

*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you stand  
by us?

*Glou.* Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

*K. Edw.* Why, so! then am I sure of victory.  
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,  
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A plain in Warwickshire.*

*Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French soldiers.*

*War.* Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;

The common people by numbers swarm to us.

*Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.*

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes!  
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

*Clar.* Fear not that, my lord.

*War.* Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;

And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice  
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart  
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;  
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,  
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings: 10

But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.

And now what rests but, in night's coverture,  
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,  
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,  
And but attended by a simple guard,  
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?  
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:  
That as Ulysses and stout Diomedes 19  
With sleight\* and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,  
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,  
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,  
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard  
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,  
For I intend but only to surprise him. \*Artifice.

You that will follow me to this attempt,  
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[*They all cry, 'Henry!'*]

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:  
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint  
George! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Edward's camp, near Warwick.*

*Enter three Watchmen, to guard the KING's tent.*

*First Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man  
take his stand:

The king by this is set him down to sleep.

*Second Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

*First Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a  
solemn vow

Never to lie and take his natural rest

Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

*Second Watch.* To-morrow then belike shall  
be the day,

If Warwick be so near as men report.

*Third Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman  
is that

That with the king here resteth in his tent? 10

*First Watch.* 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the  
king's chiefest friend.

*Third Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands  
the king

That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,  
While he himself keeps in the cold field?

*Second Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because  
more dangerous.

*Third Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and  
quietness;

I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

*First Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up  
his passage. 20

*Second Watch.* Ay, wherefore else guard we  
his royal tent,

But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMER-  
SET, and French soldiers, silent all.*

*War.* This is his tent: and see where stand  
his guard.

Courage, my masters! honour now or never!  
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

*First Watch.* Who goes there?

*Second Watch.* Stay, or thou diest!

[*Warwick and the rest cry all 'Warwick! Warwick!' and set upon the Guard, who fly, crying, 'Arm! arm!' Warwick and the rest following them.*

*The drum playing and trumpet sounding, re-enter WARWICK, SOMERSET, and the rest, bringing the KING out in his gown, sitting in a chair. RICHARD and HASTINGS fly over the stage.*

*Som.* What are they that fly there?

*War.* Richard and Hastings: let them go; here is

The duke.

*K. Edw.* The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted,

30

Thou call'dst me king.

*War.* Ay, but the case is alter'd:

When you disgraced me in my embassy,  
Then I degraded you from being king,  
And come now to create you Duke of York.  
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,  
That know not how to use ambassadors,  
Nor how to be contented with one wife,  
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,  
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,  
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

40

*K. Edw.* Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.  
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,  
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,  
Edward will always bear himself as king:  
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,  
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

*War.* Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:

[*Takes off his crown.*

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,  
And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow. 50

My Lord of Somerset, at my request,  
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd  
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.  
When I have fought with Pembroke and his  
fellows,

I'll follow you, and tell what answer  
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.  
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York,  
[*They lead him out forcibly.*]

*K. Edw.* What fates impose, that men must  
needs abide;  
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit, guarded.*]  
*Oxf.* What now remains, my lords, for us  
to do 60

But march to London with our soldiers?

*War.* Ay, that's the first thing that we have  
to do;

To free King Henry from imprisonment  
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *London. The palace.*

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS.*

*Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sudden  
change?

*Q. Eliz.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to  
learn

What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

*Riv.* What! loss of some pitch'd battle against  
Warwick?

*Q. Eliz.* No, but the loss of his own royal  
person.

*Riv.* Then is my sovereign slain?

*Q. Eliz.* Ay, almost slain, for he is taken  
prisoner,

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard  
Or by his foe surprised at unawares:

And, as I further have to understand, 10  
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,  
Fell Warwick's brother and by that our foe.

*Riv.* These news I must confess are full of  
grief;

Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:

Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

*Q. Eliz.* Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.

And I the rather wean me from despair  
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:  
This is it that makes me bridle passion  
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross; 20  
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear  
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,  
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown  
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English  
crown.

*Riv.* But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

*Q. Eliz.* I am inform'd that he comes towards London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head:  
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must  
down,

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,—  
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,—30  
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,  
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:  
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.  
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:  
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*

*Enter* GLOUCESTER, LORD HASTINGS, and SIR  
WILLIAM STANLEY.

*Glou.* Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir Wil-  
liam Stanley,  
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,  
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.  
Thus stands the case: you know our king, my  
brother,

Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands  
He hath good usage and great liberty,  
And, often but attended with weak guard,  
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.  
I have advertised him by secret means  
That if about this hour he make this way 10



Under the colour of his usual game,  
He shall here find his friends with horse and men  
To set him free from his captivity.

*Enter KING EDWARD and a Huntsman with him.*

*Hunt.* This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

*K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen stand.

Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the rest,

Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

*Glou.* Brother, the time and case requireth haste:

Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

*K. Edw.* But whither shall we then?

*Hast.* To Lynn, my lord, 20  
And ship from thence to Flanders.

*Glou.* Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

*K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

*Glou.* But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

*K. Edw.* Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

*Hunt.* Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

*Glou.* Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.

*K. Edw.* Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;

And pray that I may repossess the crown.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *London. The Tower.*

*Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, and Lieutenant of the Tower.*

*K. Hen.* Master lieutenant, now that God and friends

Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,  
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,  
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,

At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

*Lieu.* Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;

But if an humble prayer may prevail,

I then crave pardon of your majesty.

*K. Hen.* For what, lieutenant? for well using me? 9

Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness,

For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;

Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds

Conceive when after many moody thoughts

At last by notes of household harmony

They quite forget their loss of liberty.

But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,

And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;

He was the author, thou the instrument.

Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite

By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me, 20

And that the people of this blessed land

May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,

Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,

I here resign my government to thee,

For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

*War.* Your grace hath still been famed for virtuous;

And now may seem as wise as virtuous,

By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,

For few men rightly temper with the stars:

Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace, 30

For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

*Clar.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,

To whom the heavens in thy nativity

Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,

As likely to be blest in peace and war;

And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

*War.* And I choose Clarence only for protector.

*K. Hen.* Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands:

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,

That no dissension hinder government: 40

I make you both protectors of this land,

While I myself will lead a private life  
And in devotion spend my latter days,  
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

**War.** What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;  
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

*War.* Why, then, though loath, yet must I be content:

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow  
To Henry's body, and supply his place; 50  
I mean, in bearing weight of government,  
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.  
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful  
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,  
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

*Clar.* What else? and that succession be determined.

*War.* Ay, therein Clarence shall not want  
his part.

*K. Hen.* But, with the first of all your chief affairs,  
Let me entreat, for I command no more, 59  
That Margaret your queen and my son Edward  
Be sent for, to return from France with speed;  
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear  
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

*Clar.* It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

*K. Hen.* My Lord of Somerset, what youth  
is that.

Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

*Som.* My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

*H. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope. [*Lays his hand on his head*] If secret powers  
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,  
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss. 70  
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,  
His head by nature framed to wear a crown  
His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself  
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.

Make much of him, my lords, for this is he  
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

*Enter a Post.*

*War.* What news, my friend?

*Post.* That Edward is escaped from your  
brother,  
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

*War.* Unsavoury news! but how made he  
escape? 80

*Post.* He was convey'd by Richard Duke of  
Gloucester

And the Lord Hastings, who attended him  
In secret ambush on the forest side  
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;  
For hunting was his daily exercise.

*War.* My brother was too careless of his  
charge.

But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide  
A salve for any sore that may betide.

*[Exeunt all but Somerset, Richmond,  
and Oxford.]*

*Som.* My lord, I like not of this flight of  
Edward's;

For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help, 90  
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.

As Henry's late presaging prophecy  
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Rich-  
mond,

So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts  
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:  
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,  
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,  
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

*Oxf.* Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,  
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

*Som.* It shall be so; he shall to Brittany. 101  
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII. *Before York.*

*Flourish.* *Enter* KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER,  
HASTINGS, *and* Soldiers.

*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, Lord Hast-  
ings, and the rest,

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,  
And says that once more I shall interchange  
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.  
Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the seas  
And brought desired help from Burgundy:  
What then remains, we being thus arrived  
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,  
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

*Glou.* The gates made fast! Brother, I like  
not this; 10

For many men that stumble at the threshold  
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

*K. Edw.* Tush, man, abodements must not  
now affright us:

By fair or foul means we must enter in,  
For hither will our friends repair to us.

*Hast.* My liege, I'll knock once more to  
summon them.

*Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and  
his Brethren.*

*May.* My lords, we were forewarned of your  
coming,  
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;  
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

*K. Edw.* But, master mayor, if Henry be  
your king, 20  
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

*May.* True, my good lord; I know you for no  
less.

*K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but  
my dukedom,  
As being well content with that alone.

*Glou.* [*Aside*] But when the fox hath once got  
in his nose,

He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

*Hast.* Why, master mayor, why stand you in  
a doubt?

Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.

*May.* Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be  
open'd. [*They descend.*]

*Glou.* A wise stout captain, and soon per-  
suaded! 30

*Hast.* The good old man would fain that all  
were well,  
So 'twere not 'long of him; but being enter'd,  
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade  
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

*Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.*

*K. Edw.* So, master mayor: these gates must  
not be shut  
But in the night or in the time of war.  
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys.  
[*Takes his keys.*  
For Edward will defend the town and thee,  
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

*March. Enter MONTGOMERY, with drum and soldiers.*

*Glou.* Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,  
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived. 41

*K. Edw.* Welcome, Sir John! But why come  
you in arms?

*Mont.* To help King Edward in his time of  
storm,  
As every loyal subject ought to do.

*K. Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery; but we  
now forget  
Our title to the crown and only claim  
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

*Mont.* Then fare you well, for I will hence  
again:

I came to serve a king and not a duke.  
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. 50  
[*The drum begins to march.*

*K. Edw.* Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile, and  
we'll debate  
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

*Mont.* What talk you of debating? in few  
words,

If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,  
I'll leave you to your fortune and be gone  
To keep them back that come to succour you:  
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

*Glou.* Why, brother, wherefore stand you on  
nice points?

*K. Edw.* When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning. 60

*Hast.* Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

*Glou.* And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand:

The bruit\* thereof will bring you many friends.

*K. Edw.* Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right, \*Rumour.

And Henry but usurps the diadem.

*Mont.* Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;

And now will I be Edward's champion.

*Hast.* Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. 70  
[*Flourish.*]

*Sold.* Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.

*Mont.* And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*]

*All.* Long live Edward the Fourth!

*K. Edw.* Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks unto you all:

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York;

And when the morning sun shall raise his car 80

Above the border of this horizon,

We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;

For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.

Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,

To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.

Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day.

And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *London. The palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK,  
MONTAGUE, CLARENCE, EXETER, and OXFORD.

*War.* What counsel, lords? Edward from  
Belgia,  
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,  
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,  
And with his troops doth march amain to London;  
And many giddy people flock to him.

*K. Hen.* Let's levy men, and beat him back  
again.

*Clar.* A little fire is quickly trodden out;  
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

*War.* In Warwickshire I have true-hearted  
friends,

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war; 10  
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,  
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk and in Kent,  
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:  
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,  
Northampton and in Leicestershire, shalt find  
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st:  
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,  
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.  
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,  
Like to his island girt in with the ocean, 20  
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,  
Shall rest in London till we come to him.  
Fair lords, take leave and stand not to reply.  
Farewell, my sovereign.

*K. Hen.* Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's  
true hope.

*Clar.* In sign of truth, I kiss your highness'  
hand.

*K. Hen.* Well-minded Clarence, be thou for-  
tunate!

*Mont.* Comfort, my lord; and so I take my  
leave.

*Oxf.* And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

*K. Hen.* Sweet Oxford, and my loving Mon-  
tague, 30  
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.



War. Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt all but King Henry and Exeter.*]

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile. Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship? Methinks the power that Edward hath in field Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear; my meed\* hath got me fame: \*Merit.

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,  
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays; 40  
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,  
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,  
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;  
I have not been desirous of their wealth,  
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,  
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:  
Then why should they love Edward more than me?  
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:  
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,  
The lamb will never cease to follow him. 50

[*Shout within, 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!'*]

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

*Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, and  
soldiers.*

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-faced Henry, bear him hence;  
And once again proclaim us king of England.  
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:  
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,  
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.  
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with King Henry.*]

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,  
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:  
The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay, 60  
Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

Glou. Away betimes, before his forces join,

And take the great-grown traitor unawares:  
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Coventry.*

*Enter WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two  
Messengers, and others upon the walls.*

*War.* Where is the post that came from valiant  
Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

*First Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching  
hitherward.

*War.* How far off is our brother Montague?  
Where is the post that came from Montague?

*Second Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puis-  
sant troop.

*Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.*

*War.* Say, Somerville, what says my loving  
son?

And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

*Som.* At Southam I did leave him with his  
forces,

And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[*Drum heard.*]

*War.* Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his  
drum. 11

*Som.* It is not his, my lord; here Southam  
lies:

The drum your honour hears marcheth from  
Warwick.

*War.* Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-  
for friends.

*Som.* They are at hand, and you shall quickly  
know.

*March: flourish. Enter KING EDWARD,  
GLOUCESTER, and soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound  
a parle.

*Glou.* See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!

*War.* O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,

That we could hear no news of his repair? 20

*K. Edw.* Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,

Speak gentle words and humbly bend thy knee,

Call Edward king and at his hands beg mercy?

And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

*War.* Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,

Call Warwick patron and be penitent?

And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

*Glou.* I thought, at least, he would have said the king;

Or did he make the jest against his will? 30

*War.* Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

*Glou.* Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give: I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

*War.* 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

*K. Edw.* Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

*War.* Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:

And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;

And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

*K. Edw.* But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this: 40

What is the body when the head is off?

*Glou.* Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,

But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,

The king was silyly finger'd from the deck!\*

You left poor Henry at the Bishop's palace,

And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

*K. Edw.* 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

\*Pack of cards.

*Glou.* Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

*War.* I had rather chop this hand off at a blow, 50

And with the other fling it at thy face,  
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

*K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,  
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,  
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,  
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,  
'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'

*Enter* OXFORD, *with drum and colours.*

*War.* O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!

*Oxf.* Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*]

*Glou.* The gates are open, let us enter too. 60

*K. Edw.* So other foes may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array; for they no doubt  
Will issue out again and bid us battle:  
If not, the city being but of small defence,  
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

*War.* O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

*Enter* MONTAGUE, *with drum and colours.*

*Mont.* Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*]

*Glou.* Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

*K. Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater victory: 70

My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

*Enter* SOMERSET, *with drum and colours.*

*Som.* Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*]

*Glo.* Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,  
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;  
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

*Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colours.*

*War.* And lo, where George of Clarence  
sweeps along,  
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;  
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails  
More than the nature of a brother's love!  
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick  
call. 80

*Clar.* Father of Warwick, know you what this  
means?

*[Taking his red rose out of his hat.]*

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:  
I will not ruinate my father's house,  
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,  
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, War-  
wick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,  
To bend the fatal instruments of war  
Against his brother and his lawful king?  
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:  
To keep that oath were more impiety 90  
Than Jephthah's, when he sacrificed his daughter.  
I am so sorry for my trespass made  
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,  
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,  
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee—  
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad—  
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.  
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,  
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.  
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends: 100  
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,  
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

*K. Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten times  
more beloved,  
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

*Glo.* Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-  
like.

*War.* O passing traitor, perjured and unjust!

*K. Edw.* What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

*War.* Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!

I will away towards Barnet presently, 110  
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.

*K. Edw.* Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.

Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!

[*Exeunt King Edward and his company.*

*March. Warwick and his company follow.*

SCENE II. *A field of battle near Barnet.*

*Alarum and excursions. Enter KING EDWARD, bringing forth WARWICK wounded.*

*K. Edw.* So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;

For Warwick was a bug\* that fear'd† us all.

Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,

That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

\*Bugbear. †Terrified. [*Exit.*

*War.* Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,

And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?

Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,

My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,

That I must yield my body to the earth

And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe. 10

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,

Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree

And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,

To search the secret treasons of the world:

The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,

Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres; 20

For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?  
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his  
brow?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!  
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,  
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands  
Is nothing left me but my body's length.  
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and  
dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

*Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.*

*Som.* Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as  
we are,  
We might recover all our loss again: 30  
The queen from France hath brought a puissant  
power:  
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou  
fly!

*War.* Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Mont-  
tague,  
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,  
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!  
Thou lovest me not; for, brother, if thou didst,  
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood  
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.  
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

*Som.* Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed  
his last; 40  
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick  
And said 'Commend me to my valiant brother.'  
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,  
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,  
That mought not be distinguish'd; but at last  
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,  
'O, farewell, Warwick!'

*War.* Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and  
save yourselves;  
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in  
heaven. [Dies.]

*Oxf.* Away, away, to meet the queen's great  
power! [Here they bear away his body.  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD in triumph; with GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and the rest.*

*K. Edw.* Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,  
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.  
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,  
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,  
That will encounter with our glorious sun,  
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:  
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen  
Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast  
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

*Clar.* A little gale will soon disperse that cloud  
And blow it to the source from whence it came:  
The very beams will dry those vapours up,  
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

*Glo.* The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,  
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:  
If she have time to breathe, be well assured  
Her faction will be full as ours.

*K. Edw.* We are advertised by our loving friends  
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury:  
We, having now the best at Barnet field,  
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;  
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented

In every county as we go along.  
Strike up the drum; cry 'Courage!' and away.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Plains near Tewksbury.*

*March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and soldiers.*

*Q. Mar.* Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,  
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.  
What though the mast be now blown overboard,



The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,  
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?  
Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet that he  
Should leave the helm and like a fearful lad  
With tearful eyes add water to the sea  
And give more strength to that which hath too  
much,

Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,  
Which industry and courage might have saved?  
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!  
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?  
And Montague our topmast; what of him?  
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of  
these?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?  
And Somerset another goodly mast?  
The friends of France our shrouds and tack-  
lings?

And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I  
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge? 20  
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,  
But keep our course, though the rough wind say  
no,

From shelves and rocks that threaten us with  
wreck.

As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.

And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?

What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?

And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?

All these the enemies to our poor bark.

Say you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while!

Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:

Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off, 31

Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.

This speak I, lords, to let you understand,

If case some one of you would fly from us,

That there's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers

More than with ruthless waves, with sands and  
rocks.

Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided

'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

*Prince.* Methinks a woman of this valiant  
spirit

Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,  
Infuse his breast with magnanimity 41  
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.  
I speak not this as doubting any here;  
For did I but suspect a fearful man,  
He should have leave to go away betimes,  
Lest in our need he might infect another  
And make him of like spirit to himself.  
If any such be here—as God forbid!—  
Let him depart before we need his help.

*Oxf.* Women and children of so high a courage, 50  
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.  
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather  
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live  
To bear his image and renew his glories!

*Som.* And he that will not fight for such a  
hope,  
Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,  
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

*Q. Mar.* Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford, thanks.

*Prince.* And take his thanks that yet hath  
nothing else.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at  
hand, 60  
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

*Oxf.* I thought no less: it is his policy  
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

*Som.* But he's deceived; we are in readiness.

*Q. Mar.* This cheers my heart, to see your  
forwardness.

*Oxf.* Here pitch our battle; hence we will  
not budge.

*Flourish and march. Enter KING EDWARD,  
GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* Brave followers, yonder stands the  
thorny wood,  
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your  
strength,  
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire, 70  
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:  
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

*Q. Mar.* Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what  
I should say

My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,  
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.  
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sove-  
reign,

Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,  
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,  
His statutes cancell'd and his treasure spent;  
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil. 80  
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,  
Be valiant and give signal to the fight.

[*Alarum: Retreat: Excursions. 'Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER,  
CLARENCE, and soldiers; with QUEEN MAR-  
GARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners.*

*K. Edw.* Now here a period of tumultuous  
broils.

Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight:  
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

*Oxf.* For my part, I'll not trouble thee with  
words.

*Som.* Nor I, but stoop with patience to my  
fortune.

[*Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.*

*Q. Mar.* So part we sadly in this troublous  
world,

To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

*K. Edw.* Is proclamation made, that who finds  
Edward

Shall have a high reward, and he his life? 10

*Glou.* It is: and lo, where youthful Edward  
comes!

*Enter soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.*

*K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant, let us hear  
him speak.

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?  
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make  
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,  
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

*Prince.* Speak like a subject, proud ambitious  
York!

Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;  
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,  
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee, 20  
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

*Q. Mar.* Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

*Glou.* That you might still have worn the  
petticoat,

And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

*Prince.* Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;  
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

*Glou.* By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that  
word.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, thou wast born to be a plague  
to men.

*Glou.* For God's sake, take away this captive  
scold.

*Prince.* Nay, take away this scolding crook-  
back rather. 30

*K. Edw.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm  
your tongue.

*Clar.* Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

*Prince.* I know my duty; you are all un-  
dutiful:

Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,

And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all

I am your better, traitors as ye are:

And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

*K. Edw.* Take that, thou likeness of this  
railer here. [*Stabs him.*]

*Glou.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy  
agony. [*Stabs him.*]

*Clar.* And there's for twitting me with per-  
jury. [*Stabs him.* 40

*Q. Mar.* O, kill me too!

*Glou.* Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*]

*K. Edw.* Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.

*Glou.* Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

*K. Edw.* What, doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

*Glou.* Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;

I'll hence to London on a serious matter:

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

*Clar.* What? what?

*Glou.* The Tower, the Tower. [Exit. 50]

*Q. Mar.* O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!

They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by to equal it:

He was a man; this, in respect, a child:

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak:

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst 60

Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

You have no children, butchers! if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:

But if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off

As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

*K. Edw.* Away with her; go, bear her hence!

*Clar.* Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

*Q. Mar.* Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,

Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou? Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back. *To*

*K. Edw.* Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

*Q. Mar.* So come to you and yours, as to this prince! *[Exit, led out forcibly]*

*K. Edw.* Where's Richard gone?

*Clar.* To London, all in post: and, as I guess, To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

*K. Edw.* He's sudden if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence: discharge the common war

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London.

And see our gentle queen how well she fares.

By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.

*[Exeunt]*

SCENE VI. *London. The Tower.*

*Enter KING HENRY and GLOUCESTER, with the Lieutenant, and the walls.*

*Glou.* Good day, What, at your book so hard?

*K. Hen.* Ay, should say so.

*Glou.* sin to flatter.

*Glouce-*

*th*

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act? 10

*Glou.* Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;  
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

*K. Hen.* The bird that hath been limed in a bush,  
With trembling wings misdoubteth\* every bush;  
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,  
Have now the fatal object in my eye \*Suspects.  
Where my poor young was limed, was caught  
and kill'd.

*Glou.* Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,  
That taught his son the office of a fowl! 19  
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

*K. Hen.* I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;  
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;  
The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy  
Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea  
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.  
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!  
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point  
Than can my ears that tragic history.  
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

*Glou.* Think'st thou I am an executioner? 30  
*K. Hen.* A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:  
If murdering innocents be executing,  
Why, then thou art an executioner.

*Glou.* Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.  
*K. Hen.* Hadst thou been kill'd when first  
thou didst presume,  
Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.  
And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,  
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,  
And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,  
And many an orphan's water-standing eye— 40  
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,  
And orphans for their parents' timeless death—  
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.  
The owl shriek'd at thy birth,—an evil sign;  
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;  
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down  
trees;  
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,

And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.  
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,  
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,  
To wit, an indigested and deformed lump, 51  
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.  
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast  
born,  
To signify thou camest to bite the world:  
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,  
Thou camest—

*Glou.* I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy  
speech: [Stabs him.

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

*K. Hen.* Ay, and for much more slaughter  
after this.

O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [Dies.

*Glou.* What, will the aspiring blood of Lan-  
caster 61

Sink in the ground? I thought it would have  
mounted.

See how my sword weeps for the poor king's  
death!

O, may such purple tears be alway shed  
From those that wish the downfall of our house!  
If any spark of life be yet remaining,  
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither:

[Stabs him again.

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of;

For I have often heard my mother say 70

I came into the world with my legs forward:

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,

And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?

The midwife wonder'd and the women cried

'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'

And so I was; which plainly signified

That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.

Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it,

I have no brother, I am like no brother; 80

And this word 'love,' which greybeards call divine,

Be resident in men like one another

And not in me: I am myself alone.



Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light:  
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;  
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies  
That Edward shall be fearful of his life,  
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.  
King Henry and the prince his son are gone:  
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest, 90  
Counting myself but bad till I be best.  
I'll throw thy body in another room  
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.  
[Exit, with the body.]

SCENE VII. *London. The palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter KING EDWARD, QUEEN ELIZABETH, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, a Nurse with the young Prince, and Attendants.

*K. Edw.* Once more we sit in England's royal throne,  
Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.  
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,  
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!  
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd  
For hardy and undoubted champions;  
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,  
And two Northumberlands; two braver men  
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;  
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague, 10  
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion  
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.  
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat  
And made our footstool of security.  
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.  
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself  
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night,  
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,  
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace;  
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain. 20  
*Glou.* [Aside] I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.  
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;  
And heave it shall some weight, or break my  
back:

Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.

*K. Edw.* Clarence and Gloucester, love my  
lovely queen;

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

*Clar.* The duty that I owe unto your majesty  
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

*Q. Eliz.* Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy  
brother, thanks. 30

*Glou.* And, that I love the tree from whence  
thou sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.

[*Aside*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his  
master,

And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant all harm.

*K. Edw.* Now am I seated as my soul de-  
lights,

Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

*Clar.* What will your grace have done with  
Margaret?

Reignier, her father, to the king of France

Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,

And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

*K. Edw.* Away with her, and waft her hence  
to France.

And now what rests but that we spend the time

With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,

Such as befits the pleasure of the court?

Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[*Exeunt.*]



THE TRAGEDY OF  
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD the Fourth.

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V.,	}	sons to the King.
RICHARD, Duke of York,		

GEORGE, Duke of Clarence,	}	brothers to the King.
RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III.,		

A young son of Clarence.

HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.

CARDINAL BOURCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York.

JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.

• DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF SURREY, his son.

EARL RIVERS, brother to Elizabeth.

MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, sons to Elizabeth.

EARL OF OXFORD.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY.

LORD LOVEL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT.

SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a priest. Another Priest.

TRESSEL and BERKELEY, gentlemen attending on the Lady Anne.

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, queen to King Edward IV.

MARGARET, widow of King Henry VI.

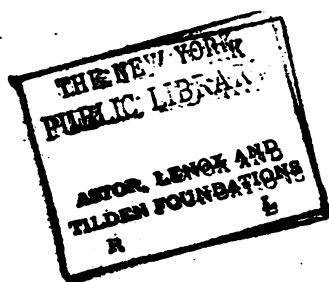
... to King Edward IV.  
... Edward Prince of Wales,  
... Henry VI.; afterwards married

... Daughter of Clarence (MARGARET  
...).

... murdered by Richard III.,  
... and other Attendants; a Pursuivant,  
... Citizens, Murderers, Messengers,  
... &c.

SCENE: *England.*











### T. H. KEENE AS KING RICHARD III.

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Among contemporary actors of Shakespeare there have been few more conscientious and effective in his chosen parts than this modern namesake of an elder genius. The appended portrait is as faithful a likeness of the man as is the player of the character he represents.

# THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *London. A street.*

*Enter* RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *solus.*

*Glou.* Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;  
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.\*  
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled  
front;

\*Dances.

And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds 10  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;  
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty  
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;  
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time 20  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
And that so lamely and unfashionable  
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;  
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the time,  
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun  
And descant on mine own deformity:  
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,  
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,

I am determined to prove a villain  
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days. 30  
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
 By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,  
 To set my brother Clarence and the king  
 In deadly hate the one against the other:  
 And if King Edward be as true and just  
 As I am subtle, false and treacherous,  
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,†  
 About a prophecy, which says that G †Confined.  
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be. 40  
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence  
 comes.

*Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.*

Brother, good day: what means this armed guard  
 That waits upon your grace?

*Clar.* His majesty,  
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed  
 This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

*Glou.* Upon what cause?

*Clar.* Because my name is George.

*Glou.* Alack, my lord, that fault is none of  
 yours;

He should, for that, commit your godfathers:  
 O, belike his majesty hath some intent  
 That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower. 50  
 But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

*Clar.* Yea, Richard, when I know; for I  
 protest

As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,  
 He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;  
 And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,  
 And says a wizard told him that by G  
 His issue disinherited should be;  
 And, for my name of George begins with G,  
 It follows in his thought that I am he.  
 These, as I learn, and such like toys\* as these 60  
 Have moved his highness to commit me now.

*Glou.* Why, this it is, when men are ruled by  
 women:

\*Trifles.

'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;  
 My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she

That tempers him to this extremity.  
Was it not she and that good man of worship,  
Anthony Woodville, her brother there,  
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,  
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?  
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe. 70

*Clar.* By heaven, I think there's no man is  
secure

But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds  
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.  
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant  
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

*Glou.* Humbly complaining to her deity  
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.

I'll tell you what; I think it is our way,  
If we will keep in favour with the king,  
To be her men and wear her livery: 80  
The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,  
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,  
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

*Brak.* I beseech your graces both to pardon  
me;  
His majesty hath straitly given in charge  
That no man shall have private conference,  
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

*Glou.* Even so; an't please your worship,  
Brakenbury,  
You may partake of any thing we say:  
We speak no treason, man: we say the king 90  
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen  
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;  
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,  
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing  
tongue;  
And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-  
folks:

How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

*Brak.* With this, my lord, myself have nought  
to do.

*Glou.* Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell  
thee, fellow,  
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,  
Were best he do it secretly, alone. 100

*Brak.* What one, my lord?

*Glou.* Her husband, knave: wouldst thou betray me?

*Brak.* I beseech your grace to pardon me, and withal

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

*Clar.* We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

*Glou.* We are the queen's subjects, and must obey.

Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;  
And whatsoever you will employ me in,  
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,  
I will perform it to enfranchise you. 110

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood  
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

*Clar.* I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

*Glou.* Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;

I will deliver you, or else lie for you:  
Meantime, have patience.

*Clar.* I must perforce. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.*]

*Glou.* Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,

Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,  
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,  
If heaven will take the present at our hands. 120  
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

*Enter LORD HASTINGS.*

*Hast.* Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

*Glou.* As much unto my good lord chamberlain!  
Well are you welcome to the open air.  
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

*Hast.* With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks  
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

*Glou.* No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;

For they that were your enemies are his, 130  
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

*Hast.* More pity that the eagle should be  
mew'd,\*

While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

*Glou.* What news abroad?

*Hast.* No news so bad abroad as this at home;  
The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,  
And his physicians fear him mightily.

*Glou.* Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad  
indeed.

O, he hath kept an evil diet long,  
And overmuch consumed his royal person: 140  
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

What, is he in his bed?

*Hast.* He is.

*Glou.* Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit Hastings.*]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die  
I'll George be pack'd with post-horse up to  
heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,  
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;  
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,  
Clarence hath not another day to live: 150  
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,  
And leave the world for me to bustle in!  
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.  
What though I kill'd her husband and her father?  
The readiest way to make the wench amends  
Is to become her husband and her father:  
The which will I; not all so much for love  
As for another secret close intent,  
By marrying her which I must reach unto.  
But yet I run before my horse to market: 160  
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and  
reigns:

When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another street.*

*Enter the corpse of KING HENRY the Sixth, Gen-  
tlemen with halberds to guard it; LADY ANNE  
being the mourner.*

*Anne.* Set down, set down your honourable  
load.



If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,  
Whilst I awhile obsequiously\* lament \*Funereally  
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.  
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!  
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!  
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!  
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,  
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,  
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son, 10  
Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these  
wounds!

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,  
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.  
Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes!  
Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it!  
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!  
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,  
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,  
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,  
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives! 20  
If ever he have child, abortive be it,  
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,  
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect  
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;  
And that be heir to his unhappiness!  
If ever he have wife, let her be made  
As miserable by the death of him  
As I am made by my poor lord and thee!  
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,  
Taken from Paul's to be interred there; 30  
And still, as you are weary of the weight,  
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

*Enter GLOUCESTER.*

*Glou.* Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it  
down.

*Anne.* What black magician conjures up this  
fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds?

*Glou.* Villains, set down the corse; or, by  
Saint Paul,

I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

*Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin  
pass.

*Glou.* Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I  
command:

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, 40  
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,  
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

*Anne.* What, do you tremble? are you all  
afraid?

Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,  
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.  
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!  
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,  
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

*Glou.* Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

*Anne.* Foul devil, for God's sake; hence, and  
trouble us not; 50

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,  
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.  
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,  
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.  
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!  
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;  
For 'tis thy presence that exhales\* this blood  
From cold and empty veins, where no blood  
dwells;

Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural, 60  
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.

O God, which this blood madest, revenge his  
death!

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his  
death!

Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer  
dead,

Or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,  
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,  
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

*Glou.* Lady, you know no rules of charity,  
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

*Anne.* Villain, thou know'st no law of God  
nor man; 70

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

*Glou.* But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

*Anne.* O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

*Glou.* More wonderful, when angels are so angry.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,  
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,  
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

*Anne.* Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,  
For these known evils, but to give me leave,  
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self. 80

*Glou.* Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have

Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

*Anne.* Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

*Glou.* By such despair, I should accuse myself.

*Anne.* And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand excused;

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,  
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

*Glou.* Say that I slew them not?

*Anne.* Why, then they are not dead:

But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

*Glou.* I did not kill your husband. 91

*Anne.* Why, then he is alive.

*Glou.* Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

*Anne.* In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood:  
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,  
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

*Glou.* I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,  
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

*Anne.* Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,  
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries: 100  
Didst thou not kill this king?

*Glou.* I grant ye.

*Anne.* Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too

Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

*Glou.* The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.

*Anne.* He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

*Glou.* Let him thank me, that help\* to send him thither; \*Helped.

For he was fitter for that place than earth.

*Anne.* And thou unfit for any place but hell.

*Glou.* Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it. 110

*Anne.* Some dungeon.

*Glou.* Your bed-chamber.

*Anne.* Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

*Glou.* So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

*Anne.* I hope so.

*Glou.* I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,  
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,  
And fall somewhat into a slower method,  
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths  
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,  
As blameful as the executioner?

*Anne.* Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect. 120

*Glou.* Your beauty was the cause of that effect;  
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep  
To undertake the death of all the world,  
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

*Anne.* If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,  
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

*Glou.* These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck;

You should not blemish it, if I stood by:

As all the world is cheered by the sun,

So I by that; it is my day, my life. 130

*Anne.* Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

*Glou.* Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

*Anne.* I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

*Glou.* It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
To be revenged on him that loveth you.

*Anne.* It is a quarrel just and reasonable,  
To be revenged on him that slew my husband.

*Glou.* He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,  
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

*Anne.* His better doth not breathe upon the  
earth. 140

*Glou.* He lives that loves thee better than he  
could.

*Anne.* Name him.

*Glou.* Plantagenet.

*Anne.* Why, that was he.

*Glou.* The selfsame name, but one of better  
nature.

*Anne.* Where is he?

*Glou.* Here. [*She spitteth at him.*]

Why dost thou spit at me?

*Anne.* Would it were mortal poison, for thy  
sake!

*Glou.* Never came poison from so sweet a place.

*Anne.* Never hung poison on a fouler toad.  
Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes.

*Glou.* Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected  
mine. 150

*Anne.* Would they were basilisks, to strike  
thee dead!

*Glou.* I would they were, that I might die at  
once;

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt  
tears,

Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,

No, when my father York and Edward wept,

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made

When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child, 160

Told the sad story of my father's death,

And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,  
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never sued to friend nor enemy;  
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;

But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee, 170  
My proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to speak. *[She looks scornfully at him.]*

Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made  
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,  
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;  
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom,  
And let the soul forth that adareth thee,  
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,  
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

*[He lays his breast open: she offers at it with his sword.]*

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry,  
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me. 181  
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on. *[Here she lets fall the sword.]*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

*Anne.* Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,

I will not be the executioner.

*Glou.* Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

*Anne.* I have already.

*Glou.* Tush, that was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and, even with the word,  
That hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,  
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love; 191  
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessory.

*Anne.* I would I knew thy heart.

*Glou.* 'Tis figured in my tongue.

*Anne.* I fear me both are false.

*Glou.* Then never man was true.

*Anne.* Well, well, put up your sword.

*Glou.* Say, then, my peace is made.

*Anne.* That shall you know hereafter.

*Glou.* But shall I live in hope? 200

*Anne.* All men, I hope, live so.

*Glou.* Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

*Anne.* To take is not to give.

*Glou.* Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;  
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted suppliant may  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

*Anne.* What is it? 210

*Glou.* That it would please thee leave these  
sad designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby Place;  
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd  
At Chertsey monastery this noble king,  
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,  
I will with all expedient duty see you:  
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,  
Grant me this boon.

*Anne.* With all my heart; and much it joys  
me too, 220

To see you are become so penitent.

Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

*Glou.* Bid me farewell.

*Anne.* 'Tis more than you deserve;  
But since you teach me how to flatter you,  
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.*]

*Glou.* Sirs, take up the corse.

*Gent.* Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

*Glou.* No, to White-Friars; there attend my  
coming. [*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her; but I will not keep her long. 230

What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate,  
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

Having God, her conscience, and these bars  
against me,

And I nothing to back my suit at all,  
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,  
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!  
Ha!  
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,      240  
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three monthssince,  
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?  
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,  
Framed in the prodigality of nature,  
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,  
The spacious world cannot again afford:  
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,  
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,  
And made her widow to a woful bed?  
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?  
On me, that halt and am unshapen thus?      251  
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,\*      \*French coin.  
I do mistake my person all this while:  
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.  
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,  
And entertain some score or two of tailors,  
To study fashions to adorn my body:  
Since I am crept in favour with myself,  
I will maintain it with some little cost.      260  
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;  
And then return lamenting to my love.  
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,  
That I may see my shadow as I pass.      [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.    *The palace.*

*Enter* QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and  
LORD GREY.

*Riv.* Have patience, madam: there's no doubt  
his majesty  
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.  
*Grey.* In that you brook it ill, it makes him  
worse:  
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,  
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.  
*Q. Eliz.* If he were dead, what would betide  
of me?



*Riv.* No other harm but loss of such a lord.

*Q. Eliz.* The loss of such a lord includes all harm.

*Grey.* The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,

To be your comforter when he is gone. 10

*Q. Eliz.* Oh, he is young, and his minority  
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,  
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

*Riv.* Is it concluded he shall be protector?

*Q. Eliz.* It is determined, not concluded yet:  
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and DERBY.*

*Grey.* Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.

*Buck.* Good time of day unto your royal grace!

*Der.* God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

*Q. Eliz.* The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Derby, 20

To your good prayers will scarcely say amen.  
Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife,  
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured  
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

*Der.* I do beseech you, either not believe  
The envious slanders of her false accusers;  
Or, if she be accused in true report,  
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds  
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

*Riv.* Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Derby? 30

*Der.* But now the Duke of Buckingham and I  
Are come from visiting his majesty.

*Q. Eliz.* What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

*Buck.* Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

*Q. Eliz.* God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

*Buck.* Madam, we did: he desires to make atonement

Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,

And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain,  
And sent to warn\* them to his royal presence.

*Q. Eliz.* Would all were well! but that will  
never be: \*Summon. 40  
I fear our happiness is at the highest.

*Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.*

*Glou.* They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:

Who are they that complain unto the king,  
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?  
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly  
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.  
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,  
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,  
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,  
I must be held a rancorous enemy. 50

Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,  
But thus his simple truth must be abused  
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?\*

*Riv.* To whom in all this presence speaks  
your grace? \*Mean fellows.

*Glou.* To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.  
When have I injured thee? when done thee  
wrong?

Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?  
A plague upon you all! His royal person,—  
Whom God preserve better than you would  
wish!—

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while, 60  
But you must trouble him with lewd\* complaints.

*Q. Eliz.* Brother of Gloucester, you mistake  
the matter. \*Foolish.

The king, of his own royal disposition,  
And not provoked by any suitor else;  
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,  
Which in your outward actions shows itself  
Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,  
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather  
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

*Glou.* I cannot tell: the world is grown so  
bad, 70

That wrens make prey where eagles dare not  
perch:

Since every Jack became a gentleman,  
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

*Q. Eliz.* Come, come, we know your meaning,  
brother Gloucester;

You envy my advancement and my friends':  
God grant we never may have need of you!

*Glou.* Meantime, God grants that we have  
need of you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,  
Myself disgraced, and the nobility  
Held in contempt; whilst many fair promotions  
Are daily given to ennoble those 81  
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a  
noble.\*

*Q. Eliz.* By Him that raised me to this care-  
ful height

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,  
I never did incense his majesty  
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been  
An earnest advocate to plead for him.  
My lord, you do me shameful injury,  
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.\*

*Glou.* You may deny that you were not the  
cause

Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

*Riv.* She may, my lord, for—

*Glou.* She may, Lord Rivers! why, who  
knows not so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that:  
She may help you to many fair preferments,  
And then deny her aiding hand therein,  
And lay those honours on your high deserts.  
What may she not? She may, yea, marry, may  
she,—

*Riv.* What, marry, may she?

*Glou.* What, marry, may she! marry with a  
king, 100

A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:

I wis\* your grandam had a worsor match. \*Certainly.

*Q. Eliz.* My Lord of Gloucester, I have too  
long borne

Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:  
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty  
With those gross taunts I often have endured.  
I had rather be a country servant-maid  
Than a great queen, with this condition,  
To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.*

Small joy have I in being England's queen. 110

*Q. Mar.* And lessen'd be that small, God, I  
beseech thee!

Thy honour, state and seat is due to me.

*Glou.* What! threat you me with telling of  
the king?

Tell him, and spare not: look what I have said

I will avouch in presence of the king:

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

*Q. Mar.* Out, devil! I remember them too  
well:

Thou slewest my husband Henry in the Tower,

And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury. 120

*Glou.* Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband  
king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends:

To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.

*Q. Mar.* Yea, and much better blood than his  
or thine.

*Glou.* In all which time you and your husband  
Grey

Were factious for the house of Lancaster;

And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband

In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain? 130

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

What you have been ere now, and what you are;

Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

*Q. Mar.* A murderous villain, and so still  
thou art.

*Glou.* Poor Clarence did forsake his father,  
Warwick;

Yea, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—

*Q. Mar.* Which God revenge!

*Glou.* To fight on Edward's party for the crown;

And for his meed,\* poor lord, he is mew'd up.

I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;

Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine: \*Reward. 140

I am too childish-foolish for this world.

*Q. Mar.* Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world,

Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.

*Riv.* My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days

Which here you urge to prove us enemies,

We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king:

So should we you, if you should be our king.

*Glou.* If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar:

Far be it from my heart, the thought of it! 150

*Q. Eliz.* As little joy, my lord, as you suppose

You should enjoy, were you this country's king,

As little joy may you suppose in me,

That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

*Q. Mar.* A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;

For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient. [Advancing.

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out

In sharing that which you have pill'd\* from me!

Which of you trembles not that looks on me? 160

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,

Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?

O gentle villain, do not turn away! \*Pillaged.

*Glou.* Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou in my sight?

*Q. Mar.* But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;

That will I make\* before I let thee go. \*Do.

*Glou.* Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

*Q. Mar.* I was; but I do find more pain in banishment

Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband and a son thou owest to me; 170  
And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance:  
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,  
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

*Glou.* The curse my noble father laid on  
thee,  
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with  
paper

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,  
And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout  
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rut-  
land,—

His curses, then from bitterness of soul 179  
Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;  
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

*Q. Eliz.* So just is God, to right the inno-  
cent.

*Hast.* O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that  
babe,  
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

*Riv.* Tyrants themselves wept when it was  
reported.

*Dor.* No man but prophesied revenge for it.

*Buck.* Northumberland, then present, wept to  
see it.

*Q. Mar.* What were you snarling all before I  
came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,  
And turn you all your hatred now on me? 190  
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with  
heaven

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,  
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,  
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?  
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?  
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick  
curses!

If not by war, by surfeit die your king,  
As ours by murder, to make him a king!  
Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,  
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,  
Die in his youth by like untimely violence! 201  
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,

Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!  
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss;  
And see another, as I see thee now,  
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!  
Long die thy happy days before thy death;  
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,  
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!  
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by, 210  
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son  
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray  
him,

That none of you may live your natural age,  
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

*Glou.* Have done thy charm, thou hateful  
wither'd hag!

*Q. Mar.* And leave out thee? stay, dog, for  
thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store  
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,  
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,  
And then hurl down their indignation 220  
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!  
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!  
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,  
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!  
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,  
Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream  
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!  
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!  
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity  
The slave of nature and the son of hell! 230  
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!  
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!  
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

*Glou.* Margaret.

*Q. Mar.* Richard!

*Glou.* Ha!

*Q. Mar.* I call thee not.

*Glou.* I cry thee mercy then, for I had  
thought

That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

*Q. Mar.* Why, so I did; but look'd for no  
reply

O, let me make the period to my curse!

*Glou.* 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret.'

*Q. Eliz.* Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself. 240

*Q. Mar.* Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,  
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The time will come when thou shalt wish for me  
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back'd  
toad.

*Hast.* False-boding woman, end thy frantic  
curse,

Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

*Q. Mar.* Foul shame upon you! you have all  
moved mine.

*Riv.* Were you well served, you would be  
taught your duty. 250

*Q. Mar.* To serve me well, you all should do  
me duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my sub-  
jects:

O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that  
duty!

*Dor.* Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.

*Q. Mar.* Peace, master marquess, you are  
malapert:

Your fire-new\* stamp of honour is scarce current.

O, that your young nobility could judge

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high have many blasts to shake  
them;

And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces. \*Newly-forged. 259

*Glou.* Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn it,  
marquess.

*Dor.* It toucheth you, my lord, as much as  
me.

*Glou.* Yea, and much more: but I was born  
so high,

Our aery\* buildeth in the cedar's top, \*Nest.  
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.



*Q. Mar.* And turns the sun to shade; alas!  
alas!

Witness my son, now in the shade of death;  
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath  
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest. 270  
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;  
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

*Buck.* Have done! for shame, if not for  
charity.

*Q. Mar.* Urge neither charity nor shame to  
me:

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,  
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.  
My charity is outrage, life my shame;  
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

*Buck.* Have done, have done.

*Q. Mar.* O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy  
hand, 280

In sign of league and amity with thee:  
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!  
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,  
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

*Buck.* Nor no one here; for curses never pass  
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

*Q. Mar.* I'll not believe but they ascend the  
sky,

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.  
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!  
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he  
bites, 290

His venom tooth will rankle to the death:  
Have not to do with him, beware of him;  
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him.  
And all their ministers attend on him.

*Glou.* What doth she say, my Lord of Buck-  
ingham?

*Buck.* Nothing that I respect, my gracious  
lord.

*Q. Mar.* What, dost thou scorn me for my  
gentle counsel?

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?  
O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,  
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess! 301  
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,  
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

*Hast.* My hair doth stand on end to hear her  
curses.

*Riv.* And so doth mine: I muse why she's at  
liberty.

*Glou.* I cannot blame her: by God's holy  
mother,

She hath had too much wrong; and I repent  
My part thereof that I have done to her.

*Q. Eliz.* I never did her any, to my knowledge.

*Glou.* But you have all the vantage\* of her  
wrong. 310

\*Advantage.

I was too hot to do somebody good,

That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;

He is frank'd† up to fattening for his pains: †Confined.  
God pardon them that are the cause of it!

*Riv.* A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,  
To pray for them that have done scathe\* to us.

*Glou.* So do I ever: [*Aside*] being well advised.  
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself. \*Injury.

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cates.* Madam, his majesty doth call for you;  
And for your grace; and you, my noble lords. 321

*Q. Eliz.* Catesby, we come. Lords, will you  
go with us?

*Riv.* Madam, we will attend your grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

*Glou.* I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.  
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad

I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,

I do beweepe to many simple gulls;

Namely, to Hastings, Derby, Buckingham;

And say it is the queen and her allies 330

That stir the king against the duke my brother.

Now, they believe it; and withal whet me

To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:

But then I sigh; and, with a piece of scripture,

Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:  
And thus I clothe my naked villany  
With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ;  
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

*Enter two Murderers.*

But, soft! here come my executioners.  
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates! 340  
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

*First Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to  
have the warrant,  
That we may be admitted where he is.

*Glou.* Well thought upon; I have it here about  
me. [*Gives the warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.  
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,  
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;  
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps  
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

*First Murd.* Tush! 350

Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate;  
Talkers are no good doers: be assured  
We come to use our hands and not our tongues.

*Glou.* Your eyes drop millstones, when fools'  
eyes drop tears:

I like you, lads; about your business straight;  
Go, go, dispatch.

*First Murd.* We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *London. The Tower.*

*Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.*

*Brak.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

*Clar.* O, I have pass'd a miserable night,  
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,  
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,  
So full of dismal terror was the time!

*Brak.* What was your dream? I long to hear  
you tell it.

*Clar.* Methought that I had broken from the  
Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy; 10  
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester;

Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward  
England,  
And cited up a thousand fearful times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster  
That had befall'n us. As we paced along  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in  
falling,  
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,  
Into the tumbling billows of the main. 20  
Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to  
drown!

What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!  
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!  
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;  
Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued\* jewels, \*Invaluable.  
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:  
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes  
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept, 30  
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,  
Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

*Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of  
death

To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

*Clar.* Methought I had; and often did I strive  
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood  
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To seek the empty, vast and wandering air;  
But smother'd it within my panting bulk, 40  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brak.* Awakened you not with this sore agony?

*Clar.* O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after  
life;

O, then began the tempest to my soul,  
Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,  
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.  
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,  
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;

Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury 50  
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'  
And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by  
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood; and he squeak'd out aloud,  
'Clarence is come; false, fleeting,\* perjured Cla-

rence,

\*Inconstant.

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;  
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!  
With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends  
Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears  
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise 60  
I trembling waked, and for a season after  
Could not believe but that I was in hell,  
Such terrible impression made the dream.

*Brak.* No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted  
you;

I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.

*Clar.* O Brakenbury, I have done those things,  
Which now bear evidence against my soul,  
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!  
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,  
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds, 70  
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone,  
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!  
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;  
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

*Brak.* I will, my lord: God give your grace  
good rest!

[*Clarence sleeps.*]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,  
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide  
night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
An outward honour for an inward toil;  
And, for unfelt imagination, 80  
They often feel a world of restless cares:  
So that, betwixt their titles and low names,  
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*Enter the two Murderers.*

*First Murd.* Ho! who's here?

*Brak.* In God's name what are you, and how  
came you hither?

*First Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

*Brak.* Yea, are you so brief?

*Sec. Murd.* O sir; it is better to be brief than tedious. Shew him our commission; talk no more. [*Brakenbury reads it.*]

*Brak.* I am, in this, commanded to deliver The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands: I will not reason what is meant hereby, Because I will be guiltless of the meaning. Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep: I'll to the king; and signify to him That thus I have resign'd my charge to you.

*First Murd.* Do so, it is a point of wisdom: fare you well. [*Exit Brakenbury.* 100]

*Sec. Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

*First Murd.* No; then he will say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

*Sec. Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgement-day.

*First Murd.* Why, then he will say we stabbed him sleeping.

*Sec. Murd.* The urging of that word 'judgement' hath bred a kind of remorse in me. 110

*First Murd.* What, art thou afraid?

*Sec. Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant can defend us.

*First Murd.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

*Sec. Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

*First Murd.* Back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him so.

*Sec. Murd.* I pray thee, stay a while: I hope my holy humour will change; 'twas wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

*First Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

*Sec. Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

*First Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed is done.

*Sec. Murd.* 'Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward. 129

*First Murd.* Where is thy conscience now?

*Sec. Murd.* In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

*First Murd.* So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

*Sec. Murd.* Let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

*First Murd.* How if it come to thee again?

*Sec. Murd.* I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he cannot swear, but it checks him; he cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold that I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it.

*First Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke. 150

*Sec. Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

*First Murd.* Tut, I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me, I warrant thee.

*Sec. Murd.* Spoke like a tall\* fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this gear?†

\*Brave. †Business.

*First Murd.* Take him over the costard\* with the hilts of thy sword, and then we will chop him in the malmsey-butt in the next room. \*Head.

*Sec. Murd.* O excellent device! make a sop of him. 163

*First Murd.* Hark! he stirs: shall I strike?

*Sec. Murd.* No, first let's reason with him.

*Clar.* Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

*Sec. Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

*Clar.* In God's name, what art thou?

*Sec. Murd.* A man, as you are. 170

*Clar.* But not, as I am, royal.

*Sec. Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

*Clar.* Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

*Sec. Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own,

*Clar.* How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

*Both.* To, to, to—

*Clar.* To murder me?

*Both.* Ay, ay.

*Clar.* You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, 180

And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

*First Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

*Clar.* I shall be reconciled to him again.

*Sec. Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

*Clar.* Are you call'd forth from out a world of men

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where are the evidence that do accuse me?

What lawful quest\* have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced 190

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict† by course of law, \*Inquest.

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart and lay no hands on me:

The deed you undertake is damnable. †Convicted.

*First Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

*Sec. Murd.* And he that hath commanded is the king.

*Clar.* Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings 200

Hath in the tables of his law commanded



That thou shalt do no murder: and wilt thou, then,  
Spurn at his edict and fulfil a man's?  
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hands,  
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

*Sec. Murd.* And that same vengeance doth  
he hurl on thee,

For false forswearing and for murder too:  
Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,  
To fight in quarrel\* of the house of Lancaster.

*First Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of  
God,  
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous  
blade

Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

*Sec. Murd.* Whom thou wert sworn to cherish  
and defend.

*First Murd.* How canst thou urge God's  
dreadful law to us,

When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?

*Clar.* Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

Why, sirs,

He sends ye not to murder me for this;

For in this sin he is as deep as I.

220

If God will be revenged for this deed,

O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;

He needs no indirect nor lawless course

To cut off those that have offended him.

*First Murd.* Who made thee, then, a bloody  
minister,

When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

*Clar.* My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

*First Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and  
thy fault,

230

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

*Clar.* Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me;  
I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you be hired for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,

Who shall reward you better for my life

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

*Sec. Murd.* You are deceived, your brother  
Gloucester hates you.

*Clar.* O, no, he loves me, and he holds me  
dear:

Go you to him from me.

*Both.* Ay, so we will. 240

*Clar.* Tell him, when that our princely father  
York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,  
And charged us from his soul to love each other,  
He little thought of this divided friendship:  
Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep.

*First Murd.* Ay, millstones as he lesson'd us  
to weep.

*Clar.* O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

*First Murd.* Right,  
As snow in harvest. Thou deceivest thyself:  
'Tis he that sent us hither now to slaughter thee,

*Clar.* It cannot be; for when I parted with him,  
He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,  
That he would labour my delivery.

*Sec. Murd.* Why, so he doth, now he delivers  
thee

From this world's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

*First Murd.* Make peace with God, for you  
must die, my lord.

*Clar.* Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,  
To counsel me to make my peace with God,  
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,  
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?  
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on 261  
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

*Sec. Murd.* What shall we do?

*Clar.* Relent, and save your souls.

*First Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly and wo-  
manish.

*Clar.* Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.  
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,  
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,  
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,  
Would not entreat for life?  
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks; 270  
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,  
As you would beg, were you in my distress:  
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

*Sec. Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

*First Murd.* Take that, and that: if all this  
will not do, [Stabs him.  
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit, with the body.

*Sec. Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately  
dispatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands  
Of this most grievous guilty murder done! 280

*Re-enter First Murderer.*

*First Murd.* How now! what mean'st thou,  
that thou help'st me not?

By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou  
art!

*Sec. Murd.* I would he knew that I had saved  
his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;  
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

*First Murd.* So do not I: go, coward as thou  
art.

Now must I hide his body in some hole,  
Until the duke take order for his burial:  
And when I have my meed, I must away;  
For this will out, and here I must not stay. 290

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. London. The palace.

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, sick, QUEEN  
ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS,  
BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others.*

*K. Edw.* Why, so: now have I done a good  
day's work:

You peers, continue this united league:  
I every day expect an embassy  
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;  
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,  
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.  
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;  
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

*Riv.* By heaven, my heart is purged from  
grudging hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love. 10

*Hast.* So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

*K. Edw.* Take heed you dally not before  
your king;

Lest he that is the supreme King of kings  
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award  
Either of you to be the other's end.

*Hast.* So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

*Riv.* And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

*K. Edw.* Madam, yourself are not exempt in  
this,

Nor your son Dorset, Buckingham, nor you;  
You have been factious one against the other. 20  
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;  
And what you do. do it unfeignedly.

*Q. Eliz.* Here, Hastings; I will never more  
remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

*K. Edw.* Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love  
lord marquess.

*Dor.* This interchange of love, I here protest,  
Upon my part shall be unviolable.

*Hast.* And so swear I, my lord.

[*They embrace.*]

*K. Edw.* Now, princely Buckingham, seal  
thou this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies, 30  
And make me happy in your unity.

*Buck.* Whenever Buckingham doth turn his  
hate

On you or yours [*to the Queen*], but with all  
duteous love

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me  
With hate in those where I expect most love!

When I have most need to employ a friend,  
And most assured that he is a friend,  
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,  
Be he unto me! this do I beg of God,  
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours. 40

[*They embrace.*]

*K. Edw.* A pleasing cordial, princely Buck-  
ingham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.  
There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,  
To make the perfect period of this peace.

*Buck.* And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

*Enter GLOUCESTER.*

*Glou.* Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen;  
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

*K. Edw.* Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.

Brother, we have done deeds of charity;  
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate, 50  
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

*Glou.* A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege:

Amongst this princely heap, if any here,  
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,  
Hold me a foe;  
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,  
Have aught committed that is hardly borne  
By any in this presence, I desire  
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:  
'Tis death to me to be at enmity; 60

I hate it, and desire all good men's love.  
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,  
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;  
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,  
If ever any grudge were lodged between us;  
Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you;  
That all without desert have frown'd on me;  
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.  
I do not know that Englishman alive  
With whom my soul is any jot at odds 70  
More than the infant that is born to-night:  
I thank my God for my humility.

*Q. Eliz.* A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:

I would to God all strifes were well compounded.  
My sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty  
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

*Glou.* Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,

To be so flouted in this royal presence?  
Who knows not that the noble duke is dead?

[*They all start.*

You do him injury to scorn his corse. 80

*Riv.* Who knows not he is dead! who knows  
he is?

*Q. Eliz.* All-seeing heaven, what a world is  
this!

*Buck.* Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the  
rest?

*Dor.* Ay, my good lord; and no one in this  
presence

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

*K. Edw.* Is Clarence dead? the order was  
reversed.

*Glou.* But he, poor soul, by your first order  
died,

And that a winged Mercury did bear;  
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,  
That came too lag\* to see him buried. \*Late. 90  
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,  
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,  
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,  
And yet go current from suspicion!

*Enter DERBY.*

*Der.* A boon, my sovereign, for my service  
done!

*K. Edw.* I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of  
sorrow.

*Der.* I will not rise, unless your highness grant.

*K. Edw.* Then speak at once what is it thou  
demand'st.

*Der.* The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's  
life;

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman 100

Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

*K. Edw.* Have I a tongue to doom my bro-  
ther's death,

And shall the same give pardon to a slave?

My brother slew no man; his fault was thought.

And yet his punishment was cruel death.

Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,  
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advised?

Who spake of brotherhood? who spake of love?  
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake  
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me? 110  
Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,  
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,  
And said, 'Dear brother, live, and be a king?'  
Who told me, when we both lay in the field  
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me  
Even in his own garments, and gave himself,  
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?  
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath  
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you  
Had so much grace to put it in my mind. 120  
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals  
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced  
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,  
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;  
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:  
But for my brother not a man would speak,  
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself  
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all  
Have been beholding to him in his life;  
Yet none of you would once plead for his life. 130  
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold  
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this!  
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh, poor  
Clarence!

[*Exeunt some with King and Queen.*]

Glou. This is the fruit of rashness! Mark'd  
you not  
How that the guilty kindred of the queen  
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence'  
death?  
O, they did urge it still unto the king!  
God will revenge it. But come, let us in,  
To comfort Edward with our company.

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

*Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, with the two  
children of CLARENCE.*

Boy. Tell me, good grandam, is our father  
dead?

*Duch.* No, boy.

*Boy.* Why do you wring your hands, and beat your breast,  
And cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son!'

*Girl.* Why do you look on us, and shake your head,  
And call us wretches, orphans, castaways,  
If that our noble father be alive?

*Duch.* My pretty cousins, you mistake me much;  
I do lament the sickness of the king,  
As loath to lose him, not your father's death; 10  
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

*Boy.* Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.

The king my uncle is to blame for this:  
God will revenge it; whom I will importune  
With daily prayers all to that effect.

*Girl.* And so will I.

*Duch.* Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:  
Incapable and shallow innocents,  
You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

*Boy.* Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloucester 20

Told me, the king, provoked by the queen,  
Devised impeachments to imprison him:  
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,  
And hugg'd me in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;

Bade me rely on him as on my father,  
And he would love me dearly as his child.

*Duch.* Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,  
And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile!  
He is my son; yea, and therein my shame;  
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit. 30

*Son.* Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

*Duch.* Ay, boy.

*Son.* I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?



*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, with her hair about her ears; RIVERS and DORSET after her.*

*Q. Eliz.* Oh, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,  
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?  
I'll join with black despair against my soul,  
And to myself become an enemy.

*Duch.* What means this scene of rude impatience?

*Q. Eliz.* To make an act of tragic violence:  
Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead. 40  
Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd?  
Why wither not the leaves the sap being gone?  
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,  
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;  
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him  
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

*Duch.* Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow  
As I had title in thy noble husband!  
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,  
And lived by looking on his images: 50  
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance  
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,  
And I for comfort have but one false glass,  
Which grieves me when I see my shame in him.  
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,  
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:  
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine  
arms,  
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs,  
Edward and Clarence. O, what cause have I,  
Thine being but a moiety of my grief, 60  
To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries!

*Boy.* Good aunt, you wept not for our father's death;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

*Girl.* Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;  
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

*Q. Eliz.* Give me no help in lamentation;  
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,  
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,  
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the  
world! 70

Oh for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

*Chil.* Oh for our father, for our dear lord  
Clarence!

*Duch.* Alas for both, both mine, Edward and  
Clarence!

*Q. Eliz.* What stay had I but Edward? and  
he's gone.

*Chil.* What stay had we but Clarence? and  
he's gone.

*Duch.* What stays had I but they? and they  
are gone.

*Q. Eliz.* Was never widow had so dear a  
loss?

*Chil.* Were never orphans had so dear a loss!

*Duch.* Was never mother had so dear a loss!

Alas, I am the mother of these moans! 80

Their woes are parcell'd,\* mine are general. \*Divided.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;

I for an Edward weep, so do not they:

Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

*Dor.* Comfort, dear mother: God is much  
displeased

That you take with unthankfulness his doing: 90

In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,

For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

*Riv.* Madam, bethink you, like a careful  
mother,

Of the young prince your son: send straight  
for him;

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:

Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne. 100

*Enter* GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, DERBY,  
HASTINGS, and RATCLIFF.

*Glou.* Madam, have comfort: all of us have  
cause

To wail the dimming of our shining star;  
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.  
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;  
I did not see your grace: humbly on my knee  
I crave your blessing.

*Duch.* God bless thee; and put meekness in  
thy mind,  
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

*Glou.* [*Aside*] Amen; and make me die a  
good old man!

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing: 110  
I marvel why her grace did leave it out.

*Buck.* You cloudy princes and heart-sorrow-  
ing peers,  
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,  
Now cheer each other in each other's love:  
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,  
We are to reap the harvest of his son.  
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,  
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,  
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept:  
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train, 120  
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be  
fetch'd

Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

*Riv.* Why with some little train, my Lord of  
Buckingham?

*Buck.* Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,  
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break  
out;

Which would be so much the more dangerous,  
By how much the estate is green\* and yet un-  
govern'd: \*Unused.

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,  
And may direct his course as please himself;  
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent, 130  
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

*Glou.* I hope the king made peace with all of us;

And the compact is firm and true in me.

*Riv.* And so in me; and so, I think, in all:  
Yet, since it is but green,\* it should be put  
To no apparent likelihood of breach, \*Immature.  
Which haply by much company might be urged:  
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,  
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

*Hast.* And so say I. 140

*Glou.* Then be it so; and go we to determine  
Who they shall be that straight shall post to  
Ludlow.

Madam, and you, my mother, will you go  
To give your censures\* in this weighty business?

*Q. Eliz.* } With all our hearts. \*Opinions.  
*Duch.* }

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloucester.*]

*Buck.* My lord, whoever journeys to the  
prince,  
For God's sake, let not us two be behind;  
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion;  
As index\* to the story we late talk'd of, \*Preface.  
To part the queen's proud kindred from the  
king. 150

*Glou.* My other self, my counsel's consistory,  
My oracle, my prophet! My dear cousin,  
I, like a child, will go by thy direction.  
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *London. A street.*

*Enter two Citizens, meeting.*

*First Cit.* Neighbour, well met: whither away  
so fast?

*Sec. Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know  
myself:

Hear you the news abroad?

*First Cit.* Ay, that the king is dead.

*Sec. Cit.* Bad news, by'r lady; seldom comes  
the better:

I fear, I fear 'twill prove a troublous world.

*Enter another Citizen.*

*Third Cit.* Neighbours, God speed !

*First Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

*Third Cit.* Doth this news hold of good King Edward's death ?

*Sec. Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true ; God help the while !

*Third Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

*First Cit.* No, no ; by God's good grace his son shall reign.

*Third Cit.* Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child !

*Sec. Cit.* In him there is a hope of government,

That in his nonage council under him,  
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,  
No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.

*First Cit.* So stood the state when Henry the Sixth

Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

*Third Cit.* Stood the state so ? No, no, good friends, God wot ;

For then this land was famously enrich'd  
With politic grave counsel ; then the king  
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

*First Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by the father and mother.

*Third Cit.* Better it were they all came by the father,

Or by the father there were none at all ;  
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,  
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.  
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester !  
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud :

And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,  
This sickly land might solace as before.

*First Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst ;  
all shall be well.

*Third Cit.* When clouds appear, wise men  
put on their cloaks ;

When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand ;  
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?  
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.  
All may be well ; but, if God sort it so,  
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

*Sec. Cit.* Truly, the souls of men are full  
of dread :

Ye cannot reason almost with a man  
That looks not heavily and full of fear. 40

*Third Cit.* Before the times of change, still  
is it so :

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing dangers ; as, by proof, we see  
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.  
But leave it all to God. Whither away ?

*Sec. Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the  
justices.

*Third Cit.* And so was I : I'll bear you com-  
pany. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *London. The palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the young  
DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the  
DUCHESS OF YORK.*

*Arch.* Last night, I hear, they lay at North-  
ampton ;

At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night :  
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

*Duch.* I long with all my heart to see the  
prince :

I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

*Q. Eliz.* But I hear, no ; they say my son  
of York

Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

*York.* Ay, mother ; but I would not have it so.

*Duch.* Why, my young cousin, it is good to  
grow.

*York.* Grandam, one night, as we did sit  
at supper, 10

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow  
More than my brother : 'Ay,' quoth my uncle  
Gloucester,

'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow  
apace:'

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,  
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make  
haste.

*Duch.* Good faith, good faith, the saying did  
not hold

In him that did object the same to thee :

He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,  
So long a-growing and so leisurely,

That, if this rule were true, he should be gracious.

*Arch.* Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is. 21

*Duch.* I hope he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.

*York.* Now, by my troth, if I had been re-  
member'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,  
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

*Duch.* How, my pretty York? I pray thee,  
let me hear it.

*York.* Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast  
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old :

'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest. 30

*Duch.* I pray thee, pretty York, who told  
thee this?

*York.* Grandam, his nurse.

*Duch.* His nurse ! why, she was dead ere thou  
wert born.

*York.* If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who  
told me.

*Q. Eliz.* A parlous\* boy : go to, you are too  
shrewd.

\*Perilous.

*Arch.* Good madam, be not angry with the  
child.

*Q. Eliz.* Pitchers have ears.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Arch.* Here comes a messenger. What news?

*Mess.* Such news, my lord, as grieves me to  
unfold.

*Q. Eliz.* How fares the prince?

*Mess.* Well, madam, and in health. 40

*Duch.* What is thy news then?

*Mess.* Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

*Duch.* Who hath committed them?

*Mess.* The mighty dukes Gloucester and Buckingham.

*Q. Eliz.* For what offence?

*Mess.* The sum of all I can, I have disclosed;  
Why or for what these nobles were committed  
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

*Q. Eliz.* Ay me, I see the downfall of our house!

The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind; 50  
Insulting tyranny begins to jet\*

\*Encroach.

Upon the innocent and aweless throne:

Welcome, destruction, death, and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

*Duch.* Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,  
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!

My husband lost his life to get the crown;

And often up and down my sons were toss'd,

For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:

And being seated, and domestic broils 60

Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,

Make war upon themselves; blood against blood,

Self against self: O, preposterous

And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;

Or let me die, to look on death no more!

*Q. Eliz.* Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.

Madam, farewell.

*Duch.* I'll go along with you.

*Q. Eliz.* You have no cause.

*Arch.*

My gracious lady, go;  
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your grace 70

The seal I keep: and so betide to me

As well I tender you and all of yours!

Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*



## ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

*The trumpets sound. Enter the young PRINCE, the Dukes of GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, CATESBY, and others.*

*Buck.* Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

*Glou.* Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign :

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

*Prince.* No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy : I want more uncles here to welcome me.

*Glou.* Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years

Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit :

Nor more can you distinguish of a man Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows, Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart. 11

Those uncles which you want were dangerous ; Your grace attended to their sugar'd words, But look'd not on the poison of their hearts : God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

*Prince.* God keep me from false friends ! but they were none.

*Glou.* My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

*Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train.*

*May.* God bless your grace with health and happy days !

*Prince.* I thank you, good my lord ; and thank you all.

I thought my mother, and my brother York, 20 Would long ere this have met us on the way :

Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not To tell us whether they will come or no !

*Enter LORD HASTINGS.*

*Buck.* And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

*Prince.* Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come?

*Hast.* On what occasion, God he knows, not I, The queen your mother, and your brother York, Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince Would fain have come with me to meet your grace, But by his mother was perforce withheld. 30

*Buck.* Fie, what an indirect and peevish course Is this of hers! Lord cardinal, will your grace Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York Unto his princely brother presently? If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him, And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

*Card.* My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory Can from his mother win the Duke of York, Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid 40 We should infringe the holy privilege Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

*Buck.* You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord, Too ceremonious and traditional: Weigh it but with the grossness of this age, You break not sanctuary in seizing him. The benefit thereof is always granted To those whose dealings have deserved the place, And those who have the wit to claim the place: This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserved it; And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it: Then, taking him from thence that is not there, You break no privilege nor charter there. Oft have I heard of sanctuary men; But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

*Card.* My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

*Hast.* I go, my lord.

*Prince.* Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. 60

[*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.*]

Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come, Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

*Glou.* Where it seems best unto your royal self.

If I may counsel you, some day or two  
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:  
Then where you please, and shall be thought  
most fit

For your best health and recreation.

*Prince.* I do not like the Tower, of any place.  
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

*Buck.* He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;

Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

*Prince.* Is it upon record, or else reported  
Successively from age to age, he built it?

*Buck.* Upon record, my gracious lord.

*Prince.* But say, my lord, it were not register'd,

Methinks the truth should live from age to age,  
As'twere retail'd\* to all posterity, \*Handed down.  
Even to the general all-ending day.

*Glou.* [*Aside*] So wise so young, they say, do  
never live long.

*Prince.* What say you, uncle? 80

*Glou.* I say, without characters, fame lives long.

[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,  
I moralize two meanings in one word.

*Prince.* That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;  
With what his valour did enrich his wit,  
His wit set down to make his valour live:  
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;  
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.  
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

*Buck.* What, my gracious lord? 90

*Prince.* An if I live until I be a man,  
I'll win our ancient right in France again,  
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

*Glou.* [*Aside*] Short summers lightly\* have a  
forward spring. \*Generally.

*Enter young YORK, HASTINGS, and the  
CARDINAL.*

*Buck.* Now, in good time, here comes the Duke  
of York.

*Prince.* Richard of York ! how fares our loving brother?

*York.* Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

*Prince.* Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours:

Too late he died that might have kept that title,  
Which by his death hath lost much majesty. 100

*Glou.* How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

*York.* I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,  
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:  
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

*Glou.* He hath, my lord.

*York.* And therefore is he idle?

*Glou.* O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

*York.* Then is he more beholding to you than I.

*Glou.* He may command me as my sovereign;  
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

*York.* I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

*Glou.* My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart. 111

*Prince.* A beggar, brother?

*York.* Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;

And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

*Glou.* A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

*York.* A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it.

*Glou.* Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

*York.* O, then, I see, you will part but with light gifts;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

*Glou.* It is too heavy for your grace to wear.

*York.* I weigh it lightly, were it heavier. 121

*Glou.* What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

*York.* I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

*Glou.* How?

*York.* Little.

*Prince.* My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

*York.* You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;

Because that I am little, like an ape, 130  
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

*Buck.* With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himself:

So cunning and so young is wonderful.

*Glou.* My lord, will't please you pass along?

Myself and my good cousin Buckingham

Will to your mother, to entreat of her

To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

*York.* What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord? 140

*Prince.* My lord protector needs will have it so.

*York.* I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

*Glou.* Why, what should you fear?

*York.* Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost :  
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

*Prince.* I fear no uncles dead.

*Glou.* Nor none that live, I hope.

*Prince.* An if they live, I hope I need not fear.  
But come, my lord ; and with a heavy heart,  
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower. 150

[*A Sennet. Exeunt all but Gloucester,  
Buckingham and Catesby.*]

*Buck.* Think you, my lord, this little prating  
York

Was not incensed\* by his subtle mother \*Incited.  
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

*Glou.* No doubt, no doubt : O, 'tis a parlous  
boy;

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable :

He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.

*Buck.* Well, let them rest. Come hither,  
Catesby,

Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend

As closely to conceal what we impart :  
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way ;  
What think'st thou ? is it not an easy matter 161  
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,  
For the instalment of this noble duke  
In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

*Cate.* He for his father's sake so loves the  
prince,  
That he will not be won to aught against him.

*Buck.* What think'st thou, then, of Stanley ?  
what will he ?

*Cate.* He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

*Buck.* Well, then, no more but this : go, gentle  
Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,  
How he doth stand affected to our purpose ; 171  
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,  
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,  
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons :  
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,  
Be thou so too ; and so break off your talk,  
And give us notice of his inclination :  
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,  
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd. 180

*Glou.* Commend me to Lord William : tell  
him, Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries  
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle ;  
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,  
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

*Buck.* Good Catesby, go, effect this business  
soundly.

*Cate.* My good lords both, with all the heed  
I may.

*Glou.* Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere  
we sleep ?

*Cate.* You shall, my lord.

*Glou.* At Crosby Place, there shall you find us  
both. [*Exit Catesby.* 190

*Buck.* Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we  
perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots ?

*Glou.* Chop off his head, man ; somewhat we will do :

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me  
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables  
Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.

*Buck.* I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.

*Glou.* And look to have it yielded with all willingness.

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards  
We may digest our complots in some form. 200

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before Lord Hastings' house.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* What, ho ! my lord !

*Hast.* [*Within*] Who knocks at the door ?

*Mess.* A messenger from the Lord Stanley.

*Enter LORD HASTINGS.*

*Hast.* What is't o'clock ?

*Mess.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Hast.* Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights ?

*Mess.* So it should seem by that I have to say.  
First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

*Hast.* And then ?

*Mess.* And then he sends you word 10  
He dreamt to-night the boar had razed his helm :  
Besides, he says there are two councils held ;  
And that may be determin'd at the one  
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.  
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's  
pleasure,

If presently you will take horse with him,  
And with all speed post with him toward the  
north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

*Hast.* Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord ;  
Bid him not fear the separated councils : 20  
His honour and myself are at the one,  
And at the other is my servant Catesby ;

Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us  
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.  
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance :  
And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond\* \*Foolish.  
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers :  
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,  
Were to incense the boar to follow us  
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.  
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ; 31  
And we will both together to the Tower,  
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.  
*Mess.* My gracious lord, I'll tell him what  
you say. [Exit.

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cate.* Many good morrows to my noble lord !

*Hast.* Good morrow, Catesby ; you are early  
stirring :

What news, what news, in this our tottering  
state ?

*Cate.* It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord .  
And I believe 'twill never stand upright  
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm. 40

*Hast.* How ! wear the garland ! dost thou mean  
the crown ?

*Cate.* Ay, my good lord.

*Hast.* I'll have this crown of mine cut from  
my shoulders

Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced.  
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ?

*Cate.* Ay, on my life ; and hopes to find you  
forward

Upon his party for the gain thereof :  
And thereupon he sends you this good news,  
That this same very day your enemies, 49  
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

*Hast.* Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,  
Because they have been still mine enemies :  
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,  
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,  
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

*Cate.* God keep your lordship in that gracious  
mind !



*Hast.* But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,  
That they who brought me in my master's hate,  
I live to look upon their tragedy.  
I tell thee, Catesby,— 60

*Cate.* What, my lord?

*Hast.* Ere a fortnight make me elder,  
I'll send some packing that yet think not on it.

*Cate.* 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,  
When men are unprepared and look not for it.

*Hast.* O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls  
it out  
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do  
With some men else, who think themselves as  
safe

As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear  
To princely Richard and to Buckingham. 70

*Cate.* The princes both make high account of  
you;

[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

*Hast.* I know they do; and I have well de-  
served it.

*Enter* LORD STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear,  
man?

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

*Stan.* My lord, good morrow; good morrow,  
Catesby:

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,  
I do not like these several councils, I.

*Hast.* My lord,  
I hold my life as dear as you do yours; 80  
And never in my life, I do protest,  
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:  
Think you, but that I know our state secure,  
I would be so triumphant as I am?

*Stan.* The lords at Pomfret, when they rode  
from London,  
Were jocund, and supposed their state was sure,  
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;  
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.  
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt:

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward ! 90  
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is  
spent.

*Hast.* Come, come, have with you. Wot you  
what, my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

*Stan.* They, for their truth, might better wear  
their heads

Than some that have accused them wear their  
hats.

But come, my lord, let us away.

*Enter a Pursuivant.*

*Hast.* Go on before; I'll talk with this good  
fellow. [*Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.*]

How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

*Purs.* The better that your lordship please  
to ask. 99

*Hast.* I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now  
Than when I met thee last where now we meet:  
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,  
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;  
But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—  
This day those enemies are put to death,  
And I in better state than e'er I was.

*Purs.* God hold it, to your honour's good  
content!

*Hast.* Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for  
me. [*Throws him his purse.*]

*Purs.* God save your lordship! [*Exit.*]

*Enter a Priest.*

*Priest.* Well met, my lord; I am glad to see  
your honour. 110

*Hast.* I thank thee, good Sir John, with all  
my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise.\*  
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

\*Religious service. [*He whispers in his ear.*]

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

*Buck.* What, talking with a priest, lord cham-  
berlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the 'priest ;  
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

*Hast.* Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

Those men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower ?

*Buck.* I do, my lord ; but long I shall not stay  
I shall return before your lordship thence. 121

*Hast.* 'Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.

*Buck.* [*Aside*] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.

Come, will you go ?

*Hast.* I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Pomfret Castle.*

*Enter* SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF, *with halberds, carrying* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *to death.*

*Rat.* Come, bring forth the prisoners.

*Riv.* Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this :  
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die  
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

*Grey.* God keep the prince from all the pack\*  
of you !

\*Number of people confederated.

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

*Vaug.* You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

*Rat.* Dispatch ; the limit of your lives is out.

*Riv.* O Pomfret, Pomfret ! O thou bloody prison,

Fatal and ominous to noble peers ! 10

Within the guilty closure of thy walls

Richard the second here was hack'd to death ;

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,

We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

*Grey.* Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,

For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

*Riv.* Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she Buckingham,

Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God,  
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us !

And for my sister and her princely sons, 20  
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,  
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

*Rat.* Make haste ; the hour of death is expiate.\*

*Riv.* Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us all  
embrace : \*Completed.

And take our leave, until we meet in heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Tower of London.*

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM, DERBY, HASTINGS, *the*  
BISHOP OF ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, *with others,*  
*and take their seats at a table.*

*Hast.* My lords, at once : the cause why we  
are met

Is, to determine of the coronation.

In God's name, speak : when is the royal day ?

*Buck.* Are all things fitting for that royal time ?

*Der.* It is, and wants but nomination.

*Ely.* To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.

*Buck.* Who knows the lord protector's mind  
herein ?

Who is most inward\* with the royal duke ? \*Intimate.

*Ely.* Your grace, we think, should soonest  
know his mind.

*Buck.* Who, I, my lord ! we know each other's  
faces, 10

But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine,  
Than I of yours ;

Nor I no more of his, than you of mine.

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

*Hast.* I thank his grace, I know he loves me  
well ;

But, for his purpose in the coronation,  
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd  
His gracious pleasure any way therein :

But you, my noble lords, may name the time ;

And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice, 20  
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

*Enter* GLOUCESTER.

*Ely.* Now in good time, here comes the duke  
himself.

*Glou.* My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.

I have been long a sleeper; but, I hope,  
My absence doth neglect no great designs,  
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

*Buck.* Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,  
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—

I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

*Glou.* Than my Lord Hastings no man might  
be bolder;  
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

*Hast.* I thank your grace.

*Glou.* My lord of Ely!

*Ely.* My lord?

*Glou.* When I was last in Holborn,  
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:  
I do beseech you send for some of them.

*Ely.* Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. *[Exit.]*

*Glou.* Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.  
*[Drawing him aside.]*

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,  
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,  
As he will lose his head ere give consent 40  
His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,  
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

*Buck.* Withdraw you hence, my lord, I'll follow you.

*[Exit Gloucester, Buckingham following.]*

*Der.* We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden;  
For I myself am not so well provided  
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

*Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY.*

*Ely.* Where is my lord protector? I have sent for these strawberries.

*Hast.* His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day;  
There's some conceit or other likes\* him well, 50

When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.  
I think there's never a man in Christendom  
That can less hide his love or hate than he;  
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

*Der.* What of his heart perceive you in his face  
By any likelihood\* he show'd to-day? \*Pleases.

*Hast.* Marry, that with no man here he is  
offended; \*Appearance.

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

*Der.* I pray God he be not, I say. 60

*Re-enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM.*

*Glou.* I pray you all, tell me what they deserve  
That do conspire my death with devilish plots  
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd  
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

*Hast.* The tender love I bear your grace, my  
lord,

Makes me most forward in this noble presence  
To doom the offenders, whatsoever they be:  
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

*Glou.* Then be your eyes the witness of this ill:  
See how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm 70  
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:  
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,  
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,  
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

*Hast.* If they have done this thing, my gracious  
lord,—

*Glou.* If! thou protector of this damned  
strumpet,

Tellest thou me of 'ifs?' Thou art a traitor:  
Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear,  
I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done: 80  
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff, and Lovel.*]

*Hast.* Woe, woe for England! not a whit for  
me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this.  
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm;  
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly:  
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,

And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,  
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.  
O, now I want the priest that spake to me:  
I now repent I told the pursuivant, 90  
As 'twere triumphing at mine enemies,  
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,  
And I myself secure in grace and favour.  
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse  
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

*Rat.* Dispatch, my lord; the duke would be at dinner:

Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

*Hast.* O momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!  
Who builds his hopes in air of your good looks,  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast, 101  
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

*Lov.* Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

*Hast.* O bloody Richard! miserable England!  
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee  
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.  
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:  
They smile at me that shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Tower-walls.*

*Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*

*Glou.* Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,  
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,  
And then begin again, and stop again,  
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

*Buck.* Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;  
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,  
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks  
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;  
And both are ready in their offices, 10

At any time, to grace my stratagems.

But what, is Catesby gone?

*Glou.* He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

*Enter the Mayor and CATESBY.*

*Buck.* Lord mayor,—

*Glou.* Look to the drawbridge there!

*Buck.* Hark! a drum.

*Glou.* Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

*Buck.* Lord mayor, the reason we have sent—

*Glou.* Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

*Buck.* God and our innocency defend and guard us!

*Glou.* Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.

*Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' head.*

*Lov.* Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,  
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

*Glou.* So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless creature  
That breathed upon this earth a Christian;  
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded  
The history of all her secret thoughts:  
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,  
That, his apparent open guilt omitted, 30  
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,  
He lived from all attainder of suspect.

*Buck.* Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor  
That ever lived.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,  
Were't not that, by great preservation,  
We live to tell it you, the subtle traitor  
This day had plotted, in the council-house  
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester?

*May.* What, had he so? 40

*Glou.* What, think you we are Turks or infidels?  
Or that we would, against the form of law,  
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,  
But that the extreme peril of the case,



The peace of England and our persons' safety,  
Enforced us to this execution?

*May.* Now, fair befall you! he deserved his death;

And you my good lords, both have well proceeded,  
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.  
I never look'd for better at his hands, 50  
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

*Glou.* Yet had not we determined he should die,  
Until your lordship came to see his death;  
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,  
Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented:  
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard  
The traitor speak, and timorously confess  
The manner and the purpose of his treason;  
That you might well have signified the same 60  
Unto the citizens, who haply may  
Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.

*May.* But, my good lord, your grace's word  
shall serve,

As well as I had seen and heard him speak:  
And doubt you not, right noble princes both,  
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens  
With all your just proceedings in this cause.

*Glou.* And to that end we wish'd your lordship  
here,

To avoid the carping censures of the world.

*Buck.* But since you come too late of our  
intent,

Yet witness what you hear we did intend: 70  
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Mayor.*]

*Glou.* Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.  
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all  
post:

There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,  
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:  
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,  
Only for saying he would make his son  
Heir to the crown; meaning indeed his house,  
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so,  
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury, 80  
And bestial appetite in change of lust;

Which stretched to their servants, daughters,  
wives,

Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,  
Without control, listed to make his prey.  
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :  
Tell them, when that my mother went with child  
Of that unsatiate Edward, noble York  
My princely father then had wars in France ;  
And, by just computation of the time,  
Found that the issue was not his begot ; 90  
Which well appeared in his lineaments,  
Being nothing like the noble duke my father :  
But touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off ;  
Because you know, my lord, my mother lives.

*Buck.* Fear not, my lord, I'll play the orator  
As if the golden fee for which I plead  
Were for myself : and so, my lord, adieu.

*Glou.* If you thrive well, bring them to Bay-  
nard's Castle ;  
Where you shall find me well accompanied 99  
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

*Buck.* I go ; and towards three or four o'clock  
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit.*  
*Glou.* Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor  
Shaw ;

[*To Cate.*] Go thou to Friar Penker ; bid them  
both

Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Now will I in, to take some privy order,  
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight ;  
And to give notice, that no manner of person  
At any time have recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A street.*

*Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand.*

*Scriv.* This is the indictment of the good  
Lord Hastings ;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,  
That it may be this day read o'er in Paul's.  
And mark how well the sequel hangs together :

Eleven hours I spent to write it over,  
 For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me;  
 The precedent was full as long a-doing:  
 And yet within these five hours lived Lord  
     Hastings,  
 Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.  
 Here's a good world the while! Why who's so  
     gross, 10  
 That seeth not this palpable device?  
 Yet who's so blind, but says he sees it not?  
 Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,  
 When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.  
[Exit.]

SCENE VII. *Baynard's Castle.*

*Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, at  
 several doors.*

*Glou.* How now, my lord, what say the citizens?

*Buck.* Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,  
 The citizens are mum and speak not a word.

*Glou.* Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's  
 children?

*Buck.* I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,  
 And his contract by deputy in France;  
 The insatiate greediness of his desires,  
 And his enforcement of the city wives;  
 His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,  
 As being got, your father then in France, 10  
 And his resemblance, being not like the duke:  
 Withal I did infer your lineaments,  
 Being the right idea of your father,  
 Both in your form and nobleness of mind;  
 Laid open all your victories in Scotland,  
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;  
 Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose  
 Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse:  
 And when mine oratory grew to an end, 20  
 I bid them that did love their country's good  
 Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king!'

*Glou.* Ah! and did they so?

*Buck.* No, so God help me, they spake not a  
 word;

But, like dumb statuas\* or breathing stones,  
Gazed each on other, and look'd deadly pale.  
Which when I saw, I reprehended them; \*Statues.  
And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful  
silence:

His answer was, the people were not wont  
To be spoke to but by the recorder. 30  
Then he was urged to tell my tale again,  
'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;'  
But nothing spake in warrant from himself.  
When he had done, some followers of mine own,  
At the lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their  
caps,  
And some ten voices cried 'God save King  
Richard!'

And thus I took the vantage of those few,  
'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I;  
'This general applause and loving shout 39  
Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard.'  
And even here brake off, and came away.

*Glou.* What tongueless blocks were they!  
would they not speak?

*Buck.* No, by my troth, my lord.

*Glou.* Will not the mayor then and his  
brethren come?

*Buck.* The mayor is here at hand: intend\*  
some fear; \*Pretend.

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:  
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,  
And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord;  
For on that ground I'll build a holy descendant:  
And be not easily won to our request: 50  
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

*Glou.* I go; and if you plead as well for them  
As I can say nay to thee for myself,  
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

*Buck.* Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor  
knocks. [*Exit Gloucester.*]

*Enter the Mayor and Citizens.*

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;  
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

*Enter CATESBY.*

Here comes his servant : how now, Catesby,  
What says he ?

*Cate.* My lord, he doth entreat your grace  
To visit him to-morrow or next day : 60  
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,  
Divinely bent to meditation ;  
And in no worldly suit would he be moved,  
To draw him from his holy exercise.

*Buck.* Return, good Catesby, to thy lord again ;  
Tell him, myself, the mayor and citizens,  
In deep designs and matters of great moment,  
No less importing than our general good,  
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

*Cate.* I'll tell him what you say, my lord. 70  
[*Exit.*

*Buck.* Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an  
Edward !

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,\*  
But on his knees at meditation ; \*Couch.  
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,  
But meditating with two deep divines ;  
Not sleeping, to engross† his idle body, †Fatten.  
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul :  
Happy were England, would this gracious prince  
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof :  
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it. 80

*May.* Marry, God forbid his grace should say  
us nay !

*Buck.* I fear he will.

*Re-enter CATESBY.*

How now, Catesby, what says your lord ?

*Cate.* My lord,  
He wonders to what end you have assembled  
Such troops of citizens to speak with him,  
His grace not being warn'd thereof before :  
My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.

*Buck.* Sorry I am my noble cousin should  
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him :  
By heaven, I come in perfect love to him ; 90  
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[*Exit Catesby.*

When holy and devout religious men  
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,  
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOUCESTER aloft, between two Bishops.*

*CATESBY returns.*

*May.* See, where he stands between two  
clergymen !

*Buck.* Two props of virtue for a Christian  
prince,

To stay him from the fall of vanity :  
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,  
True ornaments to know a holy man.  
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince, 100  
Lend favourable ears to our request ;  
And pardon us the interruption  
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

*Glou.* My lord, there needs no such apology :  
I rather do beseech you pardon me,  
Who, earnest in the service of my God,  
Neglect the visitation of my friends.  
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure ?

*Buck.* Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God  
above,

And all good men of this ungovern'd isle. 110

*Glou.* I do suspect I have done some offence  
That seems disgracious in the city's eyes,  
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

*Buck.* You have, my lord : would it might  
please your grace,

At our entreaties, to amend that fault !

*Glou.* Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian  
land ?

*Buck.* Then know, it is your fault that you  
resign

The supreme seat, the throne majestic,  
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,  
Your state of fortune and your due of birth, 120  
The lineal glory of your royal house,  
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock :  
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,  
Which here we waken to our country's good,  
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;

Her face defaced with scars of infamy,  
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,  
And almost shoulder'd\* in the swallowing gulf  
Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.  
Which to recure,† we heartily solicit \*Thrust into.  
Your gracious self to take on you the charge 131  
And kingly government of this your land; †Recover.  
Not as protector, steward, substitute,  
Or lowly factor for another's gain ;  
But as successively from blood to blood,  
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.  
For this, consorted with the citizens,  
Your very worshipful and loving friends,  
And by their vehement instigation,  
In this just suit come I to move your grace. 140  
*Glou.* I know not whether to depart in silence,  
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,  
Best fitteth my degree or your condition :  
If not to answer, you might haply think  
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded  
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,  
Which fondly you would here impose on me ;  
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,  
So season'd with your faithful love to me,  
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.  
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first, 151  
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,  
Definitively thus I answer you.  
Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert  
Unmeritable shuns your high request.  
First, if all obstacles were cut away,  
And that my path were even to the crown,  
As my ripe revenue and due by birth ;  
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,  
So mighty and so many my defects, 160  
As I had rather hide me from my greatness,  
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,  
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,  
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.  
But, God be thanked, there's no need of me,  
And much I need to help you, if need were ;  
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,

Will well become the seat of majesty,  
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign. 170  
On him I lay what you would lay on me,  
The right and fortune of his happy stars ;  
Which God defend that I should wring from him !

*Buck.* My lord, this argues conscience in your  
grace ;

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,  
All circumstances well considered.

You say that Edward is your brother's son :

So say we too, but not by Edward's wife ;

For first he was contract to Lady Lucy—

Your mother lives a witness to that vow— 180

And afterward by substitute betroth'd

To Bona, sister to the King of France.

These both put by, a poor petitioner,

A care-crazed mother of a many children,

A beauty-waning and distressed widow,

Even in the afternoon of her best days,

Made prize and purchase of his lustful eye,

Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts

To base declension and loathed bigamy :

By her, in his unlawful bed, he got 190

This Edward, whom our manners term the prince.

More bitterly could I expostulate,

Save that, for reverence to some alive,

I give a sparing limit to my tongue.

Then, good my lord, take to your royal self

This proffer'd benefit of dignity ;

If not to bless us and the land withal,

Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry

From the corruption of abusing times,

Unto a lineal true-derived course. 200

*May.* Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat you.

*Buck.* Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd  
love.

*Cate.* O, make them joyful, grant their lawful  
suit !

*Glou.* Alas, why would you heap these cares  
on me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty :

I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;

I cannot nor I will not yield to you.



*Buck.* If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,  
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;  
As well we know your tenderness of heart 210  
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,  
Which we have noted in you to your kin,  
And egally indeed to all estates,—  
Yet whether you accept our suit or no,  
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;  
But we will plant some other in the throne,  
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:  
And in this resolution here we leave you.—  
Come, citizens: 'zounds! I'll entreat no more.

*Glou.* O, do not swear, my Lord of Buckingham.

[*Exit Buckingham with the Citizens.*]

*Cate.* Call them again, my lord, and accept  
their suit. 221

*Another.* Do, good my lord, lest all the land  
do rue it.

*Glou.* Would you enforce me to a world of care?  
Well, call them again. I am not made of stones,  
But penetrable to your kind entreats,  
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men,  
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,  
To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,  
I must have patience to endure the load: 230  
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach  
Attend the sequel of your imposition,  
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me  
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;  
For God he knows, and you may partly see,  
How far I am from the desire thereof.

*May.* God bless your grace! we see it, and  
will say it.

*Glou.* In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

*Buck.* Then I salute you with this kingly  
title:

Long live Richard, England's royal king! 240

*May. and Cit.* Amen.

*Buck.* To-morrow will it please you to be  
crown'd?

*Glou.* Even when you please, since you will have it so.

*Buck.* To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace:

And so most joyfully we take our leave.

*Glou.* Come, let us to our holy task again.  
Farewell, good cousin; farewell, gentle friends.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before the Tower.*

*Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, and MARQUESS OF DORSET; on the other, ANNE, DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S young Daughter.*

*Duch.* Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet  
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?  
Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,  
On pure heart's love to greet the tender princes.  
Daughter, well met.

*Anne.* God give your graces both  
A happy and a joyful time of day!

*Q. Eliz.* As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

*Anne.* No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,  
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,  
To gratulate the gentle princes there. 10

*Q. Eliz.* Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together.

*Enter BRAKENBURY.*

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.  
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,  
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

*Brak.* Right well, dear madam. By your patience,  
I may not suffer you to visit them;  
The king hath straitly charged the contrary.

*Q. Eliz.* The king ! why, who's that ?

*Brak.* I cry you mercy : I mean the lord protector.

*Q. Eliz.* The Lord protect him from that kingly title !

Hath he set bounds betwixt their love and me ?  
I am their mother ; who should keep me from them ?

*Duch.* I am their father's mother ; I will see them.

*Anne.* Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother :

Then bring me to their sights ; I'll bear thy blame  
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

*Brak.* No, madam, no ; I may not leave it so ;  
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.  
[*Exit.*]

*Enter LORD STANLEY.*

*Stan.* Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour  
hence,  
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother, 30  
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.  
[*To Anne*] Come, madam, you must straight to  
Westminster,

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

*Q. Eliz.* O, cut my lace in sunder, that my  
pent heart  
May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon  
With this dead-killing news !

*Anne.* Despiteful tidings ! O unpleasing news !

*Dor.* Be of good cheer : mother, how fares  
your grace ?

*Q. Eliz.* O Dorset, speak not to me, get  
thee hence !

Death and destruction dog thee at the heels ; 40  
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,  
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell :  
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,  
Lest thou increase the number of the dead ;  
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,  
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

*Stan.* Full of wise care is this your counsel,  
madam.

Take all the swift advantage of the hours ;  
You shall have letters from me to my son 50  
To meet you on the way, and welcome you.  
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

*Duch.* O ill-dispersing wind of misery !  
O my accursed womb, the bed of death !  
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,  
Whose unavoided eye is murderous.

*Stan.* Come, madam, come ; I in all haste  
was sent.

*Anne.* And I in all unwillingness will go.  
I would to God that the inclusive verge  
Of golden metal that must round my brow 60  
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain !  
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,  
And die, ere men can say, God save the queen !

*Q. Eliz.* Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory ;  
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

*Anne.* No ! why ? When he that is my husband  
now

Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,  
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his  
hands

Which issued from my other angel husband  
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd ;  
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face, 71  
This was my wish : 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accursed,  
For making me, so young, so old a widow !  
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy  
bed ;

And be thy wife—if any be so mad—  
As miserable by the life of thee  
As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death !'  
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,  
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart  
Grossly grew captive to his honey words 80  
And proved the subject of my own soul's curse,  
Which ever since hath kept my eyes from rest ;  
For never yet one hour in his bed  
Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep,  
But have been waked by his timorous dreams.

Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick ;  
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

*Q. Eliz.* Poor heart, adieu ! I pity thy complaining.

*Anne.* No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

*Q. Eliz.* Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory !

*Anne.* Adieu, poor soul, that takest thy leave of it !

*Duch.* [*To Dorset*] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee !

[*To Anne*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels guard thee !

[*To Queen Eliz.*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee !

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me !

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.\*

*Q. Eliz.* Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.

\*Grief.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes  
Whom envy hath immured within your walls !  
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones !  
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow  
For tender princes, use my babies well !  
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *London. The Palace.*

*Sennet.* Enter RICHARD, in pomp, crowned ;  
BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and others.

*K. Rich.* Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham !

*Buck.* My gracious sovereign ?

*K. Rich.* Give me thy hand. [*Here he ascendeth his throne.*] Thus high, by thy advice  
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated :  
But shall we wear these honours for a day ?  
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?

*Buck.* Still live they and for ever may they last !

*K. Rich.* O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,\*  
To try if thou be current gold indeed :  
\*Touchstone for testing gold.

Young Edward lives : think now what I would say.

*Buck.* Say on, my loving lord.

*K. Rich.* Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

*Buck.* Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.

*K. Rich.* Ha ! am I king ? 'tis so : but Edward lives.

*Buck.* True, noble prince.

*K. Rich.* O bitter consequence,  
That Edward still should live ! 'True, noble prince !'

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull :  
Shall I be plain ? I wish the bastards dead ;  
And I would have it suddenly\* perform'd. \*Hastily.  
What sayest thou ? speak suddenly ; be brief. 20

*Buck.* Your grace may do your pleasure.

*K. Rich.* Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeth :

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die ?

*Buck.* Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,

Before I positively speak herein :

I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit.*

*Cate.* [*Aside to a stander by*] The king is angry : see, he bites the lip.

*K. Rich.* I will converse with iron-witted fools  
And unrespective\* boys : none are for me

That look into me with considerate eyes : 30

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy !

\*Inconsiderate.

*Page.* My lord ?

*K. Rich.* Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death ?

*Page.* My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,

Whose humble means match not his haughty mind :

Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing. 39

*K. Rich.* What is his name?

*Page.* His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

*K. Rich.* I partly know the man : go, call him  
hither. [Exit *Page*.]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel :

Hath he so long held out with me untired,

And stops he now for breath?

*Enter STANLEY.*

How now ! what news with you?

*Stan.* My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's  
fled

To Richmond, in those parts beyond the sea

Where he abides. [Stands apart.]

*K. Rich.* Catesby !

*Cate.* My lord? 50

*K. Rich.* Rumour it abroad

That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die :

I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence's  
daughter :

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.

Look, how thou dream'st ! I say again, give out

That Anne my wife is sick and like to die :

About it ; for it stands me much upon, 59

To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

[Exit *Catesby*.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,

Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.

Murder her brothers, and then marry her !

Uncertain way of gain ! But I am in

So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin :

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

*Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.*

Is thy name Tyrrel?

*Tyr.* James Tyrrel, and your most obedient  
subject.

*K. Rich.* Art thou, indeed ?

*Tyr.* Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

*K. Rich.* Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine? 70

*Tyr.* Ay, my lord;  
But I had rather kill two enemies.

*K. Rich.* Why, there thou hast it: two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers  
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:  
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

*Tyr.* Let me have open means to come to them,  
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

*K. Rich.* Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark,  
come hither, Tyrrel:

Go, by this token: rise, and lend thine ear: 80  
[*Whispers.*

There is no more but so: say it is done,  
And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.

*Tyr.* 'Tis done, my gracious lord.

*K. Rich.* Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere  
we sleep?

*Tyr.* Ye shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.*

*Buck.* My lord, I have consider'd in my mind  
The late demand that you did sound me in.

*K. Rich.* Well, let that pass. Dorset is fled  
to Richmond.

*Buck.* I hear that news, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, he is your wife's son: well,  
look to it. 90

*Buck.* My lord, I claim your gift, my due by  
promise,

For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;  
The earldom of Hereford and the moveables  
The which you promised I should possess.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, look to your wife: if she  
convey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

*Buck.* What says your highness to my just  
demand?

*K. Rich.* As I remember, Henry the Sixth  
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,



When Richmond was a little peevish boy. 100  
A king, perhaps, perhaps,—

*Buck.* My lord!

*K. Rich.* How chance the prophet could not  
at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

*Buck.* My lord, your promise for the earl-  
dom,—

*K. Rich.* Richmond! When last I was at  
Exeter,

The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,  
And call'd it Rougemont: at which name I  
started,

Because a bard of Ireland told me once,  
I should not live long after I saw Richmond. 110

*Buck.* My lord!

*K. Rich.* Ay, what's o'clock?

*Buck.* I am thus bold to put your grace in mind  
Of what you promised me.

*K. Rich.* Well, but what's o'clock?

*Buck.* Upon the stroke of ten.

*K. Rich.* Well, let it strike.

*Buck.* Why let it strike?

*K. Rich.* Because that, like a Jack, thou  
keep'st the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

*Buck.* Why, then resolve me whether you  
will or no. 120

*K. Rich.* Tut, tut,

Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham.*]

*Buck.* Is it even so? rewards he my true service  
With such deep contempt? made I him king for  
this?

O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone  
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same.*

*Enter TYRREL.*

*Tyr.* The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,  
The most arch act of piteous massacre

That ever yet this land was guilty of.  
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn  
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,  
Although they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,  
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion,  
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad stories.  
'Lo, thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender  
babes:'

'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another  
Within their innocent alabaster arms: II  
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.  
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;  
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my  
mind;

But O! the devil'—there the villain stopp'd;  
Whilst Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered  
The most replenished sweet work of nature,  
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.'  
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse;  
They could not speak; and so I left them both,  
To bring this tidings to the bloody king.  
And here he comes.

*Enter KING RICHARD.*

All hail, my sovereign liege!  
*K. Rich.* Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy  
news?

*Tyr.* If to have done the thing you gave in  
charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,  
For it is done, my lord.

*K. Rich.* But didst thou see them dead?

*Tyr.* I did, my lord.

*K. Rich.* And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

*Tyr.* The chaplain of the Tower hath buried  
them;

But how or in what place I do not know. 30

*K. Rich.* Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after  
supper,

And thou shalt tell the process of their death.  
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,  
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till soon.

[*Exit Tyrrel.*]

The son of Clarence have I pent up close ;  
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage ;  
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,  
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.  
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims      40  
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,  
And, by that knot, looks proudly o'er the crown,  
To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cate.* My lord !

*K. Rich.* Good news or bad, that thou comest  
in so bluntly ?

*Cate.* Bad news, my lord : Ely is fled to  
Richmond ;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welsh-  
men,

Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

*K. Rich.* Ely with Richmond troubles me  
more near

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army.      50

Come, I have heard that fearful commenting

Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;

Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary :

Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king !

Come, muster men : my counsel is my shield ;

We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Before the Palace.*

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET.*

*Q. Mar.* So, now prosperity begins to mellow  
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,

To watch the waning of mine adversaries.

A dire induction\* am I witness to,      \*Beginning.

And will to France, hoping the consequence

Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.

Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret : who comes  
here ?

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS  
OF YORK.*

*Q. Eliz.* Ah, my young princes! ah, my  
tender babes!

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets! 10  
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air  
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,  
Hover about me with your airy wings  
And hear your mother's lamentation!

*Q. Mar.* Hover about her; say, that right  
for right

Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

*Duch.* So many miseries have crazed my voice,  
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb,  
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

*Q. Mar.* Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet.  
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt. 21

*Q. Eliz.* Wilt thou, O God, fly from such  
gentle lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?  
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

*Q. Mar.* When holy Harry died, and my  
sweet son.

*Duch.* Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal  
living ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life  
usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,  
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*  
Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood! 30

*Q. Eliz.* O, that thou wouldst as well afford a  
grave

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!  
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.  
O, who hath any cause to mourn but I?

[*Sitting down by her.*  
*Q. Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reverend,

Give mine the benefit of seniory,\*      \*Seniory.

And let my woes frown on the upper hand.  
If sorrow can admit society,  
[*Sitting down with them.*

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine :  
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ; 40  
I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him :  
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;  
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

*Duch.* I had a Richard too, and thou didst  
kill him ;

I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill him.

*Q. Mar.* Thou hadst a Clarence too, and  
Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept  
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death :  
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,  
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood, 50  
That foul defacer of God's handiwork,  
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,  
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,  
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.  
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,  
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur  
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,  
And makes her pew-fellow\* with others' moan !

*Duch.* O Harry's wife, triumph not in my  
woes !

God witness with me, I have wept for thine. 60

*Q. Mar.* Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,  
And now I cloy me with beholding it.  
Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;  
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;  
Young York he is but boot, because both they  
Match not the high perfection of my loss :  
Thy Clarence he is dead that kill'd my Edward ;  
And the beholders of this tragic play,  
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,  
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves. 70  
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,  
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls  
And send them thither : but at hand, at hand,  
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :  
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,  
To have him suddenly convey'd away.  
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,  
That I may live to say, The dog is dead !

*Q. Eliz.* O, thou didst prophesy the time  
would come

That I should wish for thee to help me curse 80  
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad !

*Q. Mar.* I call'd thee then vain flourish of  
my fortune ;

I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen ;

The presentation of but what I was ;

The flattering index\* of a direful pageant ; \*Preface.

One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below ;

A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes ;

A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,

A sign of dignity, a garish† flag, †Gaudy.

To be the aim of every dangerous shot ; 90

A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?

Where are thy children ? wherein dost thou joy ?

Who sues to thee and cries 'God save the queen ?'

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee !

Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art :

For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;

For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;

For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care ; 100

For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;

For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;

For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;

For one commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,

And left thee but a very prey to time ;

Having no more but thought of what thou wert,

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not

Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ? 110

Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd  
yoke ;

From which even here I slip my weary neck,

And leave the burthen of it all on thee.

Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mis-  
chance :

These English woes will make me smile in  
France.

*Q. Eliz.* O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,  
And teach me how to curse mine enemies !

*Q. Mar.* Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days ;  
Compare dead happiness with living woe ;  
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,  
And he that slew them fouler than he is : 121  
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse :  
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

*Q. Eliz.* My words are dull ; O, quicken them with thine !

*Q. Mar.* Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. *[Exit.]*

*Duch.* Why should calamity be full of words ?

*Q. Eliz.* Windy attorneys to their client woes,  
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,  
Poor breathing orators of miseries !  
Let them have scope : though what they do impart 130

Help not at all, yet do they ease the heart.

*Duch.* If so, then be not tongue-tied : go with me,

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother  
My damned son, which thy two sweet sons smother'd.

I hear his drum : be copious in exclams.

*Enter KING RICHARD, marching, with drums and trumpets.*

*K. Rich.* Who intercepts my expedition ?

*Duch.* O, she that might have intercepted thee,  
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,  
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done !

*Q. Eliz.* Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown, 140  
Where should be graven, if that right were right,  
The slaughter of the prince that owed\* that crown,  
And the dire death of my two sons and brothers ?  
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children ?

\*Owned.

*Duch.* Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

*Q. Eliz.* Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

*K. Rich.* A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women  
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say! 150

[*Flourish. Alarums.*]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,  
Or with the clamorous report of war  
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

*Duch.* Art thou my son?

*K. Rich.* Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

*Duch.* Then patiently hear my impatience.

*K. Rich.* Madam, I have a touch of your condition,

Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.

*Duch.* O, let me speak!

*K. Rich.* Do then; but I'll not hear. 159

*Duch.* I will be mild and gentle in my speech.

*K. Rich.* And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

*Duch.* Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,  
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

*K. Rich.* And came I not at last to comfort you?

*Duch.* No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,

Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious,

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous, 170

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever graced me in thy company?



*K. Rich.* Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour,  
that call'd your grace  
To breakfast once forth of my company.  
If I be so disgracious in your sight,  
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.  
Strike up the drum.

*Duch.* I prithee, hear me speak.

*K. Rich.* You speak too bitterly.

*Duch.* Hear me a word ; 180  
For I shall never speak to thee again.

*K. Rich.* So.

*Duch.* Either thou wilt die, by God's just  
ordinance,  
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,  
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish  
And never look upon thy face again.  
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse ;  
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more  
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st !  
My prayers on the adverse party fight ; 190  
And there the little souls of Edward's children  
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies  
And promise them success and victory.  
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;  
Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.

[*Exit.*

*Q. Eliz.* Though far more cause, yet much  
less spirit to curse  
Abides in me ; I say amen to all.

*K. Rich.* Stay, inadam ; I must speak a word  
with you.

*Q. Eliz.* I have no moe sons of the royal  
blood 199  
For thee to murder : for my daughters, Richard,  
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;  
And therefore level\* not to hit their lives. \*Aim.

*K. Rich.* You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,  
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

*Q. Eliz.* And must she die for this? O, let  
her live,  
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty ;  
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed ;  
Throw over her the veil of infamy:

So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,  
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

*K. Rich.* Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

*Q. Eliz.* To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

*K. Rich.* Her life is only safest in her birth.

*Q. Eliz.* And only in that safety died her brothers.

*K. Rich.* Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

*Q. Eliz.* No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

*K. Rich.* All unavoided\* is the doom of destiny.

*Q. Eliz.* True, when avoided grace makes destiny :

\*Unavoidable.

My babes were destined to a fairer death,  
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life. 220

*K. Rich.* You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

*Q. Eliz.* Cousins, indeed ; and by their uncle cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction :

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still\* use of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes ;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death, \*Constant.

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

*K. Rich.* Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise

And dangerous success of bloody wars,

As I intend more good to you and yours

Than ever you or yours were by me wrong'd !

*Q. Eliz.* What good is cover'd with the face  
of heaven,

To be discover'd, that can do me good ? 240

*K. Rich.* The advancement of your children,  
gentle lady.

*Q. Eliz.* Up to some scaffold, there to lose  
their heads ?

*K. Rich.* No, to the dignity and height of honour,  
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

*Q. Eliz.* Flatter my sorrows with report of it;  
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,  
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

*K. Rich.* Even all I have; yea, and myself  
and all,  
Will I withal endow a child of thine;  
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul 250  
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs  
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

*Q. Eliz.* Be brief, lest that the process of thy  
kindness  
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

*K. Rich.* Then know, that from my soul I love  
thy daughter.

*Q. Eliz.* My daughter's mother thinks it with  
her soul.

*K. Rich.* What do you think?

*Q. Eliz.* That thou dost love my daughter  
from thy soul:

So from thy soul's love didst thou love her  
brothers; 259

And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

*K. Rich.* Be not so hasty to confound my  
meaning:

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,  
And mean to make her queen of England.

*Q. Eliz.* Say then, who dost thou mean shall  
be her king?

*K. Rich.* Even he that makes her queen: who  
should be else?

*Q. Eliz.* What, thou?

*K. Rich.* I, even I: what think you of it,  
madam?

*Q. Eliz.* How canst thou woo her?

*K. Rich.* That would I learn of you,  
As one that are best acquainted with her humour.

*Q. Eliz.* And wilt thou learn of me?

*K. Rich.* Madam, with all my heart. 270

*Q. Eliz.* Send to her, by the man that slew her  
brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engrave  
Edward and York ; then haply she will weep :  
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret  
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—  
A handkerchief ; which, say to her, did drain  
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body.  
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith.  
If this inducement force her not to love,  
Send her a story of thy noble acts ; 280  
Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,  
Her uncle Rivers ; yea, and, for her sake,  
Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt  
Anne.

*K. Rich.* Come, come, you mock me ; this is  
not the way  
To win your daughter.

*Q. Eliz.* There is no other way ;  
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,  
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

*K. Rich.* Say that I did all this for love of her.

*Q. Eliz.* Nay, then indeed she cannot choose  
but hate thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil. 290

*K. Rich.* Look, what is done cannot be now  
amended :

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,  
Which after hours give leisure to repent.  
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,  
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.  
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,  
To quicken your increase, I will beget  
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter :  
A grandam's name is little less in love  
Than is the doting title of a mother ; 300  
They are as children but one step below,  
Even of your mettle, of your very blood ;  
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans  
Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.  
Your children were vexation to your youth,  
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.  
The loss you have is but a son being king,  
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.  
I cannot make you what amends I would,

Therefore accept such kindness as I can. 310  
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul  
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,  
This fair alliance quickly shall call home  
To high promotions and great dignity:  
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter  
wife,

Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;  
Again shall you be mother to a king,  
And all the ruins of distressful times  
Repair'd with double riches of content.  
What! we have many goodly days to see: 320  
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed  
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,  
Advantaging their loan with interest  
Of ten times double gain of happiness.  
Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go;  
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;  
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;  
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame  
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess  
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys: 330  
And when this arm of mine hath chastised  
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,  
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come  
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;  
To whom I will retail my conquest won,  
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

*Q. Eliz.* What were I best to say? her father's  
brother

Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?  
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?  
Under what title shall I woo for thee, 340  
That God, the law, my honour and her love,  
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

*K. Rich.* Infer fair England's peace by this  
alliance.

*Q. Eliz.* Which she shall purchase with still  
lasting war.

*K. Rich.* Say that the king, which may com-  
mand, entreats.

*Q. Eliz.* That at her hands which the king's  
King forbids.

*K. Rich.* Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

*Q. Eliz.* To wail the title, as her mother doth.

*K. Rich.* Say, I will love her everlastingly.

*Q. Eliz.* But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

*K. Rich.* Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end. <sup>350</sup>

*Q. Eliz.* But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

*K. Rich.* So long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

*Q. Eliz.* So long as hell and Richard likes of it.

*K. Rich.* Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.

*Q. Eliz.* But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

*K. Rich.* Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

*Q. Eliz.* An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

*K. Rich.* Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

*Q. Eliz.* Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

*K. Rich.* Your reasons are too shallow and too quick. <sup>360</sup>

*Q. Eliz.* O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave.

*K. Rich.* Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

*Q. Eliz.* Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.

*K. Rich.* Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

*Q. Eliz.* Profaned, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

*K. Rich.* I swear—

*Q. Eliz.* By nothing; for this is no oath:  
The George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour;  
The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;  
The crown, usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory.  
If something thou wilt swear to be believed,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

*K. Rich.* Now, by the world—

*O. Eliz.* 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

*K. Rich.* My father's death—

*O. Eliz.* Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

*K. Rich.* Then, by myself—

*O. Eliz.* Thyself thyself misusest.

*K. Rich.* Why then, by God—

*O. Eliz.* God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,  
The unity the king thy brother made  
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain : 380  
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,  
The imperial metal, circling now thy brow,  
Had graced the tender temples of my child,  
And both the princes had been breathing here,  
Which now, two tender playfellows for dust,  
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.  
What canst thou swear by now?

*K. Rich.* The time to come.

*O. Eliz.* That thou hast wronged in the time  
o'erpast ;

For I myself have many tears to wash 389  
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.  
The children live, whose parents thou hast  
slaughter'd,  
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age ;  
The parents live, whose children thou hast  
butcher'd,

Old wither'd plants, to wail it with their age.  
Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast  
Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast.

*K. Rich.* As I intend to prosper and repent,  
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt  
Of hostile arms ! myself myself confound !  
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours ! 400  
Day, yield me not thy light ; nor, night, thy rest !  
Be opposite all planets of good luck  
To my proceedings, if, with pure heart's love,  
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,  
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter !  
In her consists my happiness and thine ;

Without her, follows to this land and me,  
To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,  
Death, desolation, ruin and decay :  
It cannot be avoided but by this ; 410  
It will not be avoided but by this.  
Therefore, good mother,—I must call you so—  
Be the attorney\* of my love to her :  
Plead what I will be, not what I have been ; \*Agent.  
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :  
Urge the necessity and state of times,  
And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I forget myself to be myself? 420

*K. Rich.* Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong  
yourself.

*Q. Eliz.* But thou didst kill my children.

*K. Rich.* But in your daughter's womb I  
bury them :

Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed  
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

*K. Rich.* And be a happy mother by the deed.

*Q. Eliz.* I go. Write to me very shortly,  
And you shall understand from me her mind.

*K. Rich.* Bear her my true love's kiss ; and  
so, farewell. [*Exit Queen Elizabeth.* 430  
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman !

*Enter RATCLIFF ; CATESBY following.*

How now ! what news ?

*Rat.* My gracious sovereign, on the western  
coast

Rideth a puissant navy ; to the shore  
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,  
Unarm'd, and unresolved to beat them back :  
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral ;  
And there they hull, expecting but the aid  
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

*K. Rich.* Some light-foot friend post to the  
Duke of Norfolk : 440

Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby ; where is he ?

*Cate.* Here, my lord.



*K. Rich.* Fly to the duke: [*To Ratcliff*] Post thou to Salisbury:  
When thou comest thither,—[*To Catesby*] Dull, unmindful villain,  
Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke?

*Cate.* First, mighty sovereign, let me know your mind,  
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

*K. Rich.* O, true, good Catesby: bid him levy straight  
The greatest strength and power he can make,  
And meet me presently at Salisbury. 450

*Cate.* I go. [*Exit.*]

*Rat.* What is 't your highness' pleasure I shall do  
At Salisbury?

*K. Rich.* Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?

*Rat.* Your highness told me I should post before.

*K. Rich.* My mind is changed, sir, my mind is changed.

*Enter* LORD STANLEY.

How now, what news with you?

*Stan.* None good, my lord, to please you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.

*K. Rich.* Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad! 460

Why dost thou run so many mile about,  
When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way?  
Once more, what news?

*Stan.* Richmond is on the seas.

*K. Rich.* There let him sink, and be the seas on him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

*Stan.* I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

*K. Rich.* Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess?

*Stan.* Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,

He makes for England, there to claim the crown.

*K. Rich.* Is the chair empty? is the sword  
unsway'd? 470

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?  
What heir of York is there alive but we?  
And who is England's king but great York's  
heir?

Then, tell me, what doth he upon the sea?

*Stan.* Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

*K. Rich.* Unless for that he comes to be your  
liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.  
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

*Stan.* No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me  
not.

*K. Rich.* Where is thy power, then, to beat  
him back? 480

Where are thy tenants and thy followers?  
Are they not now upon the western shore,  
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

*Stan.* No, my good lord, my friends are in the  
north.

*K. Rich.* Cold friends to Richard: what do  
they in the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the  
west?

*Stan.* They have not been commanded, mighty  
sovereign:

Please it your majesty to give me leave,  
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace  
Where and what time your majesty shall please.

*K. Rich.* Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join  
with Richmond:

I will not trust you, sir.

*Stan.* Most mighty sovereign,  
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:  
I never was nor never will be false.

*K. Rich.* Well,

Go muster men; but, hear you, leave behind  
Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be  
firm,

Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

*Stan.* So deal with him as I prove true to you.  
[Exit.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire, 500  
As I by friends am well advertised,  
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate  
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,  
With many moe confederates, are in arms.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Sec. Mess.* My liege, in Kent the Guildfords  
are in arms;  
And every hour more competitors  
Flock to their aid, and still their power increaseth.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Third Mess.* My lord, the army of the Duke of  
Buckingham—

*K. Rich.* Out on you, owls! nothing but songs  
of death? [*He striketh him.*]

Take that, until thou bring me better news. 510

*Third Mess.* The news I have to tell your  
majesty

Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,  
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd;  
And he himself wander'd away alone,  
No man knows whither.

*K. Rich.* I cry thee mercy:  
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.  
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd  
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

*Third Mess.* Such proclamation hath been  
made, my liege.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Fourth Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord  
Marquis Dorset, 520

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms,  
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,  
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest:  
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat  
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks  
If they were his assistants, yea or no;

Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham  
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,  
Hoised sail and made away for Brittany.

*K. Rich.* March on, march on, since we are  
up in arms;      530  
If not to fight with foreign enemies,  
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

*Re-enter CATESBY.*

*Cate.* My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is  
taken;  
That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond  
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,  
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.

*K. Rich.* Away towards Salisbury! while we  
reason here,  
A royal battle might be won and lost:  
Some one take order Buckingham be brought  
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.      540  
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Lord Derby's house.*

*Enter DERBY and SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.*

*Der.* Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from  
me:  
That in the sty of this most bloody boar  
My son George Stanley is frank'd\* up in hold:  
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;  
The fear of that withholds my present aid.  
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

*Chris.* At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in  
Wales.      \*Confined.

*Der.* What men of name resort to him?

*Chris.* Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;  
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;      10  
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,  
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;  
And many moe of noble fame and worth:  
And towards London they do bend their course,  
If by the way they be not fought withal.

*Der.* Return unto thy lord; commend me to him:  
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented  
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.  
These letters will resolve him of my mind.  
Farewell. *[Exeunt.* 20

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Salisbury. An open place.*

*Enter the Sheriff, and BUCKINGHAM, with halberds, led to execution.*

*Buck.* Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

*Sher.* No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

*Buck.* Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,

Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,  
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried  
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,  
If that your moody discontented souls  
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,  
Even for revenge mock my destruction!  
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not? 10

*Sher.* It is, my lord.

*Buck.* Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.

This is the day that, in King Edward's time,  
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found  
False to his children or his wife's allies;  
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall  
By the false faith of him I trusted most;  
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul  
Is the determined respite of my wrongs:  
That high All-Seer that I dallied with 20  
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head  
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.  
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men  
To turn their own points on their masters'  
bosoms:  
Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head;

'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with  
sorrow,  
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'  
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame ;  
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of  
blame. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The camp near Tamworth.*

*Enter* RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, HERBERT,  
and others, with drum and colours.

*Richm.* Fellows in arms, and my most loving  
friends,  
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,  
Thus far into the bowels of the land  
Have we march'd on without impediment ;  
And here receive we from our father Stanley  
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.  
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,  
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful  
vines,  
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his  
trough  
In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine 10  
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,  
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :  
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.  
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,  
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace  
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

*Oxf.* Every man's conscience is a thousand  
swords,  
To fight against that bloody homicide.

*Herb.* I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

*Blunt.* He hath no friends but who are friends  
for fear, 20  
Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.

*Richm.* All for our vantage. Then, in God's  
name, march :  
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's  
wings ;

Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.  
[Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Bosworth Field.*

*Enter KING RICHARD in arms, with NORFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and others.*

*K. Rich.* Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

*Sur.* My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

*K. Rich.* My Lord of Norfolk,—

*Nor.* Here, most gracious liege.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

*Nor.* We must both give and take, my gracious lord.

*K. Rich.* Up with my tent there! here will I lie to-night;

But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.

Who hath descried the number of the foe?

*Nor.* Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

*K. Rich.* Why, our battalion trebles that account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse party want.

Up with my tent there! Valiant gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the field;

Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's want no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND,*

*SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and others.*

*Some of the Soldiers pitch RICHMOND's tent.*

*Richm.* The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And, by the bright track of his fiery car, 20

Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.

Give me some ink and paper in my tent:

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit each leader to his several charge,

And part in just proportion our small strength.  
My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,  
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.  
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment :  
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,  
And by the second hour in the morning 31  
Desire the earl to see me in my tent :  
Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou  
go'st,

Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know ?

*Blunt.* Unless I have mista'en his colours  
much,

Which well I am assured I have not done,  
His regiment lies half a mile at least  
South from the mighty power of the king.

*Richm.* If without peril it be possible, 39  
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,  
And give him from me this most needful scroll.

*Blunt.* Upon my life, my lord, I'll under-  
take it ;

And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

*Richm.* Good-night, good Captain Blunt. Come,  
gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business :

In to our tent ; the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

*Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK,  
RATCLIFF, CATESBY, and others.*

*K. Rich.* What is't o'clock ?

*Cate.* It's supper-time, my lord ;  
It's nine o'clock.

*K. Rich.* I will not sup to-night.  
Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver\* easier than it was ? \*Helmet.

And all my armour laid into my tent ? 51

*Cate.* It is, my liege ; and all things are in  
readiness.

*K. Rich.* Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge ;  
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

*Nor.* I go, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle  
Norfolk.



*Nor.* I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*K. Rich.* Catesby!

*Cate.* My lord?

*K. Rich.*

Send out a pursuivant at arms  
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power  
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall  
Into the blind cave of eternal night.

[*Exit Catesby.*

Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.\*

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff!

\*Watch-light.

*Rat.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord  
Northumberland?

*Rat.* Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,  
Much about cock-shut time,\* from troop to troop  
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

*K. Rich.* So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl  
of wine:

\*Twilight.

I have not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

*Rat.* It is, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Bid my guard watch; leave me.

Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent  
And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.

[*Exeunt Ratcliff and the other Attendants.*

*Enter DERBY to RICHMOND in his tent, Lords  
and others attending.*

*Der.* Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

*Richm.* All comfort that the dark night can  
afford

80

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

*Der.* I, by attorney, bless thee from thy  
mother,

Who prays continually for Richmond's good:

So much for that. The silent hours steal on,

And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

In brief,—for so the season bids us be,—

Prepare thy battle early in the morning,  
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement  
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war. 90  
I, as I may—that which I would I cannot,—  
With best advantage will deceive the time,  
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :  
But on thy side I may not be too forward,  
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,  
Be executed in his father's sight.  
Farewell : the leisure and the fearful time  
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love  
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,  
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon :  
God give us leisure for these rites of love! 101  
Once more, adieu : be valiant, and speed well!

*Richm.* Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :  
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,  
Lest leaden slumber peise\* me down to-morrow,  
When I should mount with wings of victory :  
Once more, good-night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt all but Richmond.*

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,  
Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;  
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath, 110  
That they may crush down with a heavy fall  
The usurping helmets of our adversaries !  
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,  
That we may praise thee in the victory !  
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,  
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes :  
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still !

\*Weigh down. [*Sleeps.*

*Enter the Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, son to  
HENRY the Sixth.*

*Ghost.* [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy  
soul to-morrow !

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth  
At Tewksbury : despair, therefore, and die! 120  
[*To Richmond*] Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the  
wronged souls  
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf :  
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

*Enter the Ghost of HENRY the Sixth.*

*Ghost.* [*To Richard*] When I was mortal, my  
anointed body  
By thee was punched full of deadly holes :  
Think on the Tower and me : despair, and die!  
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die!  
[*To Richmond*] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!  
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,  
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: live, and flourish!

*Enter the Ghost of CLARENCE.*

*Ghost.* [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy  
soul to-morrow! 131  
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,  
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death!  
To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!—  
[*To Richmond*] Thou offspring of the house of  
Lancaster,  
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee:  
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

*Enter the Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and  
VAUGHAN.*

*Ghost of R.* [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy  
on thy soul to-morrow,  
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! despair, and die!  
*Ghost of G.* [*To Richard*] Think upon Grey,  
and let thy soul despair! 141  
*Ghost of V.* [*To Richard*] Think upon  
Vaughan, and, with guilty fear,  
Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!  
*All.* [*To Richmond*] Awake, and think our  
wrongs in Richard's bosom  
Will conquer him! awake, and win the day!

*Enter the Ghost of HASTINGS.*

*Ghost.* [*To Richard*] Bloody and guilty,  
guiltily awake,  
And in a bloody battle end thy days!  
Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die!

[*To Richmond*] Quiet untroubled soul, awake,  
awake!

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

*Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.*

*Ghosts.* [*To Richard*] Dream on thy cousins  
smother'd in the Tower: 151

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,  
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!  
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die!

[*To Richmond*] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace,  
and wake in joy;

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!

Live, and beget a happy race of kings!

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

*Enter the Ghost of LADY ANNE.*

*Ghost.* [*To Richard*] Richard, thy wife, that  
wretched Anne thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee, 160

Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!

[*To Richmond*] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a  
quiet sleep;

Dream of success and happy victory!

Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

*Enter the Ghost of BUCKINGHAM.*

*Ghost.* [*To Richard*] The first was I that  
help'd thee to the crown;

The last was I that felt thy tyranny:

O, in the battle think on Buckingham,

And die in terror of thy guiltiness! 170

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:

Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!

[*To Richmond*] I died for hope ere I could lend  
thee aid:

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:

God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;

And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts  
out of his dream.*]

*K. Rich.* Give me another horse: bind up my wounds.

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!

The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:

Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.

Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am:

Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why:

Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?

Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good

That I myself have done unto myself?

O, no! alas, I rather hate myself

For hateful deeds committed by myself! 190

I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.

Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,

And every tongue brings in a several tale,

And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;

Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;

All several sins, all used in each degree,

Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty! guilty!

I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;

And if I die, no soul shall pity me: 201

Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself

Find in myself no pity to myself?

Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd

Came to my tent; and every one did threat

To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

*Enter RATCLIFF.*

*Rat.* My lord!

*K. Rich.* 'Zounds! who is there?

*Rat.* Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village-cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn; 210

Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

*K. Rich.* O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!

What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

*Rat.* No doubt, my lord.

*K. Rich.* O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

*Rat.* Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

*K. Rich.* By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night

Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard  
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers  
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.  
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;      220  
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,  
To see if any mean to shrink from me. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the Lords to RICHMOND, sitting in his tent.*

*Lords.* Good morrow, Richmond!

*Richm.* Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

*Lords.* How have you slept, my lord?

*Richm.* The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,  
Have I since your departure had, my lords.  
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard  
murder'd,      230

Came to my tent, and cried on victory:

I promise you, my soul is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords?

*Lords.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Richm.* Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

*His oration to his Soldiers.*

More than I have said, loving countrymen,  
The leisure and enforcement of the time  
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,  
God and our good cause fight upon our side;      240  
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,  
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;

Richard except, those whom we fight against  
Had rather have us win than him they follow:  
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,  
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;  
One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd;  
One that made means to come by what he hath,  
And slaughter'd those that were the means to  
help him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil 250  
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;  
One that hath ever been God's enemy:  
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,  
God will in justice ward\* you as his soldiers;  
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down, \*Guard.  
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;  
If you do fight against your country's foes,  
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;  
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,  
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;  
If you do free your children from the sword, 261  
Your children's children quit† it in your age.  
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,  
Advance your standards, draw your willing  
swords. †Requite.

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt  
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;  
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt  
The least of you shall share his part thereof.  
Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully;  
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!

[*Exeunt.* 270]

*Re-enter* KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants and Forces.*

*K. Rich.* What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

*Rat.* That he was never trained up in arms.

*K. Rich.* He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?

*Rat.* He smiled and said 'The better for our purpose.'

*K. Rich.* He was in the right; and so indeed it is.

[*Clock striketh.*]

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.  
Who saw the sun to-day?

*Rat.* Not I, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Then he disdains to shine; for by  
the book

He should have braved the east an hour ago :

A black day will it be to somebody. 280  
*Ratcliff!*

*Rat.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* The sun will not be seen to-day;  
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.  
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.  
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me  
More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven  
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

*Enter* NORFOLK.

*Nor.* Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in  
the field.

*K. Rich.* Come, bustle, bustle; caparison my  
horse.

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:  
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain, 291

And thus my battle shall be ordered :

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot ;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst :

John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle, whose puissance on either  
side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse. 300

This, and Saint George to boot! What think'st  
thou, Norfolk?

*Nor.* A good direction,\* warlike sovereign.  
This found I on my tent this morning. \*Judgment.

[*He sheweth him a paper.*]

*K. Rich.* [*Reads*] 'Jockey of Norfolk, be not  
too bold,

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'

A thing devised by the enemy.

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :



Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls:  
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,  
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe: 310  
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our  
law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;  
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

*His oration to his Army.*

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?  
Remember whom you are to cope withal;  
A sort\* of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,  
A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,  
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth  
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.  
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest; 320  
You having lands, and blest with beauteous  
wives, \*Company.

They would restrain the one, distain the other.  
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,  
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?  
A milk-sop, one that never in his life  
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?  
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;  
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,  
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;  
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit, 330  
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd them-  
selves:

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,  
And not these bastard Bretons; whom our  
fathers  
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and  
thump'd,  
And in record, left them the heirs of shame.  
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?  
Ravish our daughters? [*Drum afar off.*] Hark!  
I hear their drum.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeo-  
men!

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!  
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;  
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves! 341

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

*Mess.* My lord, he doth deny to come.

*K. Rich.* Off with his son George's head!

*Nor.* My lord, the enemy is past the marsh :  
After the battle let George Stanley die.

*K. Rich.* A thousand hearts are great within  
my bosom :

Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;  
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint  
George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons ! 350  
Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarum : excursions. Enter NORFOLK and  
forces fighting ; to him CATESBY.*

*Cate.* Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue,  
rescue !

The king enacts more wonders than a man,

Daring an opposite to every danger :

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.

Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

*Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD.*

*K. Rich.* A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a  
horse !

*Cate.* Withdraw, my lord ; I'll help you to a  
horse.

*K. Rich.* Slave, I have set my life upon a  
cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die : 10

I think there be six Richmonds in the field ;

Five have I slain to-day instead of him.

A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarum. Enter RICHARD and RICHMOND; they fight. RICHARD is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter RICHMOND, DERBY bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.*

*Richm.* God and your arms be praised, victorious friends :

**The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.**

*Der.* Courageous Richmond, well hast thou  
acquit thee.

To, here, this long-usurped royalty  
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch  
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal :  
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

*Richm.* Great God of heaven, say Amen  
to all!

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

*Der.* He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town: 10

Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw  
us.

*Richm.* What men of name are slain on either side?

*Der.* John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers.

Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

*Richm.* Inter their bodies as becomes their  
births :

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled  
That in submission will return to us :  
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,  
We will unite the white rose and the red :  
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,                 20  
That long have frown'd upon their enmity !  
What traitor hears me, and says not amen ?  
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;  
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,  
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,  
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire :  
All this divided York and Lancaster,  
Divided in their dire division.

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,  
The true succeeders of each royal house,      30  
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !  
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,  
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced  
peace,

With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days !  
Abate\* the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,      \*Blunt.  
That would reduce† these bloody days again,  
And make poor England weep in streams of  
blood !      †Bring back.

Let them not live to taste this land's increase  
That would with treason wound this fair land's  
peace !

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again :  
That she may long live here, God say amen !

[*Excunt.*



THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF  
HENRY THE EIGHTH.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Eighth.  
CARDINAL WOLSEY.  
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.  
CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor  
Charles V.  
CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.  
DUKE OF NORFOLK.  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.  
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.  
EARL OF SURREY.  
Lord Chamberlain.  
Lord Chancellor.  
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.  
Bishop of Lincoln.  
LORD ABERGAVENNY.  
LORD SANDS.  
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.  
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.  
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.  
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.  
Secretaries to Wolsey.  
CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.  
GRIFFITH, Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.  
Three Gentlemen.  
DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.  
Garter King-at-Arms.  
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.  
BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.  
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter,  
and his Man.  
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.  
QUEEN KATHARINE, wife to King Henry,  
afterwards divorced.

ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour, afterwards  
Queen.

An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows;  
Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes.  
Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.  
Spirits.

SCENE: *London; Westminster; Kimbolton.*



## THE PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh : things now,  
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,  
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,  
We now present. Those that can pity, here  
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;  
The subject will deserve it. Such as give  
Their money out of hope they may believe,  
May here find truth too. Those that come to see  
Only a show or two, and so agree 10  
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,  
I'll undertake may see away their shilling  
Richly in two short hours. Only they  
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,  
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow  
In a long motley coat guarded\* with yellow,  
Will be deceived ; for, gentle hearers, know,  
To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting \*Decorated.  
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,  
To make that only true we now intend,† †Pretend.  
Will leave us never an understanding friend. 22  
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are  
known  
The first and happiest hearers of the town,  
Be sad, as we would make ye : think ye see  
The very persons of our noble story  
As they were living ; think you see them great,  
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat  
Of thousand friends ; then in a moment, see  
How soon this mightiness meets misery: 30  
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say  
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

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*KING HENRY VIII.*

ELLEN TERRY AS QUEEN KATHARINE.

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There is a magic in this name which thrills equally the reader of the plays and the lover of the stage. Much insight may be gained from an inspired rendition of an important part, and Miss Terry's interpretation of Henry VIII.'s mistreated queen is a revelation in the critical point-of-view as well as a human delight. The accompanying portrait is from an unusually perfect photograph.

# THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK at one door; at the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD ABERGAVENNY.*

*Buck.* Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done  
Since last we saw in France?

*Nor.* I thank your grace,  
Heathful; and ever since a fresh admirer  
Of what I saw there.

*Buck.* An untimely ague  
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber when  
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,  
Met in the vale of Andren.

*Nor.* 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:  
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;  
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung  
In their embracement, as they grew together; 10  
Which had they, what four throned ones could  
have weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

*Buck.* All the whole time  
I was my chamber's prisoner.

*Nor.* Then you lost  
The view of earthly glory: men might say,  
Till this time pomp was single, but now married  
To one above itself. Each following day  
Became the next day's master, till the last  
Made former wonders its. To-day the French,  
All clinquant,\* all in gold, like heathen gods, 19

Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they  
 Made Britain India : every man that stood <sup>21</sup>  
 Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
 As cherubins, all gilt : the madams too,  
 Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
 The pride upon them, that their very labour  
 Was to them as a painting : now this masque  
 Was cried incomparable ; and the ensuing night  
 Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,  
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
 As presence did present them ; him in eye, <sup>30</sup>  
 Still him in praise : and, being present both,  
 'Twas said they saw but one ; and no discerners  
 Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these  
 suns—  
 For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds chal-  
 lenged  
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
 Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous  
 story,  
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
 That Bevis was believed.

*Buck.*

O, you go far.

*Nor.* As I belong to worship and affect  
 In honour honesty, the tract of every thing <sup>40</sup>  
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
 Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal ;  
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,  
 Order gave each thing view ; the office did  
 Distinctly his full function.

*Buck.*

Who did guide,

I mean, who set the body and the limbs  
 Of this great sport together, as you guess ?

*Nor.* One, certes,\* that promises no element†  
 In such a business. <sup>\*Certainly.</sup> <sup>†Practice.</sup>

*Buck.*

I pray you, who, my lord ?

*Nor.* All this was order'd by the good discre-  
 tion <sup>50</sup>

Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

*Buck.* The devil speed him ! no man's pie is  
 freed

From his ambitious finger. What had he  
 To do in these fierce vanities ? I wonder

That such a keech\* can with his very bulk  
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun  
And keep it from the earth. \*Lump of tallow.

*Nor.* Surely, sir,  
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends ;  
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace  
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon 60  
For high feats done to the crown ; neither allied  
To eminent assistants ; but, spider-like,  
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,  
The force of his own merit makes his way ;  
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys  
A place next to the king.

*Aber.* I cannot tell  
What heaven hath given him,—let some graver  
eye

Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride  
Peep through each part of him : whence has he  
that,

If not from hell ? the devil is a niggard, 70  
Or has given all before, and he begins  
A new hell in himself.

*Buck.* Why the devil,  
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,  
Without the privy o' the king, to appoint  
Who should attend on him ? He makes up the file\*  
Of all the gentry ; for the most part such \*List.  
To whom as great a charge as little honour  
He meant to lay upon : and his own letter,  
The honourable board of council out,  
Must fetch him in he papers.

*Aber.* I do know 80  
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never  
They shall abound as formerly.

*Buck.* O, many  
Have broke their backs with laying manors on'em  
For this great journey. What did this vanity  
But minister communication of  
A most poor issue ?

*Nor.* Grievingly I think,  
The peace between the French and us not values  
The cost that did conclude it.



*Buck.* Every man,  
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was 90  
A thing inspired ; and, not consulting, broke  
Into a general prophecy ; That this tempest,  
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded  
The sudden breach on't.

*Nor.* Which is budded out ;  
For France hath flaw'd\* the league, and hath  
attach'd \*Broken.  
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

*Aber.* Is it therefore  
The ambassador is silenced ?

*Nor.* Marry, is't.

*Aber.* A proper title of a peace ; and purchased  
At a superfluous rate !

*Buck.* Why, all this business  
Our reverend cardinal carried.

*Nor.* Like it your grace, 100  
The state takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you—  
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you  
Honour and plenteous safety—that you read  
The cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together ; to consider further that  
What his high hatred would effect wants not  
A minister in his power. You know his nature,  
That he's revengeful, and I know his sword  
Hath a sharp edge : it's long and, 't may be said,  
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend, 111  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,  
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that  
rock

That I advise your shunning.

*Enter* CARDINAL WOLSEY, *the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers.* *The CARDINAL in his passage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

*Wol.* The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha ?  
Where's his examination ?

*First Secr.* Here, so please you.

*Wol.* Is he in person ready ?

*First Secr.*

Ay, please your grace.

*Wol.* Well, we shall then know more; and  
Buckingham

Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Wolsey and his Train.*]*Buck.* This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,  
and I

120

Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best  
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book  
Outworths a noble's blood.*Nor.*

What, are you chafed?

Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance  
only

Which your disease requires.

*Buck.*

I read in's looks

Matter against me; and his eye reviled

Me, as his abject object: at this instant

He bores me with some trick; he's gone to the  
king;

I'll follow and outstare him.

*Nor.*

Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choler question

What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills 131

Requires slow pace at first: anger is like

A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,

Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England

Can advise me like you: be to yourself

As you would to your friend.

*Buck.*

I'll to the king;

And from a mouth of honour quite cry down

This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim

There's difference in no persons.

*Nor.*

Be advised;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot

140

That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,

By violent swiftness, that which we run at,

And lose by over-running. Know you not,

The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,

In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised:

I say again, there is no English soul

More stronger to direct you than yourself,

If with the sap of reason you would quench,

Or but allay, the fire of passion.

*Buck.*

Sir,

I am thankful to you ; and I'll go along 150  
By your prescription : but this top-proud fellow,  
Whom from the flow of gall I name not but  
From sincere motions, by intelligence,  
And proofs as clear as founts in July when  
We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
To be corrupt and treasonous.

*Nor.*

Say not 'treasonous.'

*Buck.* To the king I'll say 't ; and make my  
vouch as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,  
Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous  
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief 160  
As able to perform't ; his mind and place  
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally—  
Only to show his pomp as well in France  
As here at home, suggests\* the king our master  
To this last costly treaty, the interview, \*Entices.  
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
Did break i' the rinsing.

*Nor.*

Faith, and so it did.

*Buck.* Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning  
cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew  
As himself pleased ; and they were ratified 170  
As he cried 'Thus let be:' to as much end  
As give a crutch to the dead : but our count-  
cardinal

Has done this, and 'tis well ; for worthy Wolsey,  
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,—  
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
To the old dam, treason,—Charles the emperor,  
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,—  
For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came  
To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation :  
His fears were, that the interview betwixt 180  
England and France might, through their amity,  
Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league  
Peep'd harms that menaced him : he privily  
Deals with our cardinal ; and, as I trow,\*— \*Think.  
Which I do well ; for I am sure the emperor  
Paid ere he promised ; whereby his suit was granted

Ere it was ask'd ; but when the way was made,  
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,  
That he would please to alter the king's course,  
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,  
As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardinal 191  
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,  
And for his own advantage.

*Nor.* I am sorry  
To hear this of him ; and could wish he were  
Something mistaken in't.

*Buck.* No, not a syllable :  
I do pronounce him in that very shape  
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON, a Sergeant-at-arms before him,  
and two or three of the Guard.*

*Bran.* Your office, sergeant ; execute it.

*Serg.* Sir,  
My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl  
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I 200  
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
Of our most-sovereign king.

*Buck.* Lo, you, my lord,  
The net has fall'n upon me ! I shall perish  
Under device and practice.

*Bran.* I am sorry  
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
The business present : 'tis his highness' pleasure  
You shall to the Tower.

*Buck.* It will help me nothing  
To plead mine innocence ; for that dye is on me  
Which makes my whitest part black. The will  
of heaven  
Be done in this and all things ! I obey. 210  
O my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well !

*Bran.* Nay, he must bear you company. The  
king [To Abergavenny.  
Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know  
How he determines further.

*Aber.* As the duke said,  
The will of heaven be done, and the king's plea-  
sure  
By me obey'd !

*Bran.* Here is a warrant from  
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the  
bodies  
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,  
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

*Buck.* So, so: 219  
These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I hope.

*Bran.* A monk o' the Chartreux.

*Buck.* O, Nicholas Hopkins?

*Bran.* He.

*Buck.* My surveyor is false; the o'er-great  
cardinal  
Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd  
already:

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,  
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,  
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The council-chamber.*

*Cornets.* Enter the KING, leaning on the CARDINAL'S shoulder, the Nobles, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL; the CARDINAL places himself under the KING'S feet on his right side.

*King.* My life itself, and the best heart of it,  
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the  
level\* \*Range.

Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks  
To you that choked it. Let be call'd before us  
That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person  
I'll hear him his confessions justify;  
And point by point the treasons of his master  
He shall again relate.

*A noise within, crying 'Room for the Queen!'*  
*Enter* QUEEN KATHARINE, ushered by the DUKE  
OF NORFOLK, and the DUKE OF SUFFOLK: she  
kneels. *The KING riseth from his state,\* takes*  
*her up, kisses and placeth her by him.* \*Canopied chair.

*Q. Kath.* Nay, we must longer kneel: I am  
a suitor.

*King.* Arise, and take place by us: half  
your suit 10

Never name to us; you have half our power:  
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;  
Repeat your will and take it.

*Q. Kath.* Thank your majesty.  
That you would love yourself, and in that love  
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor  
The dignity of your office, is the point  
Of my petition.

*King.* Lady mine, proceed.

*Q. Kath.* I am solicited, not by a few,  
And those of true condition, that your subjects  
Are in great grievance: there have been com-  
missions<sup>20</sup>  
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the  
heart

Of all their loyalties; wherein, although,  
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter on\*  
Of these exactions, yet the king our master—  
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even he  
escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks  
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
In loud rebellion.

*Nor.* Not almost appears,  
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,  
The clothiers all, not able to maintain<sup>30</sup>  
The many to them longing, have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,  
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,  
And danger serves among them.

*King.* Taxation!  
Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal,  
You that are blamed for it alike with us,  
Know you of this taxation?

*Wol.* Please you, sir,<sup>40</sup>  
I know but of a single part, in aught  
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file  
Where others tell steps with me.

*Q. Kath.* No, my lord,  
You know no more than others; but you frame

Things that are known alike; which are not  
wholesome  
To those which would not know them, and yet  
must

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,  
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are  
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,  
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say 50  
They are devised by you; or else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation.

*King.* Still exaction!  
The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,  
Is this exaction?

*Q. Kath.* I am much too venturous  
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd  
Under your promised pardon. The subjects'  
grief

Comes through commissions, which compel from  
each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied  
Without delay; and the pretence for this  
Is named, your wars in France: this makes bold  
mouths: 60

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts  
freeze

Alliegiance in them; their curses now  
Live where their prayers did: and it's come to  
pass,

This tractable obedience is a slave  
To each incensed will. I would your highness  
Would give it quick consideration, for  
There is no primer\* business. \*More important.

*King.* By my life,  
'This is against our pleasure.

*Wol.* And for me,  
I have no further gone in this than by  
A single voice; and that not pass'd me but 70  
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am  
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither  
know

My faculties nor person, yet will be  
The chronicles of my doing, let me say  
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake

That virtue must go through. We must not  
stint\*

\*Stop.

Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,  
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further 80  
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is  
Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,  
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
We should take root here where we sit, or sit  
State-statues only.

*King.* Things done well,  
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;  
Things done without example, in their issue 90  
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
Of this commission ? I believe, not any.  
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?  
A trembling contribution ! Why, we take  
From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber ;  
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,  
The air will drink the sap. To every county  
Where this is question'd send our letters, with  
Free pardon to each man that has denied 100  
The force of this commission : pray, look to't ;  
I put it to your care.

*Wol.*

A word with you.

[*To the Secretary.*

Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
Of the king's grace and pardon. The grieved  
commons

Hardly conceive of me ; let it be noised  
That through our intercession this revokement  
And pardon comes : I shall anon advise you  
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

*Enter Surveyor.*

*Q. Kath.* I am sorry that the Duke of Buck-  
ingham  
Is run in your displeasure.



*King.* It grieves many : 110  
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker;  
To nature none more bound ; his training such,  
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,  
When these so noble benefits shall prove  
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,  
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,  
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find 120  
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,  
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
That once were his, and is become as black  
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall  
hear—

This was his gentleman in trust—of him  
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount  
The fore-recited practices ; whereof  
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

*Wol.* Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate  
what you,  
Most like a careful subject, have collected 130  
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

*King.* Speak freely.

*Surv.* First, it was usual with him, every day  
It would infect his speech, that if the king  
Should without issue die, he'll carry it so  
To make the sceptre his : these very words  
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,  
Lord Abergavenny ; to whom by oath he menaced  
Revenge upon the cardinal.

*Wol.* Please your highness, note  
This dangerous conception in this point.  
Not friended\* by his wish, to your high person 140  
His will is most malignant ; and it stretches  
Beyond you, to your friends.

*Q. Kath.* My learn'd lord cardinal,  
Deliver all with charity.

*King.* Speak on :  
How grounded he his title to the crown,  
Upon our fail ? to this point hast thou heard him  
At any time speak aught ?

*Surv.* He was brought to this  
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

*King.* What was that Hopkins?

*Surv.* Sir, a Chartreux friar,  
His confessor ; who fed him every minute  
With words of sovereignty.

*King.* How know'st thou this? 150

*Surv.* Not long before your highness sped to  
France,

The duke being at the Rose, within the parish  
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand  
What was the speech among the Londoners  
Concerning the French journey : I replied,  
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,  
To the king's danger. Presently the duke  
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed ; and that he doubted  
'Twould prove the verity of certain words  
Spoke by a holy monk ; 'that oft,' says he, 160  
'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit  
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour  
To hear from him a matter of some moment :  
Whom after under the confession's seal  
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke  
My chaplain to no creature living, but  
To me, should utter, with demure confidence  
This pausingly ensued : Neither the king nor 's  
heirs,

Tell you the duke, shall prosper : bid him strive  
To gain the love o' the commonalty : the duke 170  
Shall govern England.'

*Q. Kath.* If I know you well,  
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your  
office

On the complaint o' the tenants : take good heed  
You charge not in your spleen a noble person  
And spoil your nobler soul : I say, take heed ;  
Yes, heartily beseech you.

*King.* Let him on.  
Go forward.

*Surv.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions  
The monk might be deceived ; and that 'twas  
dangerous for him

To ruminate on this so far, until 180  
It forged him some design, which, being believed,  
It was much like to do: he answer'd, 'Tush,  
It can do me no damage;' adding further,  
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,  
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads  
Should have gone off.

*King.* Ha! what, so rank? Ah ha!  
There's mischief in this man: canst thou say  
further?

*Surv.* I can, my liege.

*King.* Proceed.

*Surv.* Being at Greenwich,  
After your highness had reproved the duke  
About Sir William Blomer,—

*King.* I remember 190  
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,  
The duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

*Surv.* 'If,' quoth he, 'I for this had been com-  
mitted,  
As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd  
The part my father meant to act upon  
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,  
Made suit to come in 's presence; which if  
granted,

As he made semblance of his duty, would  
Have put his knife into him.'

*King.* A giant traitor!

*Wol.* Now, madam, may his highness live in  
freedom, 200

And this man out of prison?

*O. Kath.* God mend all!

*King.* There's something more would out of  
thee; what say'st?

*Surv.* After 'the duke his father,' with 'the  
knife,'  
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his  
dagger,

Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,  
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour  
Was,—were he evil used, he would outgo  
His father by as much as a performance  
Does an irresolute purpose.

*King.* There's his period,  
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd; 210  
Call him to present trial: if he may  
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,  
Let him not seek't of us: by day and night,  
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *An ante-chamber in the palace.*

*Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and LORD SANDS.*

*Cham.* Is't possible the spells of France should  
juggle  
Men into such strange mysteries?

*Sands.* New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*Cham.* As far as I see, all the good our  
English  
Have got by the late voyage is but merely  
A fit\* or two o' the face; but they are shrewd  
ones; \*Trick.  
For when they hold 'em, you would swear  
directly

Their very noses had been counsellors  
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so. 10  
*Sands.* They have all new legs, and lame  
ones: one would take it,

That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin  
Or springhalt\* reign'd among 'em. \*Disease of horses.

*Cham.* Death! my lord,  
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,  
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

*Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

How now!

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

*Lov.* Faith, my lord,  
I hear of none, but the new proclamation  
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

*Cham.* What is't for?

*Lov.* The reformation of our travell'd gallants,

That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and  
tailors.

*Cham.* I'm glad 'tis there: now I would  
pray our monsieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,  
And never see the Louvre.

*Lov.* They must either,  
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants  
Of fool and feather that they got in France,  
With all their honourable points of ignorance  
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,  
Abusing better men than they can be,  
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean  
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,  
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of  
travel,

And understand again like honest men ;  
Or pack to their old playfellows : there, I take it,  
They may, 'cum privilegio,' wear away  
The lag end of their lewdness and be laugh'd at.

*Sands.* 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their  
diseases

Are grown so catching.

*Cham.* What a loss our ladies  
Will have of these trim vanities !

*Lov.* Ay, marry,  
There will be woe indeed, lords : the sly whore-  
sons

Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies ; 40  
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

*Sands.* The devil fiddle 'em ! I am glad they  
are going,

For, sure, there's no converting of 'em : now  
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song  
And have an hour of hearing ; and, by'r lady,  
Held current music too.

*Cham.* Well said, Lord Sands ;  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

*Sands.* No, my lord ;  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

*Cham.* Sir Thomas,  
Whither were you a-going ?

*Lov.* To the cardinal's: 50  
Your lordship is a guest too.

*Cham.* O, 'tis true :  
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,  
To many lords and ladies ; there will be  
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

*Lov.* That churchman bears a bounteous mind  
indeed,  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;  
His dews fall every where.

*Cham.* No doubt he's noble ;  
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

*Sands.* He may, my lord ; has wherewithal :  
in him  
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doc-  
trine : 60

Men of his way should be most liberal ;  
They are set here for examples.

*Cham.* True, they are so ;  
But few now give so great ones. My barge  
stays ;  
Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir  
Thomas,

We shall be late else ; which I would not be,  
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford  
This night to be comptrollers.

*Sands.* I am your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Hall in York Place.*

*Hautboys.* *A small table under a state for the  
CARDINAL, a longer table for the guests.  
Then enter ANNE BULLEN and divers other  
Ladies and Gentlemen as guests, at one  
door ; at another door, enter SIR HENRY  
GUILDFORD.*

*Guild.* Ladies, a general welcome from his  
grace  
Salutes ye all ; this night he dedicates  
To fair content and you : none here, he hopes,  
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her  
One care abroad ; he would have all as merry

As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,  
Can make good people. O, my lord, you're tardy :

*Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SANDS, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

The very thought of this fair company  
Clapp'd wings to me.

*Cham.* You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

*Sands.* Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal  
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these  
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,  
I think would better please 'em : by my life,  
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

*Lov.* O, that your lordship were but now confessor

To one or two of these !

*Sands.* I would I were ;

They should find easy penance.

*Lov.* Faith, how easy ?

*Sands.* As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

*Cham.* Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ?

*Sir Harry,* 19  
Place you that side ; I'll take the charge of this :  
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze ;

Two women placed together makes cold weather :  
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking ;  
Pray, sit between these ladies.

*Sands.* By my faith,

And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies :

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;  
I had it from my father.

*Anne.* Was he mad, sir ?

*Sands.* O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too :

But he would bite none : just as I do now,  
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*

*Cham.* Well said my lord. 30

So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen,

The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies  
Pass away frowning.

*Sands.* For my little cure,  
Let me alone.

*Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, and  
takes his state.*

*Wol.* You're welcome, my fair guests: that  
noble lady,  
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,  
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;  
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*]

*Sands.* Your grace is noble:  
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,  
And save me so much talking.

*Wol.* My Lord Sands, 40  
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.  
Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen,  
Whose fault is this?

*Sands.* The red wine first must rise  
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have  
'em

Talk us to silence.

*Anne.* You are a merry gamester,\*

My Lord Sands. \*Frolicsome person.

*Sands.* Yes, if I make my play.  
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,  
For 'tis to such a thing,—

*Anne.* You cannot show me.

*Sands.* I told your grace they would talk anon.  
[*Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged.*]

*Wol.* What's that?

*Cham.* Look out there, some of ye.  
[*Exit Servant.*]

*Wol.* What warlike voice, 50  
And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;  
By all the laws of war you're privileged.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Cham.* How now! what is't?

*Serv.* A noble troop of strangers;  
For so they seem: they've left their barge and  
landed;



And hither make, as great ambassadors  
From foreign princes.

*Wol.* Good lord chamberlain,  
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French  
tongue;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em  
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty  
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise,  
and tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll  
mend it. 61

A good digestion to you all: and once more  
I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter the KING and others, as  
masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by  
the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. They pass directly  
before the CARDINAL, and gracefully salute  
him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

*Cham.* Because they speak no English, thus  
they pray'd

To tell your grace, that, having heard by fame  
Of this so noble and so fair assembly  
This night to meet here, they could do no less,  
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,  
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair con-  
duct, 70

Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat  
An hour of revels with 'em.

*Wol.* Say, lord chamberlain,  
They have done my poor house grace; for which  
I pay 'em

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their  
pleasures.

[*They choose Ladies for the dance. The  
King chooses Anne Bullen.*]

*King.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O  
beauty,

Till now I never knew thee! [Music. Dance.]

*Wol.* My lord!

*Cham.* Your grace?

*Wol.* Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:  
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,  
More worthy this place than myself; to whom.  
If I but knew him, with my love and duty 80  
I would surrender it.

*Cham.* I will, my lord.

[*Whispers the Masquers.*]

*Wol.* What say they?

*Cham.* Such a one, they all confess,  
There is indeed; which they would have your grace  
Find out, and he will take it.

*Wol.* Let me see, then.  
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll  
make

My royal choice.

*King.* Ye have found him, cardinal;

[*Unmasking.*]

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:  
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,  
I should judge now unhappily.\*

\*Censoriously.

*Wol.* I am glad

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

*King.* My lord chamberlain, 90  
Prithee, come hither: what fair lady's that?

*Cham.* An't please your grace, Sir Thomas  
Bullen's daughter,—  
The Viscount Rochford,—one of her highness'  
women.

*King.* By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweet-  
heart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out,  
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen!

Let it go round.

*Wol.* Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready  
I' the privy chamber?

*Lov.* Yes, my lord.

*Wol.* Your grace,  
I fear, with dancing is a little heated. 100

*King.* I fear, too much.

*Wol.* There's fresher air, my lord,  
In the next chamber.

*King.* Lead in your ladies, every one: sweet  
partner,

I must not yet forsake you : let's be merry :  
 Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths  
 To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure\*  
 To lead 'em once again ; and then let's dream  
 Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it.

\*Dance. [*Exeunt with trumpets.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *Westminster. A street.*

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

*First Gent.* Whither away so fast ?

*Sec. Gent.* O, God save ye!  
 Even to the hall, to hear what shall become  
 Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

*First Gent.* I'll save you  
 That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony  
 Of bringing back the prisoner.

*Sec. Gent.* Were you there ?

*First Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

*Sec. Gent.* Pray, speak what has happen'd.

*First Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

*Sec. Gent.* Is he found guilty ?

*First Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd  
 upon't.

*Sec. Gent.* I am sorry for't.

*First Gent.* So are a number more.

*Sec. Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it ? 10

*First Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great  
 duke

Came to the bar ; where to his accusations  
 He pleaded still not guilty and alleged  
 Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
 The king's attorney on the contrary  
 Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions  
 Of divers witnesses ; which the duke desired  
 To have brought vivâ voce to his face :  
 At which appear'd against him his surveyor ;  
 Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor ; and John Car,  
 Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk, 21  
 Hopkins, that made this mischief.

*Sec. Gent.* That was he  
That fed him with his prophecies?

*First Gent.* The same.  
All these accused him strongly ; which he fain  
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he  
could not :

And so his peers, upon this evidence,  
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much  
He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all  
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

*Sec. Gent.* After all this, how did he bear  
himself? <sup>30</sup>

*First Gent.* When he was brought again to the  
bar, to hear  
His knell rung out, his judgement, he was stirr'd  
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,  
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :  
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly  
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

*Sec. Gent.* I do not think he fears death.

*First Gent.* Sure, he does not :  
He never was so womanish ; the cause  
He may a little grieve at.

*Sec. Gent.* Certainly  
The cardinal is the end of this.

*First Gent.* 'Tis likely, <sup>40</sup>  
By all conjectures : first, Kildare's attainder,  
Then deputy of Ireland ; who removed,  
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,  
Lest he should help his father.

*Sec. Gent.* That trick of state  
Was a deep envious one.

*First Gent.* At his return  
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,  
And generally, whoever the king favours,  
The cardinal instantly will find employment,  
And far enough from court too.

*Sec. Gent.* All the commons  
Hate him perniciously, and, o'my conscience, <sup>50</sup>  
Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much  
They love and dote on ; call him bounteous Buck-  
ingham,  
The mirror of all courtesy ;—

*First Gent.* Stay there, sir,  
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; tip-staves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side: accompanied with SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS, and common people.*

*Sec. Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

*Buck.* All good people,  
You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.  
I have this day received a traitor's judgement,  
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me, 60  
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!  
The law I bear no malice for my death;  
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice:  
But those that sought it I could wish more Chris-  
tians:

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:  
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,  
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;  
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.  
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,  
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies 70  
More than I dare make faults. You few that  
loved me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,  
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave  
Is only bitter to him, only dying,  
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;  
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's  
name.

*Lov.* I do beseech your grace, for charity,  
If ever any malice in your heart 80  
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

*Buck.* Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive  
you  
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;

There cannot be those numberless offences  
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no  
black envy

Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his  
grace;

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him  
You met him half in heaven: my vows and  
prayers

Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,  
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live 90  
Longer than I have time to tell his years!

Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!  
And when old time shall lead him to his end,  
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

*Lov.* To the water side I must conduct your  
grace;

Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,  
Who undertakes you to your end.

*Vaux.* Prepare there,  
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready;  
And fit it with such furniture as suits

The greatness of his person.

*Buck.* Nay, Sir Nicholas, 100  
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.  
When I came hither, I was lord high constable  
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward

Bohun:

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;  
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan  
for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
Who first raised head against usurping Richard,  
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,  
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd, 110  
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!  
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,  
Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins,  
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,  
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name and all  
That made me happy at one stroke has taken  
For ever from the world. I had my trial,

And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes  
me

A little happier than my wretched father : 120

Yet thus far we are one in fortunes : both

Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most ;

A most unnatural and faithless service !

Heaven has an end in all ; yet, you that hear me,

This from a dying man receive as certain :

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels

Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make  
friends

And give your hearts to, when they once per-  
ceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away

Like water from ye, never found again 130

But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,

Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye : the last  
hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,  
Speak how I fell. I have done ; and God for-  
give me ! [Exeunt Duke and Train.]

*First Gent.* O, this is full of pity ! Sir, it calls,  
I fear, too many curses on their heads

That were the authors.

*Sec. Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,  
'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you inkling 140  
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
Greater than this.

*First Gent.* Good angels keep it from us !  
What may it be ? You do not doubt my faith,  
sir ?

*Sec. Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill  
require

A strong faith to conceal it.

*First Gent.* Let me have it ;  
I do not talk much.

*Sec. Gent.* I am confident ;  
You shall, sir : did you not of late days hear  
A buzzing of a separation  
Between the king and Katharine ?

*First Gent.* Yes, but it held not :

For when the king once heard it, out of  
anger 150

He sent command to the lord mayor straight  
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues  
That durst disperse it.

*Sec. Gent.* But that slander, sir,  
Is found a truth now : for it grows again  
Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain  
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,  
Or some about him near, have, out of malice  
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple  
That will undo her : to confirm this too,  
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately ; 160  
As all think, for this business.

*First Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal ;  
And merely to revenge him on the emperor  
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,  
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

*Sec. Gent.* I think you have hit the mark : but  
is't not cruel  
That she should feel the smart of this? The  
cardinal  
Will have his will, and she must fall.

*First Gent.* 'Tis woful.  
We are too open\* here to argue this ; \*Public.  
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *An ante-chamber in the palace.*

*Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, reading a letter.*

*Cham.* 'My lord, the horses your lordship sent  
for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen,  
ridden, and furnished. They were young and  
handsome, and of the best breed in the north.  
When they were ready to set out for London, a  
man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and  
main power, took 'em from me ; with this reason :  
His master would be served before a subject, if  
not before the king ; which stopped our mouths,  
sir.' 10

I fear he will indeed : well, let him have them :  
He will have all, I think.



*Enter, to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the DUKES  
OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

*Nor.* Well met, my lord chamberlain.

*Cham.* Good day to both your graces.

*Suf.* How is the king employ'd?

*Cham.* I left him private,  
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

*Nor.* What's the cause?

*Cham.* It seems the marriage with his brother's  
wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

*Suf.* No, his conscience  
Has crept too near another lady.

*Nor.* 'Tis so :

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal : 20  
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,  
Turns what he list. The king will know him one  
day.

*Suf.* Pray God he do ! he'll never know him-  
self else.

*Nor.* How holily he works in all his business !  
And with what zeal ! for, now he has crack'd the  
league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great  
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters  
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears, and despairs ; and all these for his mar-  
riage :

And out of all these to restore the king, 30

He counsels a divorce ; a loss of her

That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years

About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;

Of her that loves him with that excellence

That angels love good men with ; even of her

That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
Will bless the king : and is not this course pious ?

*Cham.* Heaven keep me from such counsel !

'Tis most true

These news are every where ; every tongue speaks  
'em,

And every true heart weeps for't : all that dare 40

Look into these affairs see this main end,  
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day

open  
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon  
This bold bad man.

*Suf.* And free us from his slavery.

*Nor.* We had need pray,  
And heartily, for our deliverance ;  
Or this imperious man will work us all  
From princes into pages : all men's honours  
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd  
Into what pitch he please.

*Suf.* For me, my lords, 50  
I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed :  
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,  
If the king please ; his curses and his blessings  
Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.  
I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him  
To him that made him proud, the pope.

*Nor.* Let's in ;  
And with some other business put the king  
From these sad thoughts, that work too much  
upon him :  
My lord, you'll bear us company ?

*Cham.* Excuse me ;  
The king has sent me otherwhere : besides, 60  
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :  
Health to your lordships.

*Nor.* Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.  
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain; and the  
King draws the curtain, and sits  
reading pensively.*]

*Suf.* How sad he looks ! sure, he is much  
afflicted.

*King.* Who's there, ha ?

*Nor.* Pray God he be not angry.

*King.* Who's there, I say ? How dare you  
thrust yourselves  
Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha ?

*Nor.* A gracious king that pardons all offences  
Malice ne'er meant : our breach of duty this  
way

Is business of estate ; in which we come 70  
To know your royal pleasure.

*King.* Ye are too bold :  
Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business :  
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha ?

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS, with a commission.*

Who's there? my good lord cardinal? O my  
Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience ;  
Thou art a cure fit for a king. [*To Camp.*]

You're welcome,  
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom :  
Use us and it. [*To Wol.*] My good lord, have  
great care

I be not found a talker.

*Wol.* Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour 80  
Of private conference.

*King.* [*To Nor. and Suf.*] We are busy; go.

*Nor.* [*Aside to Suf.*] This priest has no pride  
in him?

*Suf.* [*Aside to Nor.*] Not to speak of :  
I would not be so sick though for his place :  
But this cannot continue.

*Nor.* [*Aside to Suf.*] If it do,  
I'll venture one have-at-him.

*Suf.* [*Aside to Nor.*] I another.

[*Exeunt Nor. and Suf.*]

*Wol.* Your grace has given a precedent of  
wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely  
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom :  
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you ?  
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her, 90  
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,  
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,  
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms  
Have their free voices : Rome, the nurse of judge-  
ment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent  
One general tongue unto us, this good man,

## WILLIAM TERRISS AS KING HENRY VIII.

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Associated in fame with Mr. Henry Irving and possessing an independent reputation founded on honors worthily won, Mr. Terriss is an actor of great versatility. His enactment of the romantic parts in Shakespeare's plays is admirably balanced of emotion and gallantry.

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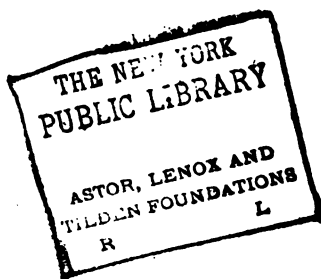
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This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius ;  
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

*King.* And once more in mine arms I bid him  
welcome,  
And thank the holy conclave for their loves ; 100  
They have sent me such a man I would have  
wish'd for.

*Cam.* Your grace must needs deserve all  
strangers' loves,  
You are so noble. To your highness' hand  
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,  
The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord  
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant  
In the impartial judging of this business.

*King.* Two equal men. The queen shall be  
acquainted  
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardi-  
ner?

*Wol.* I know your majesty has always loved  
her 110  
So dear in heart, not to deny her that.  
A woman of less place might ask by law :  
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

*King.* Ay, and the best she shall have ; and  
my favour  
To him that does best : God forbid else. Cardinal,  
Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary :  
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit Wolsey.*]

*Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.*

*Wol.* [*Aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand :  
much joy and favour to you ;  
You are the king's now.

*Gard.* [*Aside to Wol.*] But to be commanded  
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.  
*King.* Come hither, Gardiner. 121

*Cam.* My Lord of York, was not one Doctor  
Pace  
In this man's place before him ?

*Wol.* Yes, he was.

*Cam.* Was he not held a learned man ?

*Wol.* Yes, surely.



That's the way to get a man  
To be a soldier.

Wol. They will not be so soon  
As you think.

Cam. They will not be so soon  
As you think.

And fearing he would not be so soon  
Kept him a foreigner.

him,  
That he was not so soon

Wol. That's Christian's way to be  
murders

There's a place of refuge for  
For he would needs be there

If I command him, follow  
I will have none so soon

We live not to be griped by  
King. Deliver this with

the most convenient place  
For such receipt of learning

There ye shall meet about  
My Wolsey, see it fairly

Would it not grieve an able  
So sweet a bedfellow?

science!

O, 'tis a tender place; and

SCENE III. An ante-chamber  
apartment.

Enter ANNE BULLEN

Anne. Not for that neither  
that pinches:

His highness having lived so  
she

So good a lady that no tongue  
Pronounce dishonour of her:

She never knew harm-doing;  
So many courses of the sun

Still growing in a majesty and

...than that  
...after this process  
...it is a pity

Hearts of most hard temper

O, God's will! much better  
known pomp: thought't be tem-

search fortune, do divorce  
'tis a sufferance panging  
severing.

Alas, poor lady!  
now again.

So much the more  
Verily,  
to be lowly born,  
humble livers in content,  
in a glistening grief,  
golden sorrow.

Our content  
having.  
by my troth and maidenhead  
be a queen.

Beshrew me, I would  
maidenhead for't; and so would you,  
the spite of your hypocrisy:  
so fair parts of woman on you,  
maiden's heart; which ever yet  
sufficiency, wealth, sovereignty;  
your troth, are blessings; and which

the capacity  
conscience would receive,  
please to stretch it.

Nay, good troth,  
troth, and troth; you would not  
not for all the riches under heaven  
three-pence bow'd would  
in: but, I pray you  
of a duchess have you limbs

To bear that load of title?

*Anne.* No, in truth.

*Old L.* Then you are weakly made: pluck off  
a little; 40

I would not be a young count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to: if your back  
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak  
Ever to get a boy.

*Anne.* How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen  
For all the world.

*Old L.* In faith, for little England  
You'd venture an emballing: I myself  
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd  
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes  
here?

*Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, ladies. What were't  
worth to know 50

The secret of your conference?

*Anne.* My good lord,

Not your demand; it values not your asking:  
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

*Cham.* It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women: there is hope  
All will be well.

*Anne.* Now, I pray God, amen!

*Cham.* You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly  
blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair  
lady,

Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's 59  
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty  
Commends his good opinion of you, and  
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title  
A thousand pounds a year, annual support,  
Out of his grace he adds.

*Anne.* I do not know

What kind of my obedience I should tender;  
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers  
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes

More worth than empty vanities ; yet prayers  
and wishes

Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship, 70  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness ;  
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

*Cham.* Lady,  
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit  
The king hath of you. [*Aside*] I have perused  
her well ;

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled  
That they have caught the king : and who knows  
yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem  
To lighten all this isle? I'll to the king,  
And say I spoke with you.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

*Anne.* My honour'd lord. 80

*Old L.* Why, this it is ; see, see !

I have been begging sixteen years in court,  
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could  
Come pat betwixt too early and too late  
For any suit of pounds ; and you, O fate !  
A very fresh-fish here—fie, fie, fie upon  
This compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd  
up

Before you open it.

*Anne.* This is strange to me.

*Old L.* How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence,  
no.

There was a lady once, 'tis an old story, 90  
That would not be a queen, that would she not,  
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

*Anne.* Come, you are pleasant.

*Old L.* With your theme, I could  
O'er mount the lark. The Marchioness of Pem-  
broke!

A thousand pounds a year for pure respect !  
No other obligation ! By my life,  
That promises mee thousands : honour's train  
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time  
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,  
Are you not stronger than you were?

*Anne.* Good lady, 100  
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,  
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,  
If this salute my blood a jot : it faints me,  
To think what follows.  
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence : pray, do not deliver  
What here you've heard to her.

*Old L.* What do you think me?  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A hall in Black-Friars.*

*Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands ; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctōrs ; after them, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY alone ; after him, the BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH ; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat ; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross ; then a Gentleman-usher bareheaded, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-arms bearing a silver mace ; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars ; after them, side by side, the two CARDINALS ; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The KING takes place under the cloth of state ; the two CARDINALS sit under him as judges. The QUEEN takes place some distance from the KING. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory ; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

*Wol.* Whilst our commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

*King.* What's the need?  
It hath already publicly been read,  
And on all sides the authority allow'd ;  
You may, then, spare that time.

*Wol.*

Be't so. Proceed.

*Scribe.* Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

*Crier.* Henry King of England, &c.

*King.* Here.

*Scribe.* Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court. II

*Crier.* Katharine Queen of England, &c.

*[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.]*

*Q. Kath.* Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;

And to bestow your pity on me: for  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
Born out of your dominions; having here  
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,  
In what have I offended you? what cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, 20  
That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
And take your good grace from me? Heaven  
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable;  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry  
As I saw it inclined: when was the hour  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your  
friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew 30  
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine  
That had to him derived your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice  
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to  
mind

That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
With many children by you: if, in the course  
And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,

My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, 40  
Against your sacred person, in God's name,  
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
The king, your father, was reputed for  
A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
And unmatch'd wit and judgement: Ferdinand,  
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one  
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by  
many

A year before: it is not to be question'd 50  
That they had gather'd a wise council to them  
Of every realm, that did debate this business.  
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore I  
humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
Be by my friends in Spain advised; whose counsel  
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

*Wol.* You have here, lady,  
And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men  
Of singular integrity and learning,  
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled 60  
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore boot-  
less

That longer you desire the court; as well  
For your own quiet, as to rectify  
What is unsettled in the king.

*Cam.* His grace  
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,  
It's fit this royal session do proceed;  
And that, without delay, their arguments  
Be now produced and heard.

*Q. Kath.* Lord cardinal,  
To you I speak.

*Wol.* Your pleasure, madam?

*Q. Kath.* Sir,  
I am about to weep; but, thinking that 70  
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain  
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wol.* Be patient yet.

*Q. Kath.* I will, when you are humble; nay,  
before,  
Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
Induced by potent circumstances, that  
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge  
You shall not be my judge: for it is you  
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;  
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again,  
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul      81  
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,  
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
At all a friend to truth.

*Vol.* I do profess  
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet  
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects  
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me  
wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice  
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,      90  
Or how far further shall, is warranted  
By a commission from the consistory,  
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge  
me

That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:  
The king is present: if it be known to him  
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much  
As you have done my truth. If he know  
That I am free of your report, he knows  
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him      100  
It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to  
Remove these thoughts from you: the which be-  
fore

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking  
And to say so no more.

*Q. Kath.* My lord, my lord,  
I am a simple woman, much too weak  
To oppose your cunning. You're meek and hum-  
ble-mouth'd;  
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,  
With meekness and humility; but your heart



Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride. 110  
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,  
Gone slightly o'er low steps and now are mounted  
Where powers are your retainers, and your  
words,

Domestics to you, serve your will as't please  
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
You tender more your person's honour than  
Your high profession spiritual: that again  
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,  
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness, 120  
And to be judged by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

*Cam.*

The queen is obstinate,  
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
Disdainful to be tried by't: 'tis not well.  
She's going away.

*King.* Call her again.

*Crier.* Katharine Queen of England, come into  
the court.

*Grif.* Madam, you are call'd back.

*Q. Kath.* What need you note it? pray you,  
keep your way:

When you are call'd, return. Now, the Lord  
help,

They vex me past my patience! Pray you,  
pass on: 130

I will not tarry; no, nor ever more  
Upon this business my appearance make  
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.*

*King.*

Go thy ways, Kate:  
That man i' the world who shall report he has  
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,  
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,  
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,  
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts 139  
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,  
The queen of earthly queens: she's noble born;  
And, like her true nobility, she has  
Carried herself towards me.

*Vol.*

Most gracious sir,  
In humblest manner I require your highness,  
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
Of all these ears,—for where I am robb'd and  
bound,

There must I be unloosed, although not there  
At once and fully satisfied,—whether ever I  
Did broach this business to your highness ; or  
Laid any scruple in your way, which might    150  
Induce you to the question on't ? or ever  
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such  
A royal lady, spake one the least word that  
might

Be to the prejudice of her present state,  
Or touch of her good person ?

*King.*

My lord cardinal,  
I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,  
I free you from't. You are not to be taught  
That you have many enemies, that know not  
Why they are so, but, like to village-curs,  
Bark when their fellows do : by some of these 160  
The queen is put in anger. You're excused :  
But will you be more justified ? you ever  
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business ; never  
desired

It to be stirr'd ; but oft have hinder'd, oft,  
The passages made toward it : on my honour,  
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,  
And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me  
to't,

I will be bold with time and your attention :  
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ; give  
heed to't :

My conscience first received a tenderness,    170  
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd  
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambas-  
sador ;

Who had been hither sent on the debating  
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and  
Our daughter Mary : i' the progress of this busi-  
ness,

Ere a determinate resolution, he,  
I mean the bishop, did require a respite ;

Wherein he might the king his lord advertise  
 Whether our daughter were legitimate, 179  
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
 Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook  
 The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,  
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
 The region of my breast; which forced such  
 way,

That many mazed considerings did throng  
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought  
 I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had  
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,  
 If it conceived a male child by me, should  
 Do no more offices of life to't than 190  
 The grave does to the dead; for her male issue  
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
 This world had air'd them: hence I took a  
 thought,

This was a judgement on me; that my kingdom,  
 Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not  
 Be gladdened in't by me: then follows, that  
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
 By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me  
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling\* in  
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer 200  
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are \*Drifting.  
 Now present here together; that's to say,  
 I meant to rectify my conscience.—which  
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—  
 By all the reverend fathers of the land,  
 And doctors learn'd: first I began in private  
 With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember  
 How under my oppression I did reek,  
 When I first met you.

*Lin.* Very well, my liege.

*King.* I have spoke long: be pleased yourself  
 to say 210

How far you satisfied me.

*Lin.* So please your highness.  
 The question did at first so stagger me,  
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't  
 And consequence of dread, that I committed  
 The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt;

And did entreat your highness to this course  
Which you are running here.

*King.* I then moved you,  
My Lord of Canterbury ; and got your leave  
To make this present summons : unsolicited  
I left no reverend person in this court ; 220  
But by particular consent proceeded  
Under your hands and seals : therefore, go on ;  
For no dislike i' the world against the person  
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points  
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward :  
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life  
And kingly dignity, we are contented  
To wear our mortal state to come with her,  
Katharine our queen, before the primest crea-  
ture

That's paragon'd o' the world.

*Cam.* So please your highness, 230  
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness  
That we adjourn this court till further day :  
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion  
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal  
She intends unto his holiness.

*King.* [*Aside*] I may perceive  
These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor  
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.  
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,  
Prithee, return : with thy approach, I know,  
My comfort comes along. Break up the court :  
I say, set on. 241

[*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*]

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. The QUEEN'S apartments.*

*Enter the QUEEN and her Women, as at work.*

*Q. Kath.* Take thy lute, wench : my soul  
grows sad with troubles ;  
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst : leave  
working.

## SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing :  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea, 10  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Q. Kath.* How now !

*Gent.* An't please your grace, the two great  
cardinals

Wait in the presence.\*

\*Presence-chamber.

*Q. Kath.* Would they speak with me ?

*Gent.* They will'd me say so, madam.

*Q. Kath.* Pray their graces  
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their  
business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from  
favour? 20

I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,  
They should be good men ; their affairs as right-  
eous :

But all hoods make not monks.

*Enter the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and  
CAMPEIUS.*

*Wol.* Peace to your highness !

*Q. Kath.* Your graces find me here part of a  
housewife,

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend  
lords?

*Wol.* May it please you, noble madam, to  
withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

*Q. Kath.* Speak it here :  
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my con-  
science, 30

Deserves a corner : would all other women  
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !  
My lords, I care not, so much I am happy  
Above a number, if my actions  
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,  
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,  
I know my life so even. If your business  
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,  
Out with it boldly : truth loves open dealing.

*Wol.* Tanta est erga te mentis integritas,  
regina serenissima,— 41

*Q. Kath.* O, good my lord, no Latin ;  
I am not such a truant since my coming,  
As not to know the language I have lived in :  
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,  
suspicious ;  
Pray, speak in English : here are some will  
thank you,  
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake ;  
Believe me, she has had much wrong : lord  
cardinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed  
May be absolved in English.

*Wol.* Noble lady, 50  
I am sorry my integrity should breed,  
And service to his majesty and you,  
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.  
We come not by the way of accusation,  
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,  
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,  
You have too much, good lady ; but to know  
How you stand minded in the weighty differ-  
ence

Between the king and you ; and to deliver,  
Like free and honest men, our just opinions 60  
And comforts to your cause.

*Cam.* Most honour'd madam,  
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,

Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,  
 Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure  
 Both of his truth and him, which was too far,  
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,  
 His service and his counsel.

*Q. Kath.* [Aside] To betray me.—  
 My lords, I thank you both for your good wills ;  
 Ye speak like honest men ; pray God, ye prove  
 so !

But how to make ye suddenly an answer, 70  
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,—  
 More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,  
 And to such men of gravity and learning,  
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work  
 Among my maids ; full little, God knows, looking  
 Either for such men or such business.  
 For her sake that I have been,—for I feel  
 The last fit of my greatness,—good your graces,  
 Let me have time and counsel for my cause :  
 Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless ! 80

*Wol.* Madam, you wrong the king's love with  
 these fears :

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Q. Kath.* In England  
 But little for my profit : can you think, lords,  
 That any Englishman dare give me counsel ?  
 Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness'  
 pleasure,

Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,  
 And live a subject ? Nay, forsooth, my friends,  
 They that must weigh out\* my afflictions, \*Outweigh.  
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here :  
 They are, as all my other comforts, far hence 90  
 In mine own country, lords.

*Cam.* I would your grace  
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

*Q. Kath.* How, sir ?

*Cam.* Put your main cause into the king's  
 protection ;

He's loving and most gracious : 'twill be much  
 Both for your honour better and your cause ;  
 For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,  
 You'll part away disgraced.

*Wol.*

He tells you rightly.

*Q. Kath.* Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—  
my ruin :

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye !

Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a judge 100  
That no king can corrupt.*Cam.*

Your rage mistakes us.

*Q. Kath.* The more shame for ye : holy men  
I thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;

But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye :

Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your  
comfort ?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,

A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?

I will not wish ye half my miseries ;

I have more charity : but say, I warn'd ye ;

Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at  
once 110

The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

*Wol.* Madam, this is a mere distraction ;

You turn the good we offer into envy.

*Q. Kath.* Ye turn me into nothing : woe upon  
yeAnd all such false professors ! would you have  
me—

If you have any justice, any pity ;

If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits—

Put my sick cause into his hands that hates  
me?

Alas, has banish'd me his bed already,

His love, too long ago ! I am old, my lords, 120

And all the fellowship I hold now with him

Is only my obedience. What can happen

To me above this wretchedness? all your studies

Make me a curse like this.

*Cam.*

Your fears are worse.

*Q. Kath.* Have I lived thus long—let me  
speak myself,

Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?

A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,

Never yet branded with suspicion?

Have I with all my full affections



Still met the king? loved him next heaven?  
obey'd him? 130

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?  
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?  
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.  
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;  
And to that woman, when she has done most,  
Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.

*Wol.* Madam, you wander from the good we  
aim at.

*Q. Kath.* My lord, I dare not make myself so  
guilty,  
To give up willingly that noble title 140  
Your master wed me to: nothing but death  
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

*Wol.* Pray, hear me.

*Q. Kath.* Would I had never trod this English  
earth,  
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!  
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your  
hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady!  
I am the most unhappy woman living.  
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!  
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;  
Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily, 151  
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head and perish.

*Wol.* If your grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,  
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good  
lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,  
The way of our profession is against it:  
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.  
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;  
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly 160  
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this car-  
riage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits

They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.  
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,  
A soul as even as a calm : pray, think us  
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and ser-  
vants.

*Cam.* Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong  
your virtues

With these weak women's fears : a noble spirit,  
As yours was put into you, ever casts      170  
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king  
loves you ;

Beware you lose it not : for us, if you please  
To trust us in your business, we are ready  
To use our utmost studies in your service.

*Q. Kath.* Do what ye will, my lords : and, pray,  
forgive me,

If I have used\* myself unmannerly ;      \*Behaved.

You know I am a woman, lacking wit

To make a seemly answer to such persons.

Pray, do my service to his majesty :

He has my heart yet ; and shall have my pray-  
ers

While I shall have my life. Come, reverend  
fathers,      181

Bestow your counsels on me : she now begs,  
That little thought, when she set footing here,  
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Ante-chamber to the KING's apart-  
ment.*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

*Nor.* If you will now unite in your complaints,  
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal  
Cannot stand under them : if you omit  
The offer of this time, I cannot promise  
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,  
With these you bear already.

*Sur.* I am joyful  
To meet the least occasion that may give me

Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,  
To be revenged on him.

*Suf.* Which of the peers  
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least 10  
Strangely neglected? when did he regard  
The stamp of nobleness in any person  
Out of himself?

*Cham.* My lords, you speak your pleasures :  
What he deserves of you and me I know :  
What we can do to him, though now the time  
Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot  
Bar his access to the king, never attempt  
Any thing on him ; for he hath a witchcraft  
Over the king in's tongue.

*Nor.* O, fear him not ;  
His spell in that is out : the king hath found 20  
Matter against him that for ever mars  
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,  
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

*Sur.* Sir,  
I should be glad to hear such news as this  
Once every hour.

*Nor.* Believe it, this is true :  
In the divorce his contrary proceedings  
Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears  
As I would wish mine enemy.

*Sur.* How came  
His practices to light ?

*Suf.* Most strangely.

*Sur.* O, how, how ?

*Suf.* The cardinal's letters to the pope mis-  
carried, 30  
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,  
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness  
To stay the judgement o' the divorce ; for if  
It did take place, 'I do,' quoth he, 'perceive  
My king is tangled in affection to  
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

*Sur.* Has the king this?

*Suf.* Believe it.

*Sur.* Will this work ?

*Cham.* The king in this perceives him, how he  
coasts

And hedges his own way. But in this point  
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic  
After his patient's death : the king already 41  
Hath married the fair lady.

*Sur.* Would he had !

*Suf.* May you be happy in your wish, my lord!  
For, I profess, you have it.

*Sur.* Now, all my joy  
Trace the conjunction !

*Suf.* My amen to't !

*Nor.* All men's !

*Suf.* There's order given for her coronation :  
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left  
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,  
She is a gallant creature, and complete  
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her 50  
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
In it be memorized.

*Sur.* But, will the king  
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?  
The Lord forbid !

*Nor.* Marry, amen !

*Suf.* No, no ;  
There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose  
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Cam-  
peius

Is stol'n away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;  
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled ; and  
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,  
To second all his plot. I do assure you 60  
The king cried Ha ! at this.

*Cham.* Now, God incense him,  
And let him cry Ha ! louder !

*Nor.* But, my lord,  
When returns Cranmer?

*Suf.* He is return'd in his opinions ; which  
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,  
Together with all famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom : shortly, I believe,  
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
Her coronation. Katharine no more  
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager 70  
And widow to Prince Arthur.

*Nor.* This same Cranmer's  
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain  
In the king's business.

*Suf.* He has ; and we shall see him  
For it an archbishop.

*Nor.* So I hear.

*Suf.* 'Tis so.  
The cardinal !

*Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.*

*Nor.* Observe, observe, he's moody.

*Wol.* The packet, Cromwell,  
Gave't you the king ?

*Crom.* To his own hand, in's bedchamber.

*Wol.* Look'd he o' the inside of the paper ?

*Crom.* Presently  
He did unseal them : and the first he view'd,  
He did it with a serious mind ; a heed . 80  
Was in his countenance. You he bade  
Attend him here this morning.

*Wol.* Is he ready  
To come abroad ?

*Crom.* I think, by this he is.

*Wol.* Leave me awhile. [*Exit Cromwell.*]

[*Aside*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,  
The French king's sister : he shall marry her.  
Anne Bullen ! No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him :  
There's more in't than fair visage. Bullen !  
No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish  
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pem-  
broke ! 90

*Nor.* He's discontented.

*Suf.* May be, he hears the king  
Does whet his anger to him.

*Sur.* Sharp enough,  
Lord, for thy justice !

*Wol.* [*Aside*] The late queen's gentlewoman,  
a knight's daughter,  
To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !  
This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it :  
Then out it goes. What though I know her  
virtuous  
And well deserving ? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to  
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of 100  
Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up  
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one  
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,  
And is his oracle.

*Nor.* He is vex'd at something.

*Sur.* I would 'twere something that would fret  
the string,  
The master-cord on's heart !

*Enter the KING, reading of a schedule, and  
LOVELL.*

*Suf.* The king, the king !

*King.* What piles of wealth hath he accumul-  
ated  
To his own portion ! and what expense by the  
hour  
Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of  
thrift,

Does he rake this together ! Now, my lords, 110  
Saw you the cardinal ?

*Nor.* My lord, we have  
Stood here observing him : some strange com-  
motion

Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;  
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
Then lays his finger on his temple ; straight  
Springs out into fast gait ; then stops again,  
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts  
His eye against the moon : in most strange pos-  
tures

We have seen him set himself.

*King.* It may well be ;  
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning 120  
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
As I required : and wot you what I found  
There,—on my conscience, put unwittingly ?  
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing ;  
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household ; which  
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks  
Possession of a subject.

*Nor.* It's heaven's will :  
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,  
To bless your eye withal.

*King.* If we did think 130  
His contemplation were above the earth,  
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still  
Dwell in his musings : but I am afraid  
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth  
His serious considering.

*[King takes his seat ; whispers Lovell, who  
goes to the Cardinal.]*

*Wol.* Heaven forgive me !  
Ever God bless your highness !

*King.* Good my lord,  
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory  
Of your best graces in your mind ; the which  
You were now running o'er : you have scarce time  
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span 140  
To keep your earthly audit : sure, in that  
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad  
To have you therein my companion.

*Wol.* Sir,  
For holy offices I have a time ; a time  
To think upon the part of business which  
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require  
Her times of preservation, which perforce  
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
Must give my tendence to.

*King.* You have said well.

*Wol.* And ever may your highness yoke together, 150  
As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
With my well saying !

*King.* 'Tis well said again ;  
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well :  
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved  
you :  
He said he did ; and with his deed did crown  
His word upon you. Since I had my office,  
I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone  
Employ'd you where high profits might come  
home,

But pared my present havings, to bestow  
My bounties upon you.

*Wol.* [*Aside*] What should this mean? 160

*Sur.* [*Aside*] The Lord increase this business!

*King.* Have I not made you  
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell  
me,

If what I now pronounce you have found true :

And, if you may confess it, say withal,

If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

*Wol.* My sovereign, I confess your royal  
graces,  
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than  
could

My studied purposes requite ; which went  
Beyond all man's endeavours : my endeavours  
Have ever come too short of my desires, 170  
Yet filed\* with my abilities : mine own ends  
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed  
To the good of your most sacred person and  
The profit of the state. For your great graces  
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I \*Made even.  
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,  
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,  
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,  
Till death, that winter, kill it.

*King.* Fairly answer'd ;  
A loyal and obedient subject is 180  
Therein illustrated : the honour of it  
Does pay the act of it ; as, i' the contrary,  
The foulness is the punishment. I presume  
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour,  
more

On you than any ; so your hand and heart,  
Your brain, and every function of your power,  
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,  
As 'twere in love's particular, be more  
To me, your friend, than any.

*Wol.* I do profess 190  
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
More than mine own ; † that am, have, and will be—



Though all the world should crack their duty to  
 you,  
 And throw it from their soul; though perils did  
 Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em,  
 and  
 Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,  
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
 Should the approach of this wild river break,  
 And stand unshaken yours.

*King.* 'Tis nobly spoken:  
 Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, 200  
 For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this;

*[Giving him papers.]*  
 And after, this: and then to breakfast with  
 What appetite you have.

*[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal  
 Wolsey: the Nobles throng after  
 him, smiling and whispering.]*

*Wol.* What should this mean?  
 What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?  
 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
 Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion  
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;  
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this  
 paper;

I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;  
 This paper has undone me: 'tis the account 210  
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together  
 For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the pope-  
 dom,

And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!  
 Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil  
 Made me put this main secret in the packet  
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?  
 No new device to beat this from his brains?  
 I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know  
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,  
 Will bring me off again. What's this? 'To the  
 Pope!' 220

The letter, as I live, with all the business  
 I writ to's holiness. Nay then, farewell!  
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my great-  
 ness;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more.

*Re-enter to WOLSEY, the DUKES OF NORFOLK and  
SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the LORD  
CHAMBERLAIN.*

*Nor.* Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who  
commands you

To render up the great seal presently  
Into our hands; and to confine yourself 230  
To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,  
Till you hear further from his highness.

*Wol.* Stay:

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot  
carry

Authority so weighty.

*Suf.* Who dare cross 'em,

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

*Wol.* Till I find more than will or words to  
do it,

I mean your malice, know, officious lords,  
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel  
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy:  
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, 240  
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton  
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!  
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;  
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no  
doubt,

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,  
You ask with such a violence, the king,  
Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me;  
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,  
Tied it by letters-patents: now, who'll take it?

*Sur.* The king, that gave it.

*Wol.* It must be himself, then. 251

*Sur.* Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

*Wol.* Proud lord, thou liest:

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better  
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

*Sur.* Thy ambition,  
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land  
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :  
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,  
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,  
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!  
You sent me deputy for Ireland ; 260  
Far from his succour, from the king, from all  
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest  
him ;  
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
Absolved him with an axe.

*Wol.* This, and all else  
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
I answer is most false. The duke by law  
Found his deserts : how innocent I was  
From any private malice in his end,  
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you  
You have as little honesty as honour, 271  
That in the way of loyalty and truth  
Toward the king, my ever royal master,  
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,  
And all that love his follies.

*Sur.* By my soul,  
Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou shouldst  
feel  
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My  
lords,  
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?  
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,  
To be thus jaded\* by a piece of scarlet, \*Whipped.  
Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward, 281  
And dare us with his cap like larks.

*Wol.* All goodness  
Is poison to thy stomach.

*Sur.* Yes, that goodness  
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,  
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;  
The goodness of your intercepted packets  
You writ to the pope against the king : your  
goodness,  
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.

My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,  
As you respect the common good, the state 290  
Of our despised nobility, our issues,  
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,  
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
Collected from his life. I'll startle you  
Worse than the sacring bell,\* when the brown  
wench

\*Little bell rung at mass.

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

*Wol.* How much, methinks, I could despise  
this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it!

*Nor.* Those articles, my lord, are in the king's  
hand:

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

*Wol.* So much fairer 300  
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,  
When the king knows my truth.

*Sur.* This cannot save you :  
I thank my memory, I yet remember  
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.  
Now, if you can blush and cry ' guilty,' cardinal,  
You'll show a little honesty.

*Wol.* Speak on, sir ;  
I dare your worst objections : if I blush,  
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

*Sur.* I had rather want those than my head.  
Have at you !

First, that, without the king's assent or know-  
ledge, 310

You wrought to be a legate ; by which power  
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

*Nor.* Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else  
To foreign princes, ' Ego et Rex meus '  
Was still inscribed ; in which you brought the  
king

To be your servant.

*Suf.* Then that, without the knowledge  
Either of king or council, when you went  
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

*Sur.* Item, you sent a large commission 320  
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,

Without the king's will or the state's allowance,  
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

*Suf.* That, out of mere ambition, you have  
caused

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

*Sur.* Then that you have sent innumerable  
substance—

By what means got, I leave to your own con-  
science—

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways

You have for dignities; to the mere undoing

Of all the kingdom. Many more there are; 330

Which, since they are of you, and odious,

I will not taint my mouth with.

*Cham.*

O my lord,

Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue:

His faults lie open to the laws; let them,

Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him

So little of his great self.

*Sur.*

I forgive him.

*Suf.* Lord cardinal, the king's further plea-  
sure is,

Because all those things you have done of late,

By your power legatine, within this kingdom,

Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*, 340

That therefore such a writ be sued against you;

To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,

Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be

Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.

*Nor.* And so we'll leave you to your medi-  
tations

How to live better. For your stubborn answer

About the giving back the great seal to us,

The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank  
you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal. 349

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

*Wol.* So farewell to the little good you bear me.

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth

The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,

And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory, 360  
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me and now has left me,  
Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :  
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin, 369  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have :  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

*Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.*

Why, how now, Cromwell !

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.* What, amazed

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder  
A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,  
I am fall'n indeed.

*Crom.* How does your grace ?

*Wol.* Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
I know myself now ; and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured  
me, 380  
I humbly thank his grace ; and from these  
shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
A load would sink a navy, too much honour :  
O, 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven !

*Crom.* I am glad your grace has made that  
right use of it.

*Wol.* I hope I have : I am able now, methinks,  
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,  
To endure more miseries and greater far

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer. 390  
What news abroad?

*Crom.* The heaviest and the worst  
Is your displeasure with the king.

*Wol.* God bless him!

*Crom.* The next is, that Sir Thomas More is  
chosen

Lord chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden:

But he's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice  
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,  
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,  
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!  
What more? 400

*Crom.* That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,  
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news indeed.

*Crom.* Last, that the Lady Anne,  
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,  
This day was view'd in open\* as his queen,  
Going to chapel; and the voice is now public.  
Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pull'd me  
down. O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me: all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost for ever: 410

No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Crom-  
well;

I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;  
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him  
What and how true thou art: he will advance  
thee;

Some little memory of me will stir him—

I know his noble nature—not to let 419

Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,  
Neglect him not; make use\* now, and provide  
For thine own future safety.

\*Interest

*Crom.* O my lord,  
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forego

*KING HENRY VIII.*

HENRY IRVING AS CARDINAL WOLSEY.

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This is one of Irving's most celebrated characterizations and the picture, from an original photograph, gives with astonishing fidelity the minutæ of costume, pose and expression.

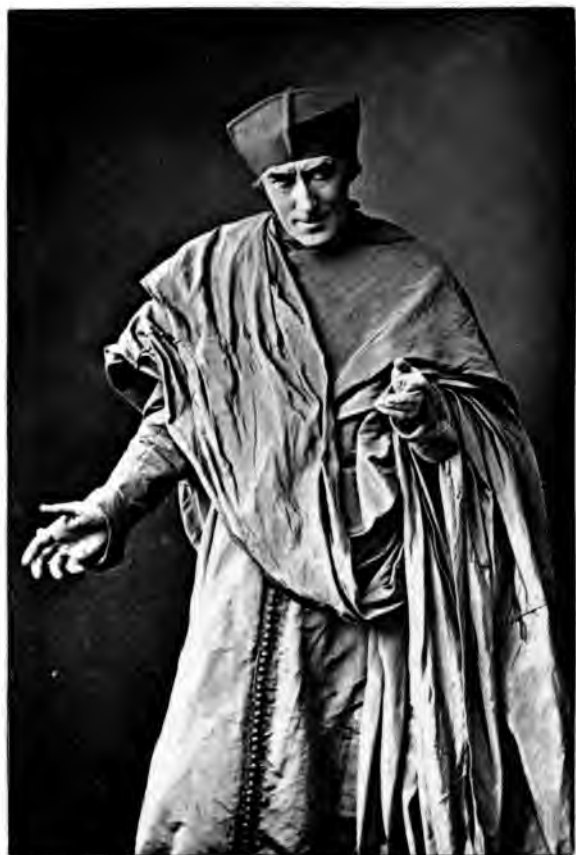


1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

2.

3. The second part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

4.



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L

So good, so noble and so true a master?  
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.  
The king shall have my service; but my prayers  
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me, 43c  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Crom-  
well;

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,  
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me. 44c  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?  
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate  
thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear  
not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O  
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;  
And,—prithee, lead me in: 45i  
There take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,  
And my integrity to heaven, is all  
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.

*Wol.* So I have. Farewell  
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do  
dwell. [Exeunt. 46c

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A street in Westminster.*

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.*

*First Gent.* You're well met once again.

*Sec. Gent.* So are you.

*First Gent.* You come to take your stand here,  
and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

*Sec. Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last  
encounter,

The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

*First Gent.* 'Tis very true: but that time of-  
fer'd sorrow;

This, general joy.

*Sec. Gent.* 'Tis well: the citizens,

I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—  
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever for-  
ward—

In celebration of this day with shows, 10  
Pageants and sights of honour.

*First Gent.* Never greater,

Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

*Sec. Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that  
contains,

That paper in your hand?

*First Gent.* Yes; 'tis the list

Of those that claim their offices this day

By custom of the coronation.

The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims

To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk.

He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

*Sec. Gent.* I thank you, sir: had I not known  
those customs, 20

I should have been beholding to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,  
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

*First Gent.* That I can tell you too. The  
Archbishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off

From Amphill where the princess lay ; to which  
 She was often cited by them, but appear'd not :  
 And, to be short, for not appearance and 30  
 The king's late scruple, by the main assent  
 Of all these learned men she was divorced,  
 And the late marriage made of none effect :  
 Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,  
 Where she remains now sick.

*Sec. Gent.*

Alas, good lady !

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound : stand close, the queen is  
 coming.

[*Hautboys.*

#### THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. *A lively flourish of Trumpets.*
2. Then, two Judges.
3. Lord Chancellor, *with the purse and mace before him.*
4. Choristers, *singing.* [*Music.*
5. Mayor of London, *bearing the mace.* Then Garter, *in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
6. Marquess DORSET, *bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of SURREY, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. Duke of SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of NORFOLK, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
9. *The old Duchess of NORFOLK, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*  
*They pass over the stage in order and state.*

*Sec. Gent.* A royal train, believe me. These  
I know :

Who's that that bears the sceptre?

*First Gent.* Marquess Dorset :

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

*Sec. Gent.* A bold brave gentleman. That  
should be 40

The Duke of Suffolk?

*First Gent.* 'Tis the same : high-steward.

*Sec. Gent.* And that my Lord of Norfolk?

*First Gent.* Yes.

*Sec. Gent.* Heaven bless thee !

[*Looking on the Queen.*

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more and richer, when he strains that lady :

I cannot blame his conscience.

*First Gent.* They that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons

Of the Cinque-ports.

*Sec. Gent.* Those men are happy ; and so are  
all are near her. 50

I take it, she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

*First Gent.* It is ; and all the rest are count-  
esses.

*Sec. Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are  
stars indeed ;

And sometimes falling ones.

*First Gent.* No more of that.

[*Exit procession, and then a great flourish of  
trumpets.*

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

*First Gent.* God save you, sir ! where have you  
been broiling?

*Third Gent.* Among the crowd i' the Abbey ;  
where a finger

Could not be wedged in more : I am stifled  
With the mere rankness of their joy.

*Sec. Gent.* You saw

The ceremony?

*Third Gent.* That I did.

*First Gent.* How was it? 60

*Third Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

*Sec. Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

*Third Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream

Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen  
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her; while her grace sat down  
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,  
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people.  
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman  
That ever lay by man: which when the people 70  
Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,  
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—  
Doublets, I think,—flew up; and had their faces  
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,  
That had not half a week to go, like rams  
In the old time of war, would shake the press,  
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living  
Could say 'This is my wife' there; all were woven  
So strangely in one piece.

*Sec. Gent.* But, what follow'd? 81

*Third Gent.* At length her grace rose, and  
with modest paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and saint-  
like

Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly.  
Then rose again and bow'd her to the people:  
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury  
She had all the royal makings of a queen;  
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,  
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems  
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir, 90  
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,  
Together sung 'Te Deum.' So she parted,  
And with the same full state paced back again  
To York-place, where the feast is held.

*First Gent.* Sir,  
You must no more call it York-place, that's past;



For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost :  
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

*Third Gent.* I know it;  
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name  
Is fresh about me.

*Sec. Gent.* What two reverend bishops  
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

*Third Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one  
of Winchester, 101

Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,  
The other, London.

*Sec. Gent.* He of Winchester  
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,  
The virtuous Cranmer.

*Third Gent.* All the land knows that :  
However, yet there is no great breach ; when it  
comes,  
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from  
him.

*Sec. Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you ?

*Third Gent.* Thomas Cromwell ;  
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly  
A worthy friend. The king has made him master  
O' the jewel house, 111  
And one, already, of the privy council.

*Sec. Gent.* He will deserve more.

*Third Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.  
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which  
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests :  
Something I can command. As I walk thither,  
I'll tell ye more.

*Both.* You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE II. Kimbolton.

*Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led between  
GRIFFITH, her gentleman usher, and PATIENCE,  
her woman.*

*Grif.* How does your grace ?

*Kath.* O Griffith, sick to death !  
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,  
Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair :  
So ; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,  
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,  
Was dead?

*Grif.* Yes, madam ; but I think your grace,  
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

*Kath.* Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he  
died :

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily 10  
For my example.

*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, madam :  
For after the stout Earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,  
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill  
He could not sit his mule.

*Kath.* Alas poor man !

*Grif.* At last, with easy roads, he came to  
Leicester,

Lodged in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,  
With all his covent, honourably received him ; 19  
To whom he gave these words, 'O, father abbot,  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;  
Give him a little earth for charity !'  
So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness  
Pursued him still : and, three nights after this,  
About the hour of eight, which he himself  
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,  
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again, 29  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

*Kath.* So may he rest ; his faults lie gently  
on him !

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,  
And yet with charity. He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach,\* ever ranking \*Pride.  
Himself with princes ; one that, by suggestion,  
Tied all the kingdom : simony was fair-play ;  
His own opinion was his law : i' the presence  
He would say untruths ; and be ever double  
Both in his words and meaning : he was never,  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful : 40  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;

But his performance, as he is now, nothing :  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.

*Grif.* Noble madam,  
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues  
We write in water. May it please your high-  
ness

To hear me speak his good now?

*Kath.* Yes, good Griffith ;  
I were malicious else.

*Grif.* This cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly 49  
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;  
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading :  
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;  
But to those men that sought him sweet as  
summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,  
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,  
He was most princely: ever witness for him  
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,  
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with  
him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ; 60  
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little :  
And, to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

*Kath.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions, 70  
To keep mine honour from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
With thy religious truth and modesty,  
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him !  
Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower :  
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,  
Cause the musicians play me that sad note

I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
On that celestial harmony I go to. 80

[*Sad and solemn music.*

*Grif.* She is asleep: good wench, let's sit  
down quiet,

For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

*The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.*

*Kath.* Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye  
all gone,

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

*Grif.* Madam, we are here.

*Kath.* It is not you I call for:

Saw ye none enter since I slept?

*Grif.* None, madam.

*Kath.* No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed  
troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces

Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?

They promised me eternal happiness; 90

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel

I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.

*Grif.* I am most joyful, madam, such good  
dreams

Possess your fancy.

*Kath.* Bid the music leave,  
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

*Pat.* Do you note  
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?  
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,  
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!

*Grif.* She is going, wench: pray, pray.

*Pat.* Heaven comfort her!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* An't like your grace,—

*Kath.* You are a saucy fellow: too  
Deserve we no more reverence?

*Grif.* You are to blame,  
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
To use so rude behaviour; go to, kneel.

*Mess.* I humbly do entreat your highness'  
pardon;

My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying  
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

*Kath.* Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this  
fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*]

*Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.*

If my sight fail not,  
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,  
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius. 110

*Cap.* Madam, the same; your servant.

*Kath.* O, my lord,  
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely  
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray  
you,

What is your pleasure with me?

*Cap.* Noble lady,  
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,  
The king's request that I would visit you;  
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me  
Sends you his princely commendations,  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

*Kath.* O my good lord, that comfort comes  
too late;

'Tis like a pardon after execution :  
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me ;  
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.  
How does his highness?

*Cap.*

Madam, in good health.

*Kath.* So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor  
name

Banish'd the kingdom ! Patience, is that letter,  
I caused you write, yet sent away ?

*Pat.*

No, madam.

[*Giving it to Katharine.*

*Kath.* Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my lord the king.

*Cap.*

Most willing, madam. 130

*Kath.* In which I have commended to his  
goodness

The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter :  
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !  
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,—  
She is young, and of a noble modest nature,  
I hope she will deserve well,—and a little  
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved  
him,

Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor pet-  
ition

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity  
Upon my wretched women, that so long 140  
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:

Of which there is not one, I dare avow,  
And now I should not lie, but will deserve,  
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,  
For honesty and decent carriage,  
A right good husband, let him be a noble :  
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have  
'em.

The last is, for my men ; they are the poorest,  
But poverty could never draw 'em from me ; 149  
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,  
And something over to remember me by:  
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer  
life

And able means, we had not parted thus.

These are the whole contents: and, good my  
 lord,  
 By that you love the dearest in this world,  
 As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,  
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the  
 king  
 To do me this last right.

*Cup.* By heaven, I will,  
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

*Kath.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember  
 me 160

In all humility unto his highness :  
 Say his long trouble now is passing  
 Out of this world ; tell him, in death I bless'd him,  
 For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,  
 My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,  
 You must not leave me yet : I must to bed ;  
 Call in more women. When I am dead, good  
 wench,

Let me be used with honour : strew me over  
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
 I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me, 170  
 Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet like  
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
 I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A gallery in the palace.*

*Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page  
 with a torch before him, met by SIR THOMAS  
 LOVELL.*

*Gar.* It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

*Boy.* It hath struck.

*Gar.* These should be hours for necessities,  
 Not for delights ; times to repair our nature  
 With comforting repose, and not for us  
 To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir  
 Thomas!  
 Whither so late?

*Lov.* Came you from the king, my lord?

*Gar.* I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at  
primero\*  
With the Duke of Suffolk.

\*Game at cards.

*Lov.* I must to him too,  
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.  
*Gar.* Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's  
the matter? 10

It seems you are in haste: an if there be  
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend  
Some touch of your late business: affairs, that  
walk,  
As they say spirits do, at midnight, have  
In them a wilder nature than the business  
That seeks dispatch by day.

*Lov.* My lord, I love you;  
And durst commend a secret to your ear  
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in  
labour,  
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd  
She'll with the labour end.

*Gar.* The fruit she goes with 20  
I pray for heartily, that it may find  
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir  
Thomas,  
I wish it grubb'd up now.

*Lov.* Methinks I could  
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says  
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.

*Gar.* But, sir, sir,  
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman  
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;  
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,  
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me, 30  
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and  
she,  
Sleep in their graves.

*Lov.* Now, sir, you speak of two  
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Crom-  
well,

Beside that of the jewel house, is made master  
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,  
Stands in the gap and trade\* of moe† preferments,



With which the time will load him. The arch-  
 bishop \*Beaten path. †More.  
 Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare  
 speak

One syllable against him?

*Gar.* Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,  
 There are that dare; and I myself have ven-  
 tured  
 To speak my mind of him: and indeed this  
 day, 41

Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have  
 Incensed\* the lords o' the council, that he is,  
 For so I know he is, they know he is, \*Incited.  
 A most arch heretic, a pestilence  
 That does infect the land: with which they  
 moved

Have broken with the king; who hath so far  
 Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace  
 And princely care foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
 Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded 50  
 To-morrow morning to the council-board  
 He be convented.† He's a rank weed, Sir  
 Thomas, †Summoned.

And we must root him out. From your affairs  
 I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

*Lov.* Many good nights, my lord: I rest your  
 servant. [Exeunt Gardiner and Page.]

*Enter the KING and SUFFOLK.*

*King.* Charles, I will play no more to-night;  
 My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

*Suf.* Sir, I did never win of you before.

*King.* But little, Charles;  
 Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play: 60  
 Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

*Lov.* I could not personally deliver to her  
 What you commanded me, but by her woman  
 I sent your message; who return'd her thanks  
 In the great'st humbleness, and desired your  
 highness  
 Most heartily to pray for her.

*King.* What say'st thou, ha?  
 To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

*Lov.* So said her woman ; and that her sufferance made  
Almost each pang a death.

*King.* Alas, good lady !

*Suf.* God safely quit her of her burthen, and  
With gentle travail, to the gladding of 71  
Your highness with an heir !

*King.* 'Tis midnight, Charles ;  
Prithee, to bed ; and in thy prayers remember  
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone ;  
For I must think of that which company  
Would not be friendly to.

*Suf.* I wish your highness  
A quiet night ; and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

*King.* Charles, good night. [*Exit Suffolk.*]

*Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.*

Well, sir, what follows ?

*Den.* Sir, I have brought my lord the arch-  
bishop, 80  
As you commanded me.

*King.* Ha ! Canterbury ?

*Den.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* 'Tis true : where is he, Denny ?

*Den.* He attends your highness' pleasure.

*King.* Bring him to us.  
[*Exit Denny.*]

*Lov.* [*Aside*] This is about that which the  
bishop spake :  
I am happily come hither.

*Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.*

*King.* Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to stay.*]  
Ha ! I have said. Be gone.  
What ! [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*]

*Cran.* [*Aside*] I am fearful : wherefore frowns  
he thus ?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

*King.* How now, my lord ! you do desire to  
know 90  
Wherefore I sent for you.

*Cran.* [*Kneeling*] It is my duty  
To attend your highness' pleasure.

*King.* Pray you, arise,  
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.  
Come, you and I must walk a turn together ;  
I have news to tell you : come, come, give me  
your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,  
And am right sorry to repeat what follows :  
I have, and most unwillingly, of late  
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,  
Grievous complaints of you ; which, being con-  
sider'd, 100

Have moved us and our council, that you shall  
This morning come before us ; where, I know,  
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,  
But that, till further trial in those charges  
Which will require your answer, you must take  
Your patience to you, and be well contented  
To make your house our Tower: you a brother  
of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
Would come against you.

*Cran.* [*Kneeling*] I humbly thank your high-  
ness ;  
And am right glad to catch this good occasion 110  
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff  
And corn shall fly asunder : for, I know,  
There's none stands under more calumnious  
tongues

Than I myself, poor man.

*King.* Stand up, good Canterbury :  
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted  
In us, thy friend : give me thy hand, stand up :  
Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holidame,  
What manner of man are you ? My lord, I look'd  
You would have given me your petition, that  
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together  
Yourself and your accusers ; and to have heard  
you, 121

Without indurance,\* further.

\*Delay.

*Cran.* Most dread liege,  
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty :

If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,  
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh  
not,  
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing  
What can be said against me.

*King.* . . . . . Know you not  
How your state stands i' the world, with the  
whole world?

Your enemies are many, and not small; their  
practices

Must bear the same proportion; and not ever 130  
The justice and the truth o' the question carries  
The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease  
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt  
To swear against you? such things have been  
done.

You are potently opposed; and with a malice  
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,  
I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,  
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived  
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;  
You take a precipice for no leap of danger, 140  
And woo your own destruction.

*Cran.* . . . . . God and your majesty  
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
The trap is laid for me!

*King.* . . . . . Be of good cheer;  
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.  
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see  
You do appear before them: if they shall  
chance,

In charging you with matters, to commit you,  
The best persuasions to the contrary  
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency  
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties 150  
Will render you no remedy, this ring  
Deliver them, and your appeal to us  
There make before them. Look, the good man  
weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest  
mother!

I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul  
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,

And do as I have bid you. [Exit Cranmer.  
 He has strangled  
 His language in his tears.

*Enter Old Lady, LOVELL following.*

*Gent.* [Within] Come back: what mean  
 you?

*Old L.* I'll not come back: the tidings that  
 I bring 160  
 Will make my boldness manners. Now, good  
 angels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
 Under their blessed wings!

*King.* Now, by thy looks  
 I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?  
 Say, ay; and of a boy.

*Old L.* Ay, ay, my liege;  
 And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven  
 Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,  
 Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen  
 Desires your visitation, and to be 169  
 Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you  
 As cherry is to cherry.

*King.* Lovell!

*Lov.* Sir?

*King.* Give her an hundred marks. I'll to  
 the queen. [Exit.

*Old L.* An hundred marks! By this light,  
 I'll ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.  
 I will have more, or scold it out of him.  
 Said I for this, the girl was like to him?  
 I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,  
 While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Before the Council-Chamber.*

*Pursuivants, Pages, &c. attending.*

*Enter CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.*

*Cran.* I hope I am not too late; and yet the  
 gentleman,

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me  
To make great haste. All fast? what means  
this? Ho!

Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

*Enter Keeper.*

*Keep.* Yes, my lord;  
But yet I cannot help you.

*Cran.* Why?

*Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.*

*Keep.* Your grace must wait till you be  
call'd for.

*Cran.* So.

*Butts.* [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I  
am glad

I came this way so happily: the king  
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*

*Cran.* [*Aside*] 'Tis Butts, 10  
The king's physician: as he pass'd along,  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!  
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For  
certain,

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—  
God turn their hearts! I never sought their  
malice—

To quench mine honour: they would shame to  
make me

Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,  
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their  
pleasures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the KING and BUTTS at a window above.*

*Butts.* I'll show your grace the strangest  
sight—

*King.* What's that, Butts? 20

*Butts.* I think your highness saw this many  
a day.

*King.* Body o' me, where is it?

*Butts.* There, my lord:  
The high promotion of his grace of Canter-  
bury;

Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,  
Pages, and footboys.

*King.* Ha! 'tis he, indeed:  
Is this the honour they do one another?  
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had  
thought  
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,  
At least, good manners, as not thus to suffer  
A man of his place, and so near our favour, 30  
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,  
And at the door too, like a post with packets.  
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:  
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close:  
We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Council-Chamber.*

*Enter LORD CHANCELLOR; places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for CANTERBURY'S seat. DUKE OF SUFFOLK, DUKE OF NORFOLK, SURREY, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, GARDINER, seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door.*

*Chan.* Speak to the business, master secretary:

Why are we met in council?

*Crom.* Please your honours,  
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

*Gar.* Has he had knowledge of it?

*Crom.* Yes.

*Nor.* Who waits there?

*Keep.* Without, my noble lords?

*Gar.* Yes.

*Keep.* My lord archbishop;  
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*Keep.*

Your grace may enter now.  
[*Cranmer enters and approaches  
the council-table.*]

*Chan.* My good lord archbishop, I'm very  
sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold  
That chair stand empty : but we all are men, 10  
†In our own natures frail, and capable  
Of our flesh ; few are angels : out of which frailty  
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach

us,  
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,  
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling  
The whole realm, by your teaching and your  
chaplains,

For so we are inform'd, with new opinions,  
Divers and dangerous ; which are heresies,  
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious. 19

*Gar.* Which reformation must be sudden too,  
My noble lords ; for those that tame wild horses  
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and  
spur 'em,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,  
Out of our easiness and childish pity  
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,  
Farewell all physic : and what follows then ?  
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint  
Of the whole state : as, of late days, our neigh-  
bours,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness, 30  
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*Cran.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the  
progress

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,  
And with no little study, that my teaching  
And the strong course of my authority  
Might go one way, and safely ; and the end  
Was ever, to do well : nor is there living,  
I speak it with a single heart, my lords,  
A man that more detests, more stirs against,  
Both in his private conscience and his place, 40  
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.



Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart  
With less allegiance in it ! Men that make  
Envy and crooked malice nourishment  
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,  
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,  
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
And freely urge against me.

*Suf.* Nay, my lord,  
That cannot be : you are a counsellor,  
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you. 50

*Gar.* My lord, because we have business of  
more moment,  
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness'  
pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you,  
From hence you be committed to the Tower ;  
Where, being but a private man again,  
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,  
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

*Cran.* Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I  
thank you ;  
You are always my good friend ; if your will pass,  
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror, 60  
You are so merciful : I see your end ;  
'Tis my undoing : love and meekness, lord,  
Become a churchman better than ambition :  
Win straying souls with modesty again,  
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,  
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience  
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

*Gar.* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary, 70  
That's the plain truth : your painted gloss dis-  
covers,  
To men that understand you, words and weak-  
ness.

*Crom.* My Lord of Winchester, you are a  
little,  
By your good favour, too sharp ; men so noble,  
However faulty, yet should find respect  
For what they have been : 'tis a cruelty  
To load a falling man.

*Gar.* Good master secretary,  
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst  
Of all this table, say so.  
*Crom.* Why, my lord?  
*Gar.* Do not I know you for a favourer 80  
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

*Crom.* Not sound?  
*Gar.* Not sound, I say.  
*Crom.* Would you were half so honest!  
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their  
fears.

*Gar.* I shall remember this bold language.  
*Crom.* Do.  
Remember your bold life too.

*Chan.* This is too much;  
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

*Gar.* I have done.  
*Crom.* And I.  
*Chan.* Then thus for you, my lord: it stands  
agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith  
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;  
There to remain till the king's further pleasure  
Be known unto us: are you all agreed, lords? 91  
*All.* We are.

*Cran.* Is there no other way of mercy,  
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

*Gar.* What other  
Would you expect? you are strangely trouble-  
some.

Let some o' the guard be ready there.

*Enter Guard.*

*Cran.* For me?  
Must I go like a traitor thither?

*Gar.* Receive him,  
And see him safe i' the Tower.

*Cran.* Stay, good my lords,  
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;  
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause  
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it 100  
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

*Cham.* This is the king's ring.

*Sur.* 'Tis no counterfeit.

*Suf.* 'Tis the right ring, by heaven : I told ye all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,  
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

*Nor.* Do you think, my lords,  
The king will suffer but the little finger  
Of this man to be vex'd ?

*Chan.* 'Tis now too certain :  
How much more is his life in value with him ?  
Would I were fairly out on't !

*Crom.* My mind gave me,  
In seeking tales and informations 110  
Against this man, whose honesty the devil  
And his disciples only envy at,  
Ye blew the fire that burns ye : now have at ye !

*Enter KING, frowning on them; takes his seat.*

*Gar.* Dread sovereign, how much are we bound  
to heaven  
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;  
Not only good and wise, but most religious :  
One that, in all obedience, makes the church  
The chief aim of his honour ; and, to strengthen  
That holy duty, out of dear respect,  
His royal self in judgement comes to hear 120  
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

*King.* You were ever good at sudden commen-  
dations,  
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not  
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence ;  
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.  
To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,  
And think with wagging of your tongue to win  
me ;

But, whatsoe'er thou takest me for, I'm sure  
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.  
[*To Cranmer*] Good man, sit down. Now let me  
see the proudest 130

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :  
By all that's holy, he had better starve  
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

*Sur.* May it please your grace,—

*King.* No, sir, it does not please me.  
I had thought I had had men of some under-  
standing

And wisdom of my council ; but I find none.  
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,  
This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—  
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy 139  
At chamber-door ? and one as great as you are ?  
Why, what a shame was this ! Did my commis-  
sion

Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye  
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,  
Not as a groom : there's some of ye, I see,  
More out of malice than integrity,  
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;\*  
Which ye shall never have while I live. \*Power.

*Chan.* Thus far,  
My most dread sovereign, may it like your  
grace  
To let my tongue excuse all. What was pur-  
posed

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather, 150  
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial,  
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,  
I'm sure, in me.

*King.* Well, well, my lords, respect him ;  
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.  
I will say thus much for him, if a prince  
May be beholding to a subject, I  
Am, for his love and service, so to him.  
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him :  
Be friends, for shame, my lords ! My Lord of  
Canterbury, 160

I have a suit which you must not deny me ;  
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants bap-  
tism,

You must be godfather, and answer for her.

*Cran.* The greatest monarch now alive may  
glory

In such an honour : how may I deserve it,  
That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

*King.* Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your  
spoons : you shall have two noble partners with

you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Mar  
quess Dorset : will these please you? 17  
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you  
Embrace and love this man.

*Gar.* With a true heart  
And brother-love I do it.

*Cran.* And let heaven  
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

*King.* Good man, those joyful tears show thy  
true heart :

The common voice, I see, is verified  
Of thee, which says thus, 'Do my Lord of Canter-  
bury

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'  
Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long  
To have this young one made a Christian. 180  
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain ;  
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The palace yard.*

*Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his  
Man.*

*Port.* You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals :  
do you take the court for Paris-garden ? ye rude  
slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within*] Good master porter, I belong to the  
larder.

*Port.* Belong to the gallows, and be hanged,  
ye rogue ! is this a place to roar in ? Fetch me a  
dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones : these  
are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads :  
you must be seeing christenings ? do you look for  
ale and cakes here, you rude rascals ? 11

*Man.* Pray, sir, be patient : 'tis as much im-  
possible—  
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with can-  
nons—

To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep  
On May-day morning ; which will never be :  
We may as well push against Powle's, as stir 'em.

*Port.* How got they in, and be hang'd ?

*Man.* Alas, I know not ; how gets the tide in ?  
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—  
You see the poor remainder—could distribute, 20  
I made no spare, sir.

*Port.* You did nothing, sir.

*Man.* I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor  
Colbrand,

To mow 'em down before me : but if I spared any  
That had a head to hit, either young or old,  
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,  
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again ;  
And that I would not for a cow, God save her !

[*Within*] Do you hear, master porter ?

*Port.* I shall be with you presently, good mas-  
ter puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah. 30

*Man.* What would you have me do ?

*Port.* What should you do, but knock 'em down  
by the dozens ? Is this Moorfields to muster in ?  
or have we some strange Indian with the great  
tool come to court, the women so besiege us ?  
Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door ! On  
my Christian conscience, this one christening will  
beget a thousand ; here will be father, godfather,  
and all together. 39

*Man.* The spoons will be the bigger, sir.  
There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he  
should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my con-  
science, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's  
nose ; all that stand about him are under the line,  
they need no other penance : that fire-drake\* did  
I hit three times on the head, and three times was  
his nose discharged against me ; he stands there,  
like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a  
haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that  
railed upon me till her pinked porringert† fell off  
her head, for kindling such a combustion in the  
state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that  
woman ; who cried out ' Clubs ! ' when I might see  
from far some forty truncheoners draw to her suc-  
cour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where  
she was quartered. They fell on ; I made good  
my place : at length they came to the broomstaff  
to me ; I defied 'em still : when suddenly a file of

boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

\*Will-o'-the-wisp. †Cap.

*Port.* These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum,\* and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

\*Borders of hell. 70

*Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

*Cham.* Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!

They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,

As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,

These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows:

There's a trim rabble let in: are all these

Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

*Port.* An't please your honour,

We are but men; and what so many may do,

Not being torn a-pieces, we have done: 80

An army cannot rule 'em.

*Cham.* As I live,

If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all

By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads

Clap round fines for neglect: ye are lazy knaves;

And here ye lie baiting of bombards,\* when

Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;

\*Barrels.

They're come already from the christening:

Go, break among the press, and find a way out

To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find

A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

*Port.* Make way there for the princess. 90

*Man.* You great fellow,  
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

*Port.* You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail;  
I'll peck\* you o'er the pales else. \*Throw. [*Ex.*]

SCENE V. *The Palace.*

*Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, LORD MAYOR, GARTER, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady; then follows the MARCHIONESS DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and GARTER speaks.*

*Gart.* Heaven, from thy endless goodness,  
send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to  
the high and mighty princess of England,  
Elizabeth!

*Flourish. Enter KING and Guard.*

*Cran.* [*Kneeling*] And to your royal grace,  
and the good queen,  
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:  
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,  
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,  
May hourly fall upon ye!

*King.* Thank you, good lord archbishop:  
What is her name?

*Cran.* Elizabeth.

*King.* Stand up, lord. 10

[*The King kisses the child.*]  
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!  
Into whose hand I give thy life.

*Cran.* Amen.



*King.* My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal :

I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,  
When she has so much English.

*Cran.*

Let me speak, sir,  
For heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.  
This royal infant—heaven still move about her !—  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings, 20  
Which time shall bring to ripeness : she shall be—  
But few now living can behold that goodness—  
A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed : Saba was never  
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue  
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,  
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
With all the virtues that attend the good,  
Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse  
her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her : 30  
She shall be loved and fear'd : her own shall bless  
her ;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
And hang their heads with sorrow : good grows  
with her :

In her days every man shall eat in safety,  
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :  
God shall be truly known ; and those about her  
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.  
Nor shall this peace sleep with her : but as when  
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, 41  
Her ashes new create another heir,  
As great in admiration as herself ;  
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,  
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of  
darkness,

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour  
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
And so stand fix'd : peace, plenty, love, truth,  
terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him : 50  
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,  
His honour and the greatness of his name  
Shall be, and make new nations : he shall flourish,  
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
To all the plains about him : our children's children  
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

*King.* Thou speakest wonders.

*Cran.* She shall be, to the happiness of England,

An aged princess ; many days shall see her,  
And yet no day without a deed to crown it. 59  
Would I had known no more ! but she must die,  
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,  
A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

*King.* O lord archbishop,  
Thou hast made me now a man ! never, before  
This happy child, did I get any thing :  
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,  
That when I am in heaven I shall desire  
To see what this child does, and praise my  
Maker.

I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor, 70  
And your good brethren, I am much beholding ;  
I have received much honour by your presence,  
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,  
lords :

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank  
ye,

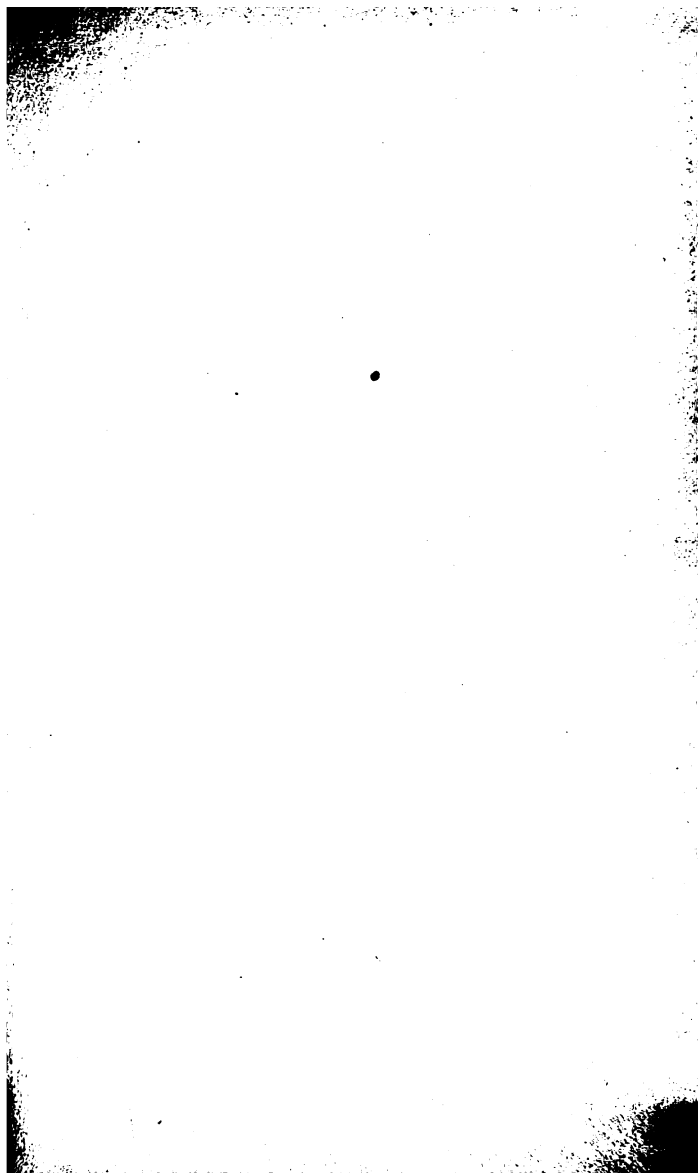
She will be sick else. This day, no man think  
Has business at his house ; for all shall stay :  
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*]

## EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please  
All that are here : some come to take their ease,  
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,  
We have frighted with our trumpets ; so, 'tis  
clear,

They'll say 'tis naught : others, to hear the city  
Abused extremely, and to cry 'That's witty !'  
Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,  
All the expected good we're like to hear  
For this play at this time, is only in  
The merciful construction of good women ;      10  
For such a one we show'd 'em : if they smile,  
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while  
All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,  
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

A. J.







11-11-11

11-11-11





